

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

No. V.

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VOL. I.

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LONDON:

BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

“ When a lady refuses the offer of a gentleman's hand, it ought to be at least done with civility, and with acknowledgements of the honour intended her:—so ought an Editor to act by his Correspondents, whose “ favours ” are placed in the condemned hold, or division, of his portfolio. The French have a pleasant way of sending a man about his business. They *thank* him. When a minister is dismissed, he is *thanked*: when a secretary is discarded, he is *thanked*: when a clerk is turned off, he is *thanked*: when a lover is jilted, he is *thanked*. When a husband is——, but we need not multiply illustrations. This seems an excellent formula for us to adopt:—it will save troublesome and disagreeable explanations, and leave loop-holes for self-love to creep out of a dilemma without being much bruised:—it is at once peremptory and civil to say *thank'ee, Sir*—more short than sweet it is true, but at all events not rude.

We find then that we have a great number of Correspondents to thank this month. *Cynthia and Bugboon* is so whimsical that we were in hopes to have got off returning thanks to its writer, *Timothy Alias*,—but it is so long and wild that we find we must be polite to him. His *Last dying Speech and Confession of a Mutton Pye*, is not very comprehensible to us, nevertheless we thank him for it.

The Poor Poet in Search of a Patron is also nearly too good to be thanked; but not quite good enough to be received thanklessly.

Thanks to *Wm. M.*

Do. to the *Boon of Fidelity*.

Do. to *G. B.*

Do. to *Mortal and Ingratitude*.

Do. to *J. R.* for his Poetry.

Do. to *J. C.* for his do.

We are also obliged to thank *S. S.* for his lines on *Clare*.

Many thanks to *E. E. C.*

There still remain several Correspondents about whose cases we are doubtful, so they must rest confined in ours for another moon.

Of *Who*, we beg leave to ask *which*? And to *Nobody*, we reply *nowhere*.

Brief bids us answer his remonstrance in one word—but a word is enough only to the wise.

A person asks what party we are of in politics? We shall endeavour to tell him soon.

A Lady asks us which of the Scotch Novels is the best? We answer the one that happens to be nearest her.

We are sorry to hear from the Hebrides that our Articles on the Drama and the Fine Arts, give displeasure to our numerous readers there;—and we regret to find that many of our Subscribers, within the sound of Bow-bells, are of opinion that we do not give enough space to the Fine Arts and the Drama. We shall endeavour to reform our plan so as to please both parties of Complainants—and indeed all parties—for our great object is to please others and ourselves too.

THE
London Magazine.

Nº V.

MAY, 1820.

VOL. I.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

ON MAY DAY.

As our present number will be given to the public on the first of May, we may be allowed to indulge ourselves with a few observations upon the ancient customs and pleasantries of that fairest day of all the year. We shall be affording our readers some amusement, perhaps, as well as doing ourselves a service, by showing that we have some relish for gentle as well as critical sports; and that we can assume resolution enough to turn aside from the flowery periods of our cotemporaries, whether in poetry or prose, and cast a thought, once in a way, upon the month of flowers.

All our associations with May are delightful. It is the time of congratulation and of hope: we rejoice that the winter has passed away, and we see the summer approach towards us with his softest glance and most buoyant step: we forget the festivities of Christmas, and the scorching glance and sultry breath of June; and recollect only that bitter frosts and dark days are the companions of the one, and that the other has bright colours and the richest odours, and sunset lights and evening winds, to make us happy.

The first of May was a day pleasant to gods and men. It shone as welcome on Olympus as at Rome and in the valleys of Tivoli. We have high intimation that Aurora was a patroness of the day, or, at any rate,

that she mingled in the revelry. Who, when he hears of

Zephyr with Aurora playing,
When he met her once *a maying*,

can hesitate to admit into the calendar of his holy days the one which was observed by such bright and airy deities?

Maia (May) is traced by some to the word *Majores*, and is said to have been adopted by Romulus out of respect to his senators, who were called *Majores*. We prefer the pleasanter derivation, and acknowledge rather its origin in the starry *Maia*, one of the Pleiades, and mother of the feather-footed *Hermes*.

The Romans, who generally showed a good deal of animal propensity in their amusements, observed May-day with but unseemly rites; they exhibited loose sports and extravagant postures, to stimulate the degraded appetite of Rome, in the same spirit that they administered to their own pampered vanity, by proclaiming all the world barbarians except themselves. These sports were acted in honour, as it was pleasantly called, of the goddess *Flora*, who (ousting *Pomona* from her golden seat) was worshipped as the deity of *fruits* and *flowers*.

Floribus et fructibus præ-erat.

The ancients esteemed the month of May unfavourable, while the mo-

derns deem it favourable, to love; Shakspeare, who may be considered as the best authority on points of this sort, speaks of

Love, whose month is *ever May*.

For ourselves, we are of the modern faction; and while we think that glimpses from the young-eyed god might make bright even the fogs of November, yet when he shakes his wings "with roarie May-dews wet," and comes down upon us like a shape from heaven, not even Sir Piercie Shafton himself, that ingeniously-tedious euphuist, may contend with him. This is but a strange comparison, perhaps, especially as we confess our admiration of that romantic personage extends scarcely beyond his slashed doublet and collar of gems, and by no means carries us to the end of his speeches. Yet are we constrained to consider Sir Piercie as a favoured specimen of his kind; for we have seen some of the brightest eyes that we know glisten, though they were previously placid, and very sweet lips smile at the passing mention of his name. We have felt that this was really hard upon us, and our serious endeavours at liveliness: though the Elizabethan knight is certainly a sort of privileged person, and has written authority to rise with "mortal gashes" on his head, and to push us of this plain-spoken age from our stools, with as little ceremony as he used towards the honest family of Glendinning.

But to quit Cupid and Sir Piercie Shafton for our subject, from which we have been beguiled by the latter worthy, let us now say a word or two about our ancestors. They had better notions of May than the Romans, and observed it with as gay but more decorous rites. Although the processions and dance of the morning might degenerate into too free a carousal at night; yet the more objectionable parts of the sports were never, we believe, preconcerted: it is true, indeed, that good cheer was not wanting during the day; but it was not until evening that the bonfires were lighted, and the actual revelling commenced. At Rome, vice formed a striking and essential part of the day's festivity: in England, it was either infrequent or fortuitous: it was nourished with potent dewes, and sprung up like an

exhalation at the close of the day, when the spirit of gaiety began to languish.

May-day was celebrated, as was fitting, by the young. They rose shortly after midnight, and went to some neighbouring wood, attended by songs and music, and breaking green branches from the trees, adorned them with wreaths and crowns of flowers. They returned home at the rising of the sun, and made their windows and their doors gay with garlands. In the villages they danced during the day around the May-pole, which afterwards remained during the whole year untouched, except by the seasons, a fading emblem and a consecrated offering to the Goddess of Flowers. At night, the villagers lighted up fires, and indulged in revellings, which sometimes were, perhaps, "after the high Roman fashion;" and might, indeed, have vied even with those religious festivities with which the "True Believers" are still accustomed to reward themselves, for their pious abstinence during the fasts of Rhamazan.

By the highlanders of Scotland, and also by some of the nations of Italy, May-day was observed, as well as by us. With us, indeed, it had the additional recommendation of being called "Robin Hood's day;" and persons representing Robin and Maid Marian were wont to preside on these occasions, accompanied by villagers in the true Sherwood green. The May-queen, crowned with

Roses reigning in the pride of May,

and other flowers, is a creature beautiful enough for fiction, and may vie in idea almost with the nymphs and spirits of antiquity.

In early times, the first of May wore a more solemn look than in the later years of chivalry: it was the day when assemblies were held for the distribution of law. Justice then was not "cribbed and confined" in rooms; nor was she masqued, in modern fashion, with a wig and ermine; but she showed her fair face abroad, and held her state by a flowery column, erected in what was called "*the Fields of May*." Perhaps, from the increase of luxury and crime, it has become necessary to make her more fastidious and imposing.

We are told that King Henry VIII.

who was such a gallant in his youth and such a tyrant in his age, once rode "a maying" with his wife Katherine, from Greenwich to the high ground on Shooter's-hill, accompanied by the lords and ladies of his court. This must have happened in the earlier period of his life; and we can well believe that the man who trod "the field of the cloth of gold," and had qualities which enabled him to understand and return the courtesies of his brother king at Ardres, could relish the pleasures of the first of May.

The Reformers were averse to all these sports, as savouring of superstition, and did much towards abolishing them; yet Latimer once found himself neglected, and compelled to give way to Robin Hood. He says—(we quote this from Mr. Godwin's *Life of Chaucer*,)—"Coming to a certain town on a holiday to preach, I found the church door fast locked. I taryed there halfe an houre and more, and at last the key was found, and one of the parish comes to me and says, Syr, this is a busy day with us, we cannot hear you; it is Robin Hood's day; the parish are gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood; I pray you let them not.—I thought my rochet would have been regarded; but it would not serve; it was faine to give place to Robin Hood and his men."

The poets have ever been the great advocates and patrons of May. Spenser, and Shakspeare, and Fletcher, and Milton, and all the greater spirits of England, have stooped from their lofty places, without disdain, to do justice and honour to this delicate month. Spenser, in his account of the months, thus introduces May:

Then came faire May, the fairest Mayd on
ground,
Deck't all with dainties of her season's
pryde,
And throwing flow'rs out of her lap around.

Shakspeare has scattered allusions to May, like flowers, over all his plays and poems. We hear of "The merry month of May;" the "May-morn of youth;" the "May of blood;" &c. &c. He tells us also (as we have already said) of—

Love whose month is ever May.
that—

Maids are May when they are maids,
But the sky changes when they are wives.

and, what is perhaps more to our purpose, that it is as impossible to disperse a crowd,

— as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning, *which will never be.*

Marlow, in his celebrated song of the *Passionate Shepherd*, makes the pleasures of May a ground of invitation, as it were, to his mistress.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

And Mr. Charles Lamb, worthy in all respects to be classed with the writers of antiquity, has spoken of the same thing, in some beautiful lines, addressed to a child.

Milton talks of May, and its beauties, in various parts of his mighty works. He has even written a song "On May Morning," with which (although it is pretty well known) we shall conclude our extracts. The song is worthy of the day.

Now the bright morning star, day's har-
binger,

Comes dancing from the East, and leads
with her

The flowery May, who from her green lap
throws

The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose,
Hail bounteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

Thus then have the First of May, and the "flowrie month of May," been spent by our ancestors, and celebrated by our poets. Now, there is scarcely a garland to be seen: the song is silent, and the dance is over: the revelry has ceased; and vulgar pursuits usurp the place of those pleasant pastimes which seemed a sort of first offering to gentle skies, and were consecrated by the smiles of the tender year. If we were dwellers in the country, we would try to revive these things, for they are worth revival. They are landmarks of happiness, to which the peasant was wont to look: he enjoyed them in anticipation and remembrance; they stimulated his exertions

and rewarded his toil. The introduction of these customs would render luxuries "of little worth" and less desired, and might charm back many a spirit to its pure and early simplicity. The number of fierce adventurers in commerce and war would be diminished, because success in either would be less an object of ambition. It is but a bad thing, we suspect, when the minds of men are cooped up altogether, either in counting-houses or camps.

Not only have the revellers left the revel, but the very poets, who ought to be free from the alloys of time, turn their backs on Nature, and their rhymes to more profitable account. They pen a fiery tale, a satire, a love-song, a compliment or a joke; they prize, and coquet with imitations of Nature, but Nature herself is never worshipped, and seldom sought.

We had written thus far, and had forgotten the only remaining followers of May-day sports. The chimney-sweepers, with their soot, and shovels, and brushes, and finery, had absolutely escaped our thoughts. To them the first of May is still "a gaudy day;" though we fear that their dancing is not altogether spontaneous. However, they are now the sole "lords of holiday,"—the only sporters and revellers in the spring. They are, indeed, splendid instances of gaiety. They have crowns, and garlands, and merry looks, and sometimes even pyramids of flowers. They disdain man's every-day attire; and come forth in the morning to run their course, decked out in all the paraphernalia of their order; their visages,

it must be confessed, are of an indisputable black:

Black, but such as in esteem,
Prince Memnon's sister might beseech.

And this sombre colour is relieved by a liberal use of the brightest rouge:—their dress is adorned by ribbands, and glitters with tinsel that might look becoming, even on the boards of our mighty theatres.—And yet, on consideration, we think that even the chimney sweepers begin to feel the influence of the time. Yes, it is certainly so. The clamour of their stomachs is no longer hushed by Mrs. Montagu's benefaction. The brightness of their looks is on the wane. They are no longer the happy mortals that they were wont to be. They have become unlike—

The inhabitants of the earth.

The grins with which they demand a reward for their melancholy movements are scarcely of this world; and the music which they, once a year, degrade from its sublime elevation to please us mortals on the earth below, sounds heavy and monotonous; its *awakening spirit* is gone; the orchestras, even at the minor theatres, may surpass it.

This is but a mournful termination to an article on the month of May, and yet we do not know how to amend it. Were the pleasures of the time still present, perhaps we might have caught a spirit from the sports; but we have had to speak of joys no longer in existence; and the recollection of old days comes upon us with a more sorrowful feeling than if they had never been festive and gay.

LORD BYRON: HIS FRENCH CRITICS: THE NEWSPAPERS; AND THE MAGAZINES.

LORD BYRON has become extremely popular in France, which is surely extraordinary if his French critics be right in affirming that he is unintelligible in England.* They instance Milton and Shakspeare, as more within the reach of our common readers! The French, after all, are

your only people for delivering clear and decisive judgments: when they have once said a thing, it may be considered as settled—for some six months, at least, until they themselves choose to say directly the contrary.

We learn from the Paris Reviews,

* "Il est peu de poètes Anglais qui soient plus malaisés à comprendre." There are few English poets so difficult to be understood.

"Beaucoup d'Anglais ne comprennent pas ce poète." Many of the English themselves cannot understand this poet.—*Revue Encyclopédique*—13th Livraison. p. 130.

&c. that our noble and wandering Ishmael, whose hand is against—not exactly every man, for he compliments Mr. Roger's poetry—but many men, while numerous male and female fists are raised against him—"has conquered," as they express it, "a colossal reputation in France. The admiration has taken the character of infatuation; nothing is spoken of but the master-pieces of Lord Byron; and the blind passion for these, now in vogue, has gone so far as to lead people to exalt this English writer, at the expense of those poets whose works chiefly rebound to the honour of France."

This, we have no hesitation to say—and we say it seriously—is a pity. We are sorry to hear of the extreme popularity of Lord Byron's poetry amongst our neighbours: and we shall regret it the more, if we find that this imported novelty leads the French to disregard or despise their old literary models, to which they have hitherto been constant in the midst of infidelity to every thing else; from their devotion to which they never swerved, even when their legislature passed a decree that there was no God in the heavens, and that death was an eternal sleep. Our reason for so feeling is not an enthusiastic admiration of what is called the *classical* style in France, but rather a fear, that, if the French take to embracing the doctrines of the *romantic* school, we shall have them out-heroding Herod,—turning all proprieties and discretions topsyturvy—in short, behaving as they did in regard to liberty, disgracing a good cause by an indiscreet manner of supporting it, as they had before outraged it by ignorant self-sufficient calumny. Nature deals much in compensations for defects: the nation in question has received, to remedy in some measure the effects of its volatility of temperament, a slowness, or rather an incapacity, of imagination; and we find, accordingly, that the practice of the French, in all that has most immediate relation to the latter faculty, has generally been peculiarly timid, poor, and dry. When any thing happens to give them a momentary impulse beyond their rules, definitions, and academical precepts, their extravagance proves

that they know nothing of what they are about; and that, though they may have nominally adopted an excellent doctrine, they are just as insensible to its real merits, under the title of its friends, as they were when their pride consisted in being its obstinate opposers. The balanced power, and artificial splendour of their greatest authors, are their only safe objects of admiration:—not but that there are qualities still more worthy of admiration, but because the French are sure to lose their way, or overshoot their mark, if they set out seeking for these. Imagine a Frenchman of the Institute trying his hand at an imitation of Romeo! How nauseous he would make Werter even, if he attempted him seriously! He is limited by nature to the ability of reducing these to the standard taste of his own Boulevards, and fitting for representation by a common buffoon actor, the most exalted and subtle conceptions of the rarest spirits of the world. God forbid, then, that the celebrity of Lord Byron's works should set the poets amongst our neighbours on getting up Giaours, Alps, and, least of all, Don Juans! We have been trembling, for some time back, lest, from abusing, the French critics should take to patronising the romantic sect, or schism,—which the reader pleases. Our dread of this arises from a conviction that the principles which we regard as the true ones with reference to this point, are more than others likely to be spoiled and disgraced in the handling of the ignorant and the unfeeling: that they are, unfortunately, just as well-calculated to give the reins to presumption as liberty to genius: that they form a peculiarly disgusting cant when professed affectedly, and without discernment and taste: and that they lead to jargon and blunders of a very offensive kind, when they are reduced to practice in incompetent or unsuitable quarters. They tempt the generality of persons to talk on matters that are usually insulted when made the subject of conversation. In short, a block-headed classic, strong in French rules, and armed with French quotations, is far more tolerable than a block-headed romantic, full of Schlegel and Madame de Stael. This, however,

is only saying that the former system is adapted for blockheads, and that the latter is not.

It is to be hoped, however, that the poetical Unities and Regularities—according to the French interpretation of these terms—will not gain converts and followers in England:—We trust that Barry Cornwall, for instance, will never think of renouncing the study of Ford, Massinger, and Shakspeare, for the sake of forming a style after the manner of the lofty and pompous Corneille, or even imitating the fashioned elegance and modulated harmony of the exquisitely-gifted Racine. And Lord Byron himself, we hope, has made no barter with his French admirers and imitators: be it for him still to feel “the waves bound beneath him as a steed that knows its rider,”—and let those who like better the regularity of pleasure-ground ponds, and the magnificence of a thousand squirts—all playing according to rule and proportion—congratulate themselves on the superior refinement of their tastes. We repeat that the French have judged unwisely, supposing it to be true, that they are inclined to exchange their court brilliants, belonging to them since the age of Louis *quatorze*, for any new foreign curiosities, however shewy their fashion, and ingenious their manufacture: and England, on the other hand, must keep what she has, for we are afraid she would not turn to a good account any thing she might receive from France. Let an interchange of national commodities be made the basis of a treaty of commerce:—we should be happy to see this done:—but we cannot consent to ship off Coleridge to Calais, receiving in return Benjamin Constant, packed in the sheets of the *Minerve*. Mr. Jouy, the author of *Belisaire*, a tragedy, and of sundry *Hermits*, in Paris, Provence, and other places, where people “most do congregate,” would be small compensation to us for the loss of the author of the Scotch novels; though possibly there might be no objection on our side to a truck between the *Monastery* and some of the

best of the separate Essays from the pen of the above French writer. But, unless it be by means of our journalists, and political and economical writers, we really do not know how we could prudently arrange a traffic, on the principle of exchange, between the literature of the two countries. The French have nothing, we believe, so dull as the *Morning Chronicle* in that line, so they might expect us to throw in with it some of the best of the Sunday sheets, to make together an equivalent for one of the second-rate Parisian newspapers. The *Courier* is heavier than the *Quotidienne*, but not of greater value we fear: the former is base in practice, and the latter in theory: let those, who may think it worth their while, strike the balance. In the *Minerve* there is more talent and less conscientiousness than in the *Examiner*: the conductors of the Paris journal are not fools enough to think all they say, and the editor of the London one we really believe is. It would not be fair to call upon the French to exchange theirs against ours here—unless indeed there should be thrown into the bale, with the *Examiners*, one of Mr. Hunt’s volumes of poetry,—and then there would be reason for complaint on our side.* The tale of *Rimini* is worth more than the whole set of the *Minerve*, with the tragedy of *Belisaire* to boot: though when we recollect that De Berenger’s songs are included in the French series, and that *Rimini* contains a dedication and a fourth canto, we are almost inclined to recant what we have said.

If we turn to magazines and reviews, we shall find that the French have nothing comparable to the *Edinburgh and Quarterly*; and we have nothing, either to compare or exchange with the French, in this class of goods, *but* the *Edinburgh and Quarterly*—so in the article of reviews there can be no dealing. *Blackwood’s Magazine*, we are sure, and the *London*, we hope and trust, are a good deal superior to any of the Paris periodicals, weekly or monthly, that have fallen in the way of our observation:—we remark, however, in the foreign works of this sort, evidence

* It would be still worse for us to give up the *Indicator*;—this, with some few freckles allowed for, may be pronounced a beautiful little paper.

of a greater variety of principal contributors, than has as yet made itself apparent in the pages of the London—but it is still but early days with this magazine, and good contributors are slow and sure; ordinary ones as “plenty as blackberries.” In the mean time, we are requested by the regular Staff to hitch in a pledge, that, barring “sickness and sudden death,” no offensive deficiency shall make itself observeable. Our Edinburgh brethren, we see, wish us to leave them an exclusive privilege to handle certain subjects: this is surely too much to ask;—all we can promise them is, to respect, as theirs exclusively, by every right of property, the *manner* of handling certain subjects which we find adopted in their magazine. We should reject, for instance, though Mr. Croker might recommend, the mean insincerity, and vulgar slander of Z, destroying whatever there might otherwise be of justice in some of his strictures, and altogether disgracing the principles of integrity and good taste for the honour of which he professes to be zealous.* We engage never to imitate the mouthing cant of the article on Don Juan; the exaggeration of which is carried so far as to give reason for doubting, whether the writer be not a notorious libertine, openly mocking his readers, or only a hypocrite clumsily endeavouring to impose upon them. Again, we disclaim a right to encroach on the mountebank, but tedious farce, carried on with the Ettrick Shepherd. Mr. Hogg, with singular good nature, seems to have consented to act the part of Blackwood’s “*Mr. Merry-man* ;” and, in this capacity, he submits to degrading and insulting treatment, and exposes himself in a ridiculous light, for the sake of raising a horse-laugh amongst the subscribers. Nor shall we seek to impart to our sheets that redolency of Leith-ale, and tobacco smoke, which floats about all the pleasantries of the magazine in ques-

tion,—giving one the idea of its facetious articles having been written on the slopped table of a tavern parlour in the back-wynd, after the *convives* had retired, and left the author to solitude, silence, pipe-ashes, and the dregs of *black-strap*. The indecency of personalities, and the unmanliness of retractions, we mean to respect as belonging to our Scotch friends:—also the pleasures of caning and being caned,—or cudgelling, and being cudgelled—item, the magnanimous expedient of purchasing immunity for admitted calumny. Finally, and in order to make their minds easy, we seriously assure them, that we shall never seek to transplant into our pages, from theirs, that recklessness and levity in regard to truth and consistency, which pervade their departments of political argument, and sometimes of literary criticism; qualities which afford convincing evidence, that the writers think nothing of less consequence than their own convictions, which might easily be shewn to be totally different from the tenour of many of their Essays. It is probably their consciousness of this, that leads them to indulge in that overstrained and overheaped style of language which often distinguishes their serious articles, giving them an unpleasant lumbering effect, and leading us to wonder whether, from ridiculing Irish Philips, they have not passed to employing, or at least imitating, that mighty master of words destitute of meaning and good faith.

Such are the qualities and features of one of the cleverest periodical works of the day, on which we assure its editors, we shall most carefully avoid trespassing:—but, on the other hand,—as rivals, we necessarily are, the one to the other,—we give them fair notice, that we esteem them enough to seek to take lessons from their example, what to do, as well as what to avoid, in our new task. That their work was, and is, a great improvement, in point of talent, on

* We have heard several opinions as to who Z really is;—the secret is surely less interesting than that of the author of *Waverley*. It is very possible that the editors may have lately been clubbing to keep up this last of the letters; but the signature, we fancy, did not originally belong to either of them. We suspect we have seen the gentleman before in the *Quarterly*. It has been a question also, who wrote the articles on Hazlitt and Hunt that have appeared in the latter journal. Some say Mr. Gifford, others Mr. Canning:—it strikes us, however, that Mr. Gifford is too honourable, and Mr. Canning too clever, for either one or other to have written them. But Mr. Canning has a *colleague* to whom neither of these objections would apply.

the general run of magazines, we have always been amongst the foremost to affirm, and our present position shall not induce us to retract our words. Its principal recommendation is a spirit of life, not usually characterizing such publications. Generally speaking, it has done important service to the cause of taste and truth by its poetical criticisms: indeed, before its appearance, there was no periodical work whatever, belonging to any part of the united kingdom, that could be looked to for a decent judgment on poetry. Their constitutional carelessness of principle has, to be sure, marked the conduct of the Editors of Blackwood even in this department: and several most unworthy articles have crept into it, under the influence probably of divers motives:—sometimes, it would seem, only to attract popular attention by a lively sally;—at others, we really believe, to play off a contemptuous hoax on the public, and give occasion for a laugh at Ambrose's;—occasionally, in pure malice and ill-temper;—and most frequently in deference to the shabby spite of Z.—whose dirty bait, held out to the popular greediness for slander, the publisher has perhaps found useful, though Scottish anglers are accustomed to pursue nobler sport in a cleaner manner.—But, with these exceptions, Blackwood's Magazine has distinguished itself by a just and quick feeling of the elements of poetical beauty and power: it has vindicated with ability, energy, and effect, several neglected and calumniated, but highly deserving poetical reputations:—it has shown much skill and sensibility in displaying the finer and rarer of those rainbow-hues that play in the “plighted clouds” of genuine poesy,—the subtleness and delicacy of which cause them to escape the grosser vision of the critics that take the lead in the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews on such subjects. This magazine, too, has, in some measure, vindicated the national character, which had become seriously compromised in the flippant and ignorant attacks, so frequently made in certain popular journals, on the most exalted literary names of the continent. But, if we go on much further, we shall balance the creditor against the debtor side of the account; and this

would be, after all, incorrect. On the whole, then, and in conclusion, we pronounce, with becoming and appropriate dogmatism, that Blackwood's Magazine is a clever production which we would rather read than write: more amusing than respectable, and often amusing at the expence of those qualities that confer respectability:—that, nevertheless, its faults, gross as they are, bear the character of whims, and flights, rather than of radical vices. We have little doubt, that its principal offenders only require to get better placed, to cut a better figure:—we therefore hear with pleasure, that this is likely soon to happen in regard to one of them at least. A sort of animal boisterousness, and coarse, sanguine, vivacity, render it impossible to be very angry with their excesses.—It would, indeed, give us some pain, to have any serious disagreement with the “Edinburgh lads;” for, whether it proceed from professional or national sympathy, we feel, after all, a sort of sneaking kindness about our heart, for them and their work. We wish them to know, that we took, with warmth, the part of their “*Tent*” Number, which we thought excellently done in its way,—though, we believe, the public did not like it at all. There are *two* reasons, therefore, why we wish them to give us such another. The German Baron, Lauerwinkle, was excellent: the visitor to the Lakes, too turgid, and “*mouthy*,” the writer on Coleridge and Wordsworth, has, we believe, violated much that ought to be respected in private intercourse; and his criticism is but so-so. The serious poetry in this magazine is generally good: the comic is more clever than agreeable. It is obsolete to our feelings, where it is not repulsive: its fun is without interest; its jokes are admitted to have talent, but do not produce a sense of mirth or hilarity. Ringing the changes on ugly spinsters, and vulgar widows, is now out of date; there is an air of low company about such facetiousness which is disagreeable. If he had not libelled the Bull Inn, at the head of Leith walk, we should have imagined that the principal Editor of Blackwood had been in the habit of frequenting no other house:—his style at least, does not savour of the made dishes or French wines of the dashing

hotels of the New Town.—His Correspondent, who has stepped after our esteemed friend Mr. Weathercock (who we are much afraid is dead*) into George's Coffee-house, has at least the merit of following a good example.—But enough has now been conceded to fraternal affection:—and yet one word more to our dear brethren, before sighing farewell—

A sound that hath been, and must be:—

we purpose visiting Auld Reekie sometime soon, when the elegant new Smack, the *Walter Scott*,—(why not the *Sir Walter*?) in regard to whose preparing accommodations Rumour is now busily employing all her hundred tongues,—shall be afloat. The truth is, we are much in need of a holiday to recruit our health, at present seriously hurt by damp proofs and dry manuscripts. If the Edinburgh

Editors should think of asking us to dinner on our arrival (which we doubt not they will) we take the liberty of requesting that the Ettrick shepherd may be of the party; for we should be glad, after what we have said of him a little way back, to have an opportunity of assuring him personally of the high respect in which we hold his talents, of the delight with which we have read his works; and that we only regret that he should allow himself to be treated with a coarse familiarity, the effect of which is at once degrading to his character, and displeasing to the public's sense of propriety. His part of buffoon in Blackwood's Magazine interferes disagreeably with the idea of him as a poet, and causes those who take any interest in him as an individual, to feel either sorrow for his mortification, or shame for his insensibility.

THE CHRONICLE OF DON PIERRE NINO, COUNT OF BUELNA;

BY GUTTIERE DIEZ DE GAMEZ, HIS STANDARD BEARER.

THE work, bearing this title, is an old Spanish history of a distinguished nobleman and warrior of that nation, who lived from about the latter part of the fourteenth century till towards the middle of the fifteenth. Its author was not only the contemporary, but one of the retainers of the hero whose adventures he relates; and this curious chronicle has all the charm which lively recital, simplicity of remark, and a familiarity and frankness of statement peculiarly belonging to these early periods, are calculated to bestow. Our notice of this production, copies of which are now most rare, will relate only to an adventure that befel Don Pierre Nino in France,—and which we select for the sake of the picture it affords of the manners of "*the good old times*," the character of which, we are inclined to think, is very much misconceived by many persons;—they were neither, we imagine, so rude and destitute in matters of convenience and luxurious enjoyment,—nor so artless and pure in regard to moral qualities, as it is very commonly supposed they were. Our extracts will give a high notion of the splendid extravagance of which

the feudal castles were the scene, as well as of the gallantry practised by their inmates. We do not believe that any nobleman's mansion, of the present day, could furnish an instance of more magnificent living, than we find exemplified in the domestic economy of the Chateau of the Seigneur of Scrifontaine; and we apprehend that the privileges of visitors, and the rules of social intercourse, have been infinitely narrowed, since the time of the hospitable old French Admiral, to whom we are about to introduce our readers.

Count Nino, "a Spanish gentleman," as he is styled in the Chronicle, visited France by order of his sovereign, Henry III. in the year 1404. He commanded two galleys, destined to cruize against England, and, while these lay at Rouen, he was lucky enough to form an acquaintance with Renaud de Trie, Admiral, and Lord of Scrifontaine. This kind-hearted and confiding person was "very old," observes the Standard-bearer of the Spanish Count; "and he caused the Captain Pierre Nino to be invited to his chateau of Scrifontaine, where he usually resided."

* We have since instituted particular inquiries, and find, with pleasure, that Mr. W. only made an attempt on his own life, which luckily proved abortive.

The "Sire of Scrlfontaine," had for wife, "the handsomest woman in France: she was of the highest lineage in Normandy, daughter of the Seigneur de Bilanges, magnificent and generous in all her actions, esteemed by all noble ladies of her own quality, in consequence of her prudence, her genteel behaviour, and her great discretion." This valuable wife, and most accomplished and exemplary woman, had her apartments in a charming pavilion, which was separated from that of her husband, the Admiral; *but a small draw-bridge served for occasional communication between the two: both the one and the other were included within the enclosure of the castle.*

The Spanish Standard-bearer, who accompanied Captain Nino, as his follower, on his agreeable visit to the old Lord and the young Lady of Scrlfontaine, speaks in terms of rapture of the richness and variety of the dresses, and lustre of the numerous jewels, which were contained in the wardrobe and caskets of the elegant dame. Every thing, in short, which the castle held, seems to have been in the highest state of excellence, with the exception of the master himself. "The Admiral was in bad health;—a warrior from his youth upward, he was now exhausted by his toils, and no longer in a condition to pursue the career of arms in which he had acquired so much glory. His age and his infirmities caused him to be excused attending at court: he accordingly lived retired in his castle, which was sumptuously provided and arranged in all respects, in a manner worthy of a Lord such as he was. Its architecture was simple; but all had been provided for that could in any way conduce to the convenience and security of its inmates. The furniture and the equipages were as rich and elegant as if their master had lived in the centre of the capital of France. He had pages, and servants, of all sorts. Mass was said each day, without fail, in the chapel of the castle, which was suitably and magnificently decorated.

"In front of the noble grounds of this mansion, flowed a river, whose banks were planted with fine trees; and all around were gardens beautifully laid out, and carefully kept. On one side was a large pond, surrounded with

an iron railing, within which there was no entering but by a small door that locked with a key: this pond was filled with fish,—so that, in case of need, they could take from it enough in one day to feed *three hundred persons*. The Admiral also kept a pack of hounds; the care of which was entrusted to valets retained for that purpose. In his stables, there were at least twenty good saddle-horses, chargers, and coursers, and hackneys. Why should I enumerate more of these magnificent appointments? The forests of the neighbourhood were stocked with excellent game, of every kind: there were stags, deer, and wild boars: and at the castle they trained falcons, that were admirably well bred."

An invitation to this delightful place was not likely to be refused. The Spanish Chevalier was indisposed "in consequence of the great hardships of the sea:" he was entreated to re-establish his health at Scrlfontaine, where "he was received with much courtesy." The Lady of the castle seems to have had the ordering of his regimen, and the arrangement of the whole course of his cure. The following are the particulars of the treatment she recommended and provided for; which, doubtless, might be now-a-days followed with equal success in cases of a similar description.

"Madame was attended by ten noble damsels, well-instructed in such service, and having no other occupation but to be handy about the person, and fulfil the orders of their mistress. She had, besides these, many chambermaids. I am now about to recount to you how madame passed her time with her guests:—she rose betimes, and her young ladies did the same, that they might be ready to accompany her to a small grove, close to the lawn, where, each having her own prayer-book, they seated themselves at a little distance the one from the other, and recited their matinal devotions: during all this time great silence was observed.—After this, they spread themselves about, and gathered flowers, roses, and violets. Then they returned to the castle, to be present at mass in the chapel. On coming out from the chapel, breakfast was served on silver plates: it usually consisted of poultry and

roasted larks; and each one eat at pleasure, and so drank of wine. Madame seldom eat at this meal; and, when she did, it was only out of complaisance to those who entreated her.

"After breakfast, she and her damsels mounted their palfreys, which were richly caparisoned, and the gentlemen and chevaliers, who were at the castle, accompanied them on coursers. They forthwith set out to respire the air of the country; but the good old Sire of Trie could no longer mount on horseback, yet he received his guests on their return with a politeness that was marvellous. The happy party, when they had ridden to some distance, dismounted, and amused themselves in weaving garlands of the verdure and the flowers: and then you might hear them singing *lays*, *roundelays*, *ritornels*, *complaints*, *ballads*, and *songs*, of many various kinds, such as the French know well how to compose, the whole being for several voices, and in most complete harmony. The Captain Pierre Nino was always to be found in these parties, for, indeed, the festivities had all relation to him. In fine, they went back to the castle in the same order that they set out; and, at the hour for dinner, it was served up in the hall.

"The Seigneur, though grievously afflicted by disease, was ever found in good humour; and he sat at table, with Madame and Pierre Nino by his side. The master of the ceremonies had the charge of arranging the places of the others; and he took special care to place a knight, or a squire, by the side of each young lady. The dishes were abundant, and variously cooked, as well as of different kinds of meats. They were prepared with great art, and consisted of flesh, fish, and fruits, according to the day of the week. During the repast, *any one who knew well how, might, in moderation, and with due observance of courtesy, talk of love and of chivalry*: he was favourably listened to, and received answers to satisfy him: at the same time jongleurs played on their instruments. After the benediction, the table was cleared, and the musicians entered: Madame danced with Pierre Nino, and each of the other guests with a damsel: this lasted an hour, —but the Admiral could not dance, by reason of his age and his malady.

"Dancing finished, Madame gave a *kiss of peace* to the Captain, and the gentlemen received the same favour from their partners. Then servants brought up sweat-meats, spices, and choice wines: after partaking of which the company retired to their proper apartments, to refresh themselves by sleep. The Captain Pierre Nino went to his chamber, which was handsomely furnished, and situated in the same pavilion with that of Madame:—it was called the chamber of the tower.

"When needful rest had been taken, they mounted again on horseback: the pages held the falcons, and the herons were in readiness to be let fly. Madame took her proper station; the falcon on her wrist, which she launched with admirable grace. Oh then the exquisite sport! Oh the delightful pleasure! Then you might see, floating and flapping, a hundred little flags, some on lances, and some on horns and trumpets: the dogs plunging into the river: the damsels galloping joyously here and there: the cavaliers spread over the plain: and, besides, the noise of drums animated this festivity, the beauty of which it is impossible to describe. When the chase was finished, the whole party assembled in a smooth and pleasant meadow, and seated themselves around Madame: fowls and partridges, all cold, with fruits, were brought by the domestics; and each one eat, and drank, and made good cheer: they fashioned tresses of verdure and of flowers, and returned to the palace, singing the finest possible songs. But the Seigneur of Scrifontaine could not partake of the pleasure of the chase, for he was now old and infirm.

"When it grew dark, they supped: and, after supper, they went a walking, and some to the garden to play at bowls. Nor did they re-enter the castle before night was closed. The hall was then illuminated: the musicians were in readiness: they danced a good part of the night: fruits and wine were again served: and then, after salutations, each one retired to sleep."

All this was very pleasant; and we hope it was also proper, for "so passed every day," says the Chronicle, "according to the season, each time that the Captain came to Scrifontaine, or other chevaliers, according to their quality. Every thing was

ordered by the Lady of the place, for she was at the head of all the affairs, and managed all the property of her husband, the Sire of Trie, who was rich, a powerful lord of much land, and had good revenues. He took no charge or care upon himself, for Madame was very capable and sufficient to attend to all: and Pierre Nino was discreetly loved by this lady, in consequence of the good qualities she found him to possess; so that she spoke and consulted with him of her affairs in confidence, and intreated him to visit her father, Monsieur de Bilanges, who lived in Normandy. **** In fine, Pierre Nino quitted Scrifontaine, and went to Paris, where he was met by the chevaliers, who did him the honours because his renown was great."

After being feasted at the court of France, our Spanish Captain and Count returned to Rouen, where his galleys still lay, and, as it may be presumed, speedily renewed his visits to Scrifontaine. At length the good old Sire of Trie, who was ever pleased, though ever suffering—who had a drawbridge placed between his wife's apartment and his own, but omitted to interpose either bastion or portcullis between his guests' bedroom and hers;—this good old Admiral, who, though himself past hunting, and dancing, and flower-gathering, and gamboling, and junketing in meadows, had infinite satisfaction in seeing his dame and her damsels sustaining all these drudgeries of hospitality;—in fine, this pattern of a husband, who left the management of his estate to his wife, and concerned himself with nothing of the much that belonged to him,—died, worn out with toil and disease, leaving Madame disconsolate, her own person and his estate at her disposal, and the drawbridge lowered once for all. The Lady's first step was consistent with her usual prudence and discretion, qualities for which she was so widely and justly famed:—she sent to Pierre Nino to come to her without delay, to consult over her affairs. "*From that moment,*"—says the candid chronicler,—the innocent Standard-bearer,—"*they fell in love with each other:*—and indeed, the lady was all that could inspire love: handsome, young, good, amiable, tender, genteel, and much esteemed. Moreover, she was as rich as she was wor-

thy. They gave valuable jewels the one to the other, as pledges of their mutual passion, and constant faith."

Shortly after this, the quiet of the young widow was disturbed by her lover's becoming engaged in a combat of seven knights against seven knights; the cause of which was a dispute between the Orleans family of France, and the Spanish house of Perellos, which had a right to carry *la dame blanche*, in embroidery, on their dress and bracelets of gold. Pierre Nino was enlisted with the French on this occasion, and his lady sent him a message, praying him with earnestness, and by the love he bore to her, not to embark in this enterprise if he were not irrevocably committed; but that if his honour were at stake, and there were no help but to proceed, she begged him to inform her of all of which he might stand in need preparative to the fight, which she would furnish so as to leave him nothing to desire in the way of equipment. In the meantime, she sent him a horse of excellent qualities, and a casque.

This affair settled, Pierre Nino returned to Rouen, and soon took leave of the Lady of Scrifontaine, after their marriage had been concerted. But, continues the Chronicler, "there were weighty reasons for delaying it awhile yet:—first, Madame had only lately lost her husband, and, considering her birth and high quality, the least appearance of *impatience* would have blemished her good reputation: further, Pierre Nino had not fulfilled his sovereign's commission, but was bound to continue his naval services against the English: and lastly, it was necessary that he should make the king acquainted with his proposed marriage, and obtain his permission to conclude it. It was therefore decided that Madame should wait *yet two whole years*, in order that Pierre Nino might have time to fulfil the commission with which he was charged, and procure the consent of the king, his lord and master, to his espousal of the dame of Scrifontaine."

It is with grief we state, that, even in these *good old times*, which were also the times of chivalry, there were, as now, faithless men, and over-confiding women. Pierre Nino, roaming the seas, and returned to the Spanish court, forgot the dancing after dinner in France, the "kiss of peace," the garlands, and that which,

above all the rest, he ought never to have forgotten, "the chamber of the tower." He married, in his own country, the Infanta Donna Beatrice, daughter of the Infant Don Juan, who was the King's brother. Many of the histories and adventures connected with this marriage are mighty

curious; and perhaps we may take future opportunities of returning to this most amusing Chronicle, which also contains very interesting details on the state of France, of Spain, and England, at the early period in question, — with much other historical matter of a very valuable nature.*

EUPHROSYNE AND MELIDORE,

A TALE.

The idea of the following lines is taken from the "*Tredecì piacevole notte*," of Giovan-Francesco Straparola. It evidently owes its origin to the classical fable of Hero and Leander. It has been versified by Bernard le Gentil, but I have not seen this Version.

As my swift bark was riding o'er the foam
Of the Sicilian waters, which divide
Two lands of fame and beauty, I espied,
Rising above a beaked promontory,
A castle, that might be an eagle's home,
So toweringly it rear'd to the winds its hoary
And storm-beat forehead.—As my fix'd eye
Rested upon it somewhat curiously,
The pilot of my bark mark'd me, and cried,
" 'Tis ever thus with voyagers that pass by
The castle of love's victim; many a prayer
Have I heard breathed upon the ocean air,
And many a sigh, from gentle bosoms sigh'd,
In memory of those loves."—I, who had ne'er
Traversed those pleasant sea-paths till that day,
Turn'd to the old man, and, with ready tongue,
I bade him, as the tide bore us along,
Into my young and charmed ear to say
The story, which had power to move the eyes
And hearts of men to tear-drops and to sighs—

"It is to the old days," my guide began,
"That my tale travels.—In that sea-shock'd tower
There dwelt the fairest of Italia's daughters;
And the report of her true beauty ran
So wide, that o'er the deep and perilous waters
The rulers of far realms, in eager hour,
Would ride, with their own princely eyes to scan
If such a tale might match with truth. But she,
The soft, meek-eyed, and mild Euphrosyne,
Listen'd in motionless silence to each vow;
And, as her suitors spoke, no answering blood,
From the heart's spring, shaded her marble brow,
In token of sweet passion;—and she stood
Before them timidly, but trembling not;
And her Sire chafed; and her hot brothers turn'd
In anger from her, that she thus had spurn'd
The hopes of many a high and princely lot.

* Elsewhere in this number, the reader will find a paper on the *Early Spanish Literature*, supplied by a Correspondent, in the course of which allusion is made to that class of productions to which the *Chronicle of Pierre Nino* belongs.

“ For little heeded they that maiden’s heart,
And small their sympathy in that heart’s bliss ;—
And at their words of scorn, warm tears would start ;
And then, alas ! no mother’s kindly kiss
Heal’d the heart-wound—yet there was one before
Whose gentle presence every sorrow fled :
And the meek spirit, which had lately bled
Beneath harsh looks and hearts, attuned amiss,
Grew blest before the eyes of Melidore.

“ He was the lowliest of the chivalry
In Syracusan jousts that braved the shock ;
And from the summit of Sicilian rock
Would shoot across the deep his sparkling eye,
And often o’er the waves cast tenderly
A glance of gladness to the shore which held
The treasure of his hopes.—But when the dim
Spirits of night had silently compell’d
The Sun unto his chamber, then his heart
Bounded with livelier bliss, and he would start,
And with a light bound tempt the dangerous wave ;
And, trusting his poor safety unto Him
Whose word, amid the storm, is strong to save,
With arm of power would combat with the flood,
Till on the Italian strand he gladly stood.

“ In the dank rocks there was a shelter’d cave ;
And ever when the shades of night were stealing
Silently over the low-murmuring wave,
Till earth, and sky, and sea, were slowly blended,
No beam of tell-tale day her steps revealing,
Euphrosyne from the steep banks descended,
And hung within the cave Love’s signal light
With trembling hand, and listen’d to the moan
Of the harsh surge ; and with an eager eye
Traversed the deep obscurity of night,
And strove to catch some murmurs of the lone
And lovely stranger, who, triumphantly,
Braved death to breathe within her arms one sigh.

“ And ever thus at night-tide they would spend
Some flitting moments of bright love : at last
Their heaven of loveliness was overcast ;
And, ere they saw the deadly cloud descend,
They were o’erwhelm’d. It chanced her brothers pass’d,
One murk and stormy night, that cave’s seclusion,
And overheard the tale which Melidore
Pour’d in his mistress’ ear, in sweet delusion.
They heard the tale ; and deep and low they swore
The morrow’s shades should cloak a deed of death,
And the loud sea-waves suck the fainting breath
Of him whose feet profaned the Italian shore.—
And fatally was that dark oath redeem’d.—
And when the wind was high, and darkness hid
The shape of earth and heaven—and amid
Her realm of tempests the grey sea-mew scream’d,
The brothers unto their perfidious bark
Hasten’d, and hung aloft a traitor-light
To lure the lover-wanderer through the dark
And perilous mazes of that moonless night,
To his destruction.—Hark ! the sound of one,
Breasting the angry surges, breaks upon
The listening ear of treachery :—now a sound

Of fearfulness upon the waves is sent,
A cry of wildering horror.—Now, once more,
Each nerve is strain'd tow'rd the fallacious shore.—
Vain, vain—the stoutness of his heart is spent,
And the quick breezes bear a dying cry,
And cavern'd waves echo Euphrosyne!

“Euphrosyne! lost heart! the peerless grief
Of the soul's riven ties of love is thine:—
And thou must waste in thy hope's cold decline,
Counting the aching moments, which, though brief,
Shall be as ages——

“—— Darkness past away,
But, as it wasted, deeper grew the dread
Which clung around the maiden's heart; the ray
Of morning lighted up the dark blue mountains:—
With light, hope came not—Then Euphrosyne
Gaz'd from her casement on the surging sea;
Madden'd with doubtful fears; and from her bed
She sprung, and sought the troubled ocean-fountains;—
The wave grew calm, and storm and tempest slept,
And she beheld as it in splendour swept
Into the bay, her brothers' bark of death—
Who at the prow stood laughing side by side,
And hail'd their sister with triumphant breath.—
But she, amid the swelling foam, espied
A form they saw not;—and an earthless voice
From out the caverns of the ocean cried;
And the maid answered, ‘Shall I not rejoice
To wed with Death, if thou indeed art he?’
And the waves clasp'd her—mute and trembling stood
The traitor brothers—while the angry flood
Shrouded the wonder of fair Italy.”

DRUE DIGBY.

ANCIENT STATE OF THE JEWS IN ENGLAND.

WALTER SCOTT, who, either from negligence, or from the want of a pervading imagination, does not disdain, at times, to resort to expedients which properly belong to a class of writers lower than that in which his extraordinarily vivid perception, and striking combination of the traits of character, entitle him to stand, has attempted, in *Ivanhoe*, to derive the chief interest of the story from a phenomenon in which romance writers have delighted much more than nature has done. Those whose object “hath been to give some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it,” have often been anxious to keep up a fancied equilibrium in morals, by shewing an unsubduable sensibility, or generosity of mind, in circumstances the most hostile to the development of such

qualities. The power which made us accomplishes its ends in another way,—and as, in the body, it opposes callousness to constant pressure or irritation, it gives to the mind,—as the best protection against irremediable oppression, and enduring degradation,—apathy, and abjectness. The modern dealers in fiction have been, in this respect, at issue with the nature which they would mend. Sympathetic gaolers, generous money-lenders, speculative highwaymen, and tender cut-throats, have been offered to us, at once to surprize us with something contrary to our universal experience, and to delight us with the alledged imperishableness of moral feeling; and the catastrophe of many a tale is made to turn on the existence of this spring, in minds in which it has been supposed to be corroded and destroyed. Shakspeare differed

from Walter Scott in this, that he has given the daughter of his Jew the virtues and attractions common to the female sex, but has not endowed her with the rare union of affection and dignity, and the power of weighing and dividing, into the nicest fractions, the different duties which a woman owes to the human race and to her own nation, to her lover and to her kindred, to religion and to humanity, like an accomplished legislator of the next century.—Jessica is “a most beautiful pagan—most sweet Jew”—but Rebecca is a Judith who is as well read in the Misna as in Thomas Paine. It is not to be imputed to Walter Scott, as a fault of the same description, that he has made the robbers of that day your only true patriots; the persons who answer to the alarmists of the present day. Robbery was not a dishonourable profession, at a time when a man's respectability was measured by his power of annoying his neighbours; but there was a difference between a robber and a Jew.

The prejudices against Jews did not originate in England; perhaps not with Christianity. Tacitus, who was rather disposed to hold up any thing respectable in foreign nations as a contrast to the degeneracy of the Romans, speaks of the Jews, in spite of the bravery which they shewed in the defence of Jerusalem, in an unusual tone of asperity and disgust. Even the notion, which is not yet entirely extinct among the vulgar, (though Sir T. Brown* satisfactorily refuted it, by abundant arguments deduced from reason and experience)—the notion that they have a peculiar and disagreeable *smell*, is perhaps older than he imagined. Venantius, a bishop of Poitiers, in the sixth century, who holds a place in every corpus Poetarum, says

Abluitur Judæus odor baptismate divo
Et nova progenies reddita surgit aquis.
Vincens ambrosios suavi spiramine rores
Vertice perfuso, chrismatis efflat odor.

Venant. *Poemat.* lib. 4. xx.

“The Jewish smell is washed away by holy baptism, and a new progeny is rendered up from the waters. The

odor of the chrism is wafted from the bathed head, excelling ambrosial dews with its sweet breath.”—“Cosa maravigliosa,” says an Italian author, with characteristic indelicacy, “che ricevuto il santo Battesimo non puzzano piu.” It is pleasant, as Mr. Lamb says on a like occasion, to see a prejudice die out. No bishop at least would now fall into so gross an error, and not even Mr. Lewis Way would insist upon the unsavoriness of a refractory, or the balsamic nature of a converted, Jew!

At the beginning of the last century, Dr. Tovey, a laborious man, collected the facts relating to the condition of the Jews in England before their expulsion by Edward I., from the records in which they were scattered. They afford a curious specimen of the system of government of the early Norman monarchs, as well as of the tendency of the human race to hate those whom they have injured.

The first notice of the existence of Jews in England is found in a paragraph of canonical excerpts, published by Ecgbright, Archbishop of York, in the year 740,† which forbids Christians to be present at the feasts of Jews; and they are also mentioned in a charter of Witglaff, king of Mercia,‡ as benefactors of the monastery of Croyland; for he confirms to that abbey all the possessions “which the kings and peers of the Mercians, or other faithful Christians, or the Jews, had given to the monks.” And in a law, published as one of those of Edward the Confessor, it is declared (c. 29) that the Jews, and all they have, are the king's (*Judæi et omnia sua regis sunt*). Whether this law was really a law of Edward's or not, the principle of it was the only condition on which the Jews afterwards existed in England, up to the time of their expulsion. It seems doubtful, however, whether they had not been expelled from England some time previously to the conquest; for William I. is commonly reported, by historians, to have brought them into the island in consideration of a sum of money. Whether or no the Jews paid for their admission into Eng-

* Enquiry into Common and Vulgar Errors, Book iv. c. 10.

† Johnson's Collection of Ecclesiastical Laws; ad. an.

‡ Ingulph. Histor. p. 9. An. 833.

land, they owed the power of existing here, wretched as their condition was, to the feeling of selfish interest on the part of the monarchs who supported them against the enmity of the people. Whatever the principles of the legal constitution may have been in the Saxon times, which, as we know little of it, is a very fit subject for the exercise of faith, it did not, for some time after the Norman conquest, enter into the minds of men that the social compact was intended for the protection of the weak against the strong. Taxes were always chiefly levied upon those who were too helpless to resist payment. Hence the payments on livery of seisin, and hence the system of wardships and escheats. The native landholders and merchants had a common interest, binding them together, and were well enough disposed to resist oppressive taxation; but the Jews, being separated from the rest of the community, to whom they were odious from their religion, and from the business which they pursued, were taxable *à merci, et à misericorde*. The monarch, therefore, had the same sort of interest in them as he had in his hawks, though it would have been thought, at that time, a criminal contempt of chivalry to compare them with those noble birds. The king knew that the money of his people, which might be soaked up by the Jews, was much more easily to be got at than when it was diffused among his idle and warlike subjects. "When I need what you have gained, it is but squeezing you, and sponge, you shall be dry again." But though individuals must have felt the use of Jewish money dealers, the mass of the people, remembering more the inconvenience of repaying than the pleasure of receiving, allowed their religious prejudices full swing, and looked upon the princes who derived incomes from this source, in the same light as the minister of the Most Christian king, who derived his peculiar revenue from the registration of prostitutes, has been regarded by some moralists, and as the minister who upholds lotteries is regarded by others. Chaucer, who so clearly shews us the minutest peculiarities, as well as the deepest feelings of his times, gives us, in his *Prioresses Tale*, the feeling of the

pious as to the motives of this toleration of princes.

There was in Asie in a gret citee,
Amonges Christen folk a Jewerie,
Sustened by a Lorde of that contree,
For foule usure and lucre of villanie,
Hateful to Christ and to his compaignie, &c.

The King's Jewry (*Judaismus Regis*) was reckoned among his most valuable possessions; and, in extreme cases, was assigned over for a time for the satisfaction of debts, as the best security he could offer, or as the most valuable pledge he could deliver to an enemy. In the 46th of Henry III. the Chancellor of the Exchequer is ordered to pay certain fees to the attornies of Edward the king's son, cui *Rex Judaismum suum commisit*, (to whom the king has entrusted his Jewry). In the 38th year of the same reign they were assigned to Richard, Earl of Cornwall. "Know," says the deed, "that we have borrowed from our beloved brother and liege man, R. Earl of Cornwall, 5000 sterling marks, new and whole, for the payment of which we have assigned and delivered to him *all our Jews of England*." The statute of Judaism of 3 Edw. I. which is a sort of compromise between the avarice of the king and the prejudices of his subjects, acknowledges the interest the king felt in his Jews, in an ingenuous and candid manner which we shall look in vain for an imitation of, in modern acts of parliament. "The king having observed, that, in times past, many honest men have lost their inheritances by the usury of the Jews, and that many sins have from thence arisen, notwithstanding they have been *very profitable* to him and his ancestors, ordains, &c." That the king spoke but the truth respecting the profit derived from the Jews, we know from many facts. In the reign of Hen. II. when the whole of the other inhabitants of the kingdom were taxed at 70,000 marks, for an expedition to the Holy Land, the Jews, who never amounted to many thousands in England, were taxed at 60,000 marks; and this too in an age, when a tax of six shillings on a hide or plough-gate of land, was called by the monkish historians a "truculent" extortion. Matt. Westmon. p. 229. In one year, King John extorted from the Jews 60,000 marks. Ursula, the daughter of a Jew of Hereford, paid

on the death of her father, 5000 marks for a relief; though, by Magna Charta, the relief of an Earl's son, for a whole county, had been settled at 100*l.*—of a Baron's heir, for a whole barony, at but 100 marks; so that the Jew must have died as rich, if a fair proportion had been observed, as fifty barons. For the management of this favourite object of tyranny, a particular department was erected in the Exchequer, (called the Exchequer of the Jewry, *Scaccarius Judaismi*, or *Judaorum*) to manage the process of extortion. Two officers were appointed justices of the Jews, and they were persons of some dignity; ranking with the barons, and being considered *de gremio Scaccarii*, of the very bosom of the Exchequer. Jews were sometimes appointed to these offices, perhaps in virtue of a proverb which has some marks of antiquity. A Jew filled, in the same department, the office of escheator;—an office to which Falstaff alludes—"I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be Exchequers to me."

By a law of king Richard I. the Jews were compelled to register all their effects, under pain of loss of life and estate; and, as a check upon them, all contracts they made were to be entered on the roll, or to be void. The method of levying taxes upon them had two qualities of a good fiscal system—simplicity and efficaciousness. King John having made laws respecting the Jews as liberal as those of Bonaparte, and having enticed many into the kingdom, had the whole of them, of both sexes, imprisoned and cruelly tortured, till they paid all their money to officers of the Exchequer. It was on this occasion that the Jew of Bristol lost seven teeth, before he would pay the monstrous sum of 10,000 marks which was demanded from him. The generality of them had one eye put out. Henry III. in the 25th year of his reign, directed an order to six Jews of Hereford, and commanded them to raise, by distraining on the Jews of that district, their share of a tax of 20,000 marks, "as you love," says the writ in bad Latin, "your bodies, the bodies of your wives and children, and all your chattels"—a climax reckoned, no doubt, not only eloquent, but

well suited to the persons addressed:—but even this severe mandate was not effectual, and the wretched people, collectors and all, were actually imprisoned, and all their goods were seized. On another occasion, in the same reign, an order was issued to the justices of the Jews and the Barons of the Exchequer, to collect 4,000 marks, part of a tax imposed upon the Jews, and due at the Michaelmas following, and, in failure of the payment, the officers were ordered to seize some of the richer Jews, (*aliquos de ditioribus Judæis*), the number and the persons being entirely left to their discretion; to send their bodies to the king, who was then in his camp at Gannock, busied in an expedition against Wales; *non omitendo illud pro aliquo custo*,*—"and," continues the writ, "the king will cause them to be delivered to the justices of Ireland to be carried into Ireland, and there kept in prison." An imprisonment in a country so barbarous as Ireland then was, it was supposed would present itself as peculiarly terrible to the imagination of the Jews. In order that the king might lose no hold over them, he issued another order, that, if the wife or the children of any Jew should hide themselves, or remove from the town in which they had their abode, so as not readily to be found at the summons of the bailiff of their bailiwick, the husband or father, as well as the woman or children, should be immediately outlawed, and all their property sold incontinently, *ad opus regis*. But we should not omit to mention, that the Jews had, once at least, the privilege of a parliament, or a representative body. There are writs extant, directed to the sheriffs of the several counties, commanding them to cause to come before King Henry III. at Worcester, on the Sunday before Ash-tide, in the 25th year of his reign, of the richest and most powerful of the Jews of the several towns in which Jews dwelt, six or two, according to their total numbers, "to treat with us, as well for our profit as for their own." The king, however, seems to foresee that the Jews might suspect that this honour was not done them for nothing, and might think with the miser in Plautus, *aurum huic olet*;—

* *Custus Cost*, charges, v. Ducange, *ad verbum*.

for he assures each sheriff, that, if the Jews be not forthcoming at the appointed term, "we will lay our hand so heavily as well on your body as chattels, that you shall ever more feel yourself not moderately afflicted."* If the Jews had any such forebodings respecting their deliberations with the King, "as well for his profit as for their own," they were fully justified, for the only result was a summary order to raise 20,000 marks, and those writs were immediately issued to the Jewish collectors, the consequences of which we have already mentioned.

But the kings who were not sparing of severity towards the Jews for their specific purpose of extortion, were generally ready to protect them, as far as they could, from the cruelty of others. The hypocritical tyrant John, who was one of their most cruel persecutors, granted them a great charter (in consideration of a sum of 4,000 marks), in which very fair rules were laid down for the settlement of their disputes with Christians, and in which he declared them free of tolls and customs (*sicut nostrum proprium catalum*). He granted also a passport to the high priest, in which he styled him his friend and well-beloved (*familiaris et dilectus*)—and forbade his subjects to offer any molestation or impediment any more than to his own person. The citizens of London having offered the Jews great insults, he wrote a letter, in the fifth year of his reign, to the Mayor and Barons of London, telling them that he had loved them much, and had observed their rights and liberties,—that he was therefore astonished that they had suffered evil to be done to the Jews, since they well knew the Jews were under his special protection. He then committed the Jews to their charge, and gave them warning, that if by negligence of theirs any

evil happened to his protégés, he would require the blood at their hands. "For we know well," concludes the King, whose eloquence was stretched to the utmost on the occasion, "that it is only through the fools of the city, and not through the wise men, that these things happen; but the discreet men should restrain the extravagance of the foolish." In the following reign, the King was obliged to interfere, to protect his Jews from a more systematic persecution. The Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of Lincoln, published injunctions in their respective dioceses, that no Christian should presume to have communication with them, or sell them any provisions, under pain of excommunication: the Jews were, consequently, in danger of suffering in the same manner as some unfortunate Germans, the followers of one Gerhard, who, in the reign of Henry II., having found their way into England, were, for their heresies, cut off from the society of all Christians, and perished of hunger.† The King, however, ordered the sheriff of Lincoln, and the mayor of Canterbury, to make proclamation, commanding the people to disregard the injunctions of the prelates, and directed them to seize any persons who should refuse to sell victuals to the Jews, and to keep the offenders in custody till another royal mandate should specify how they should be dealt with. The Christian people of the land were not always satisfied with the protection which was thus afforded to unbelievers; and the monkish historians have made it a chief article of charge against William Rufus, that he was favourable to the Jews. That monarch, who was probably arbitrary and tyrannical enough, was the more obnoxious to the dispersers of fame of those days, on account of his appropriations of ecclesiastical property.

* These vivacious and rhetorical writs, were, however, not uncommon at that time, and were issued on the most trivial occasions. There is a precept directed to William of Peretof, apparently the court barber, to cut off the hair, and especially the curls (*croci*) of the clergymen about the court, which concludes thus: "et ideo vobis mandamus quatenus ad hoc, modo debito intendatis: hujusmodi Potestatem nostram vobis concessam taliter exequentes circa prædictos capillos scindendos, et crocos deponendos, ne ad capillos vestros forcipes apponere debeamus."—"And we then command you to attend to this in due manner, so executing our power granted to you in this respect, as to the cutting the aforesaid hair, and the taking off the curls, that we shall not need to clap the shears to your own locks."—*Atterbury's Rights of Convocation*, p. 437. 2d Edit.

† This remarkable piece of barbarity is mentioned by Rapin, vol. i. p. 223, after Matthew Paris and others.

The Jews were the agents he employed to farm the revenues of bishoprics which were allowed to remain vacant that their profits might accrue to the crown. He was, consequently, looked upon as an infidel, and a story (not a very probable one) is told by William of Malmesbury, of his ordering, in consideration of great presents made to him by the Jews, a public contest between them and his bishops on matters of faith,—a method of settling doubtful points, which was, at that time, considered in the highest degree odious and disreputable.—Stow indeed, observes, that this disgraceful conduct was followed by such dreadful claps of thunder, and so violent an earthquake, that the like was scarce ever observed in England.* It must, indeed, be shocking to the feelings of many sons of the church of England; even at the present day, to learn that the Jews were the proprietors of three of the hostels or inns, for the reception of students at Oxford, which were afterwards called from their proprietors Jacob-hall, Moses-hall, and Lombard-hall. Jews,—heads of houses!—what a disgrace to the purity of Oxford! To such a height had the audacity of the Jews reached, under the protection of this impious king, that the prior of St. Frideswide tells us, that, when multitudes were cured of all sorts of diseases, at the tomb of his patron saint at Oxford, a young Jew of that city was so impudent as to laugh at her votaries, and tell them, that he too, could cure infirmities—and so bending his limbs, and then making them straight again, or halting, like a cripple, and then skipping or dancing, he begged them to observe what a miracle he had performed. But saints, especially female ones, were not in those days accustomed to be joked with; and, as the most devout wished some exemplary judgment to fall upon the scorner, who, in better times, would not have been secure from the temporal arm, St. Frideswide caused him to run mad and hang himself with his own girdle. Nor did her vengeance cease here;—for,

when, according to the custom of the Jews, the detested body was carried in a cart to the common burying place of the nation, in London, a numerous multitude of dogs followed the carrion with barking.†

The circumstance of the Jews being the principal, and at times the only money dealers in England, as well as in some other European countries, seems to have arisen, not alone from the wish which a people so oppressed must have naturally felt, to hold property of a nature which might easily be concealed, or transported from place to place, but also from the absurd ideas of the times respecting the interest of money. Usury, which, as every one knows, was then synonymous with the taking of interest (however small), on money lent, was at first an offence only against the canon law, to which the Jews were not subject, as it was not possible to excommunicate those who had never been in the communion of the church. The impolicy, now pretty generally acknowledged, of laws against usury, was strikingly shewn by the consequences. As the trade in money was made disreputable, the unfortunate borrowers, whom the religion of that day, and the legislation of this, have alike wished to protect, suffered by the kindness intended for them. They had to pay not only the natural interest, determined by the profits of stock at the time, but also a premium to the persons who embarked in the calumniated business of lending, for the infamy they suffered under. The ordinary rate of interest for money lent, was certainly far above the profits of stock in other employments. There is an order of Henry III. (claus. 32, m. 9.), commanding that not more than two pence a week should be taken from the scholars of Oxford for the loan of a pound; or about forty-four per cent. per annum; and as this was a relief granted the scholars on their petition, the common rate of interest must have been higher. The Italian merchants who, during the residence of the Jews in England, were their competitors in

* The king is said to have sworn by the face of St. Luke, his usual oath, that if the Jews had the better of the dispute, he would turn Jew himself.

† Cum autem (sicut moris est,) ut Londoniis sepulturæ traderetur, corpus detestandum in Rhedā deferetur, numerosa canum multitudo latratibus cadaver prosecuta est. [Phil. Prior. Hist. St. Frid. Cap. 36. In the Bodleian Library MSS.]

the business of money lending, and who at last supplanted them, seem, under various subterfuges, to have taken just as high interest as the Jews. One of their plans was to lend money without interest for a short time, under a bond, in which the borrower was subjected to a penalty of a certain sum for every month which elapsed between the time fixed, and the actual payment. In a bond, of which a copy is given by Matthew Paris, the penalty is one mark on ten marks for two months, or sixty per cent. per annum; and, in the case in question, the loan was made to an ecclesiastical corporation, who could probably afford good security for repayment.

The business which was thus thrown principally into the hands of the Jews, was no doubt one of the main causes which prevented the prejudices against them from being mitigated or annihilated. None but distressed men resorted to them, and the distressed looked upon them as extortioners who trafficked in their misery. Every Christian was therefore ready to exert against them the whole of the temporal power which he derived from his connection with the ruling religion. The pretexts of which this enmity availed itself were various. That which is the best known, is the imputation that they crucified Christian children in ridicule of our Saviour's passion. Against this, and other imputed violations of the laws of the land, the king was not very ready to interfere to protect them, because, on conviction, the property of the Jews were forfeited to him. The most notable instance of this asserted crime was the crucifixion of Hugh, a child at Lincoln. According to Matthew Paris,* the child was fattened for ten days with white bread and milk in a secret chamber; and almost all the Jews in England were invited to the crucifixion: the body was then buried, but the earth, in abhorrence of the fact, would not retain it in her bowels, but cast it up again; it was at last thrown into a well, and there found by the child's mother, and, at

her prosecution, several Jews were hanged, whose goods were of course sold *ad opus regis*. The absurdity of the story speaks enough for its falsehood; but the king's commission for the trial of the fact is extant, as well as his warrant to the Sheriffs of London to sell the houses of the Jews who had been convicted, (or at least hanged for it), and to enquire what had become of the rest of their chattels. Chaucer, who used the poet's license of supporting any fable, however mischievous, from which he might produce a striking effect, alludes, in the beautiful tale which we have already quoted,—and which is as powerful in the expression of devout implicit faith, as “the story of † Cambuscan bold,” or the Knight's tale, is in romantic or chivalrous feeling,—to the story of Hugh of Lincoln, and puts in the mouth of the Prioress an excellent reason for her belief in it;—

O young Hew of Lincoln! slain also
With cursed Jews, as it is notable
For it n'is but a litel while ago,
Praye ke for us, we sinful folks unstable, &c.

This “little while ago” was about 130 or 140 years, so that the Prioress of Chaucer must have had as accurate a personal knowledge of the fact, as we have of the young Pretender's being conveyed into the bed of James the Second's Queen, in a warming-pan, in the year 1688. The periods in which the Jews incurred the greatest danger, whether from the King or the people, were those when the religious fervour of the Crusades was at its height. The cruel massacre of the Jews in London, at the time of the coronation of Richard I. who, from religious feelings, had forbidden their presence at that ceremony, is known to the readers of Hume. The example was followed throughout England. At York, 500 Jews perished in the castle (whither they had repaired for safety) some by the fury of the people, and some by their own hands, to avoid the more cruel kinds of death which awaited them. But here the motives of the murderers peeped out. After this massacre, they went to the cathedral church,

* P. 912. Anno 40. Heur. III.

† This is one of the instances of Milton's licentiousness in accentuation. Chaucer always places the accent on the last syllable of Cambuscan, who, we suppose, (being a Tartar) was Cambus Khan.

and would not lay down their arms till the keeper had delivered to them all the bonds and obligations which had been given by any Christians to the Jews, which they cast into a large fire prepared for the purpose. No persons seem to have been capitally punished for this crime; but King Richard, on his return from Jerusalem, took care of the main duty of a feudal King on the occasion, by demanding what accrued to himself. He appointed Justices in Eyre, to enquire who slew the Jews? What lands, or goods the Jews had at the time they were slain? Who had taken possession of them? Who were aiders in the murder?—When these questions were answered, the effects were seized to the King's use, and the offenders, who had not previously paid *finer* to the King, were to be apprehended and kept in prison, till it pleased him to deliver them. Thus the death, as well as the life of a Jew, was made a source of the replenishment of the Exchequer; and the relatives of the murdered, who were sufficiently objects of pity before, were, on the good old plan of taxing misery, deprived of their inheritances. We cannot, however, pursue this subject further without running a risk of wearying the reader by the repetition of acts of mean or audacious tyranny, differing little from one another.

Laws are extant which regulated the dress of the Jews. They were compelled to wear stripes of different coloured cloth on their upper garments. By the statute of Jewry, they were ordered to wear "badges, in the form of two tables, of yellow taffety, six fingers long and three fingers broad;" and they seem generally to have been forbidden to dwell in any part of the realm, except in certain cities or royal boroughs. In the year 1290, they were at last stripped of their property, and banished the kingdom,

by Edward I. One establishment which had reference to them remained as a memorial of their existence in England. According to the principles of the law, and chiefly according to the principle that the King should get money whenever he could, the property of every Jew who became a Christian was forfeited to the crown. A writ was directed to the Justices of the Jews, in the fourth year of the reign of Edward I. at the instance of Mosseus of Hornden and Suetecote his wife, who complained that some envious persons had maliciously slandered (*maliciose defamarunt*) the said Suetecote, by alleging that she was baptized! These words would appear strange to those who did not know the legal consequences of the baptism of a Jewess. To counteract, in some degree, the anti-christian effect of this law, an hospital was founded by Henry III. for the support of Jewish converts; and, not long before the expulsion of the Jews, the law which imposed such a punishment on their conversion, was, for a time, suspended by King Edward I.: half of the property being retained by the converted Jew, the other half being given to the hospital in question. This "House of Converts" stood in Chancery-lane, then called New-street, in the place now called the Rolls; and the foundation was endowed with the property in that neighbourhood, which had escheated to the King. By a patent of Edward III., confirmed by an act of 1 Richard II., the House of Converts was annexed to the Mastership of the Rolls; but, even so lately as the time of James II., converted Jews were considered to be entitled to a share of the revenues arising from the ancient property of the hospital; for, in the second year of that reign, three halfpence a day were allowed to two converts. Has this right ceased? and how? The chapel of the Rolls is, we believe, a part of the ancient fabric.

EXTRACTS FROM DR. S. H. SPIKER'S TOUR THROUGH ENGLAND, WALES, AND SCOTLAND.

DR. SPIKER, librarian to the King of Prussia, resided in England from Sept. 1815, to the end of Oct. in the following year. His tour through our country, commenced the 16th

June, 1816: and he has published two volumes, giving an account of his travels, which are to be succeeded by two others, in which it is the author's intention to give a picture of

manners and society in England; to delineate the peculiar features and most striking scenes of our metropolis; and to present us with his view of the present state of morals, politics, and literature in this country.

Whether the portrait be flattering, or the reverse, it will doubtless prove more attractive to our curiosity than the narrative we find in the present volumes; in which but little of anecdote and remark is interspersed. In fact, although they may convey a good deal of useful information to foreign readers, we cannot honestly say that they are calculated to afford much amusement to Englishmen. They seem to us, for instance, much inferior to the agreeable little work of Moritz; nevertheless, there are one or two descriptions of what the author met with in the course of his journey, that may be perused with some interest by our readers. The Doctor speaks in grateful terms of his reception by Mr. Southey, at Keswick, and gives the following account of this gentleman's library:

Upon my expressing to Mr. Southey a desire to be shewn his library, which had been described to me as very valuable and extensive, he instantly gratified my wishes, and I must confess that I have seldom found my expectations so completely surpassed. The collection consists of between 3 and 4,000 volumes of the most select Spanish and Portuguese writers, chiefly in the departments of history, statistics, and geography; those in the latter language were partly the fruits of his literary travels through Spain and Portugal—partly the bequest of an uncle, who had been chaplain to the English factory at Lisbon, and had collected Portuguese literature. But, in addition to printed books, Mr. Southey's

library possesses many manuscripts,* consisting of such historical and topographical documents as he has either already consulted for his classical work on the History of Brazil, or intends hereafter to make use of.

I shall always revert to the evening thus agreeably spent, as one of the most delightful of my journey; and my satisfaction certainly will not be diminished by recollecting that my visit to this estimable literary character, was owing neither to any previous acquaintance, nor to any letter of introduction.

The Blind School at Liverpool.—Among the benevolent institutions of Liverpool, that for the Blind, certainly deserves to be particularly noticed. The first establishment of the kind in the kingdom (founded 1791), it still maintains its pre-eminence, and is supported with a zeal truly honourable to the inhabitants, as indicating their sympathy for affliction, and their eagerness to alleviate it. The building itself, whose simple yet cheerful exterior faces the London road, forms an irregular parallelogram, whose larger side is 250 feet; opposite side 120. On the left side of the court, and in the lower story, is the dining hall and work-room; in the upper, one large, and several lesser apartments, for the performance of music; both the other sides are occupied by various chambers for working and sleeping: while in the second story on the right is a large rope-walk.

During our visit, the blind persons were assembled in the large Music Hall for the performance of a vocal concert. At the back of the orchestra stands an organ that is played upon by a blind person with the greatest precision, and with equal expression. The unfortunate associates of this leader of their band, sang several chorusses in a pure, chaste style, and with that melancholy accent which is to be remarked in the singing of all persons that are blind. The pieces which we heard were a serious anthem excellently composed by Mason, and two chorusses from Handel's Messiah,

* I cannot forbear pointing out the following as the most remarkable ones. *Relaciones de Taborda*, 4 tom. fol. Taborda was Spanish Ambassador at the court of Louis XIV. and these *Relaciones* doubtless contain much to illustrate many dubious and important points in the history of that monarch's reign.—The letters of André Fernandez to Luis de Sousa, on political subjects, with the original papers and the seals attached to them.—*Papeis Politicos*, 9 vol. fol. a miscellaneous collection of political treatises, called by Mr. Southey the Pinheiro Collection.—*Da Cunha Cronica de João I.*—Dispatches relative to the working of the Mines in Brazil, one is dated Villa Rica, 1744.—Ruiz Dias de Guzman, an account of the discovery of the river La Plata; this is an exceedingly important unedited geographical relation, that supplied Mr. Southey with some valuable facts for his History.—A copy of the estimable Collection of Portuguese Ballads, supposed to be those of King Dinis, and kept in the Collegio dos Nobres, at Lisbon (see Bouterweck *Gesch. der Port. Poesei*, p. 11). It is not complete, the first ballad having number 41, and the last 108.—*La Filis de Fonseca Socres* (Antonio de Chagas) in ottave rime.—*Viarias del Dontor Isaac de Segnegra Samudo*.—*Signis divina*, Poema tragico de João Hyacinte, Henriquez.—*Historia del Conde Fernen Gongalez*, a copy of a Manuscript in the Escorial, with a written testimony of its authenticity, by Gonzalez, the present Librarian of the Escorial.

which could not have been executed more correctly even by those who enjoy the advantages of vision. As soon as this concert was concluded, we made a tour through the different work-rooms. Here we found the women employed in weaving coarse coloured hearth-rugs, the colours being previously arranged and laid upon the loom in the order in which they are to succeed each other; while the men were occupied in a similar manner in making straps for water-hoses. In another room they were spinning string and cord upon machines. I had seen in London a machine for the same purpose, in the Asylum for the Blind, and perceiving that they were not exactly similar, I enquired why they had not adopted the London one, upon which I was shewn a model of it, and the superiority of their own was pointed out to me. This improved machine is the invention of a pupil educated in this institution, whose name is Watt; its advantage consists in allowing two blind persons to work at it at the same time, neither does it like the other confine them to a sedentary posture; * while the cord thus manufactured is remarkable for its evenness. The manner in which the workmen call out, when they are arrived at the end of the walk, and turn back again, has a very peculiar effect.

We afterwards descended to the lower story to visit those who are employed in making baskets. Males as well as females are engaged in this occupation, and, to split the osiers, they make use of a particular species of iron instrument, with which they are not liable to wound themselves. As we were desirous of informing ourselves as particularly as possible of every thing relative to the method of instruction adopted in this establishment, we proceeded into one of the music rooms, where the teacher was giving lessons to his blind pupils. Having first made one of them strike a certain note, he produced its third, fifth, and octave, pointing out to him each time which finger he ought to lay upon the keys. He then proceeded to fill up the intervals by semitones in eighths, sixteenths, &c. The lesson concluded by all the pupils singing the hallelujah chorus of Handel's Messiah, which, from the precision with which it was executed, produced a most excellent effect. The leader was a blind person of the name of Platt, who displayed a wonderful genius for music. He afterwards played

to us some variations of the popular air of God Save the King—with an exactness, and an expression that no performer could have surpassed; we were also informed by Mr. Hanford, the teacher (who is himself blind), that he is in the habit of sitting at the harpsichord for hours together playing voluntaries. The method employed for instructing the pupils in the knowledge of the notes, is singular; for this purpose they use large boards, about six feet high and three and a half wide; upon these the notes are raised in relief, and the lines denoted by wires.

Respecting the mode of instruction by which the blind are taught to read, information may be obtained from a work on the subject written by a Mr. Casson.† As a memorial of our visit, I purchased a very elegantly worked basket at one of the shew-rooms; I was besides presented with a small publication relative to the institution, but it contains little more than desultory fragments.‡ Apprehensions are entertained that the establishment itself will not in future meet with the munificent support it has hitherto experienced, having recently lost, by the death of Mr. Pudsey Dawson, one of its principal patrons.

Mr. Roscoe.—It is well known that Liverpool is proud of reckoning among the names of her most illustrious citizens, that of William Roscoe, the author of "Lorenzo de Medici," and "Leo the Tenth." These classical works, whose reputation is so deservedly extended, and which have been translated into several foreign languages, are the production of a man who was educated to the profession of the law, and who afterwards became a banker. It is solely to his own genius and application that he is indebted for the knowledge and acquirement—particularly an intimate acquaintance with Italian literature—which have enabled him to give to the public those masterly compositions.

The firm of Roscoe, Clarke, and Co., was one of the principal banking houses in Liverpool, until unsuccessful speculations caused it to stop. This event was a severe blow to Mr. Roscoe's domestic and literary enjoyments; and it compelled him to dispose of his valuable books, paintings, and manuscripts by auction. The sale of his library commenced during our stay in this place, when the books fetched high sums, the reputation of their former possessor

* The overseer professed to me that he should have no objection, if it were required, to send over models of these machines to Germany, where they might be adopted very advantageously in the Schools for the Blind, since they are so far from being laborious to work that they rather afford an agreeable recreation.

† Panagram, explication, or key to teach the blind to read. Liverpool, George-square, 4to.

‡ An Address in favour of the School for the Blind in Liverpool. Liverpool, 1811. Small 8vo. with a plan and elevation of the building.

having attracted from town many bibliomaniacs and collectors, whose competition considerably enhanced their prices.

The wealth of this collection, with regard to early writers on the subjects of Italian literature and art, is hardly to be described: and it was unpardonable, that so opulent a town as Liverpool should omit this signal opportunity of enriching its already celebrated libraries, and at the same time of paying a tribute of esteem to so worthy a fellow citizen, by the purchase of the entire collection!

Under these circumstances I had little right to expect from Mr. Roscoe the common attentions due to a stranger. Yet he received me with as much easy politeness and warm cordiality as could possibly have been displayed towards me by a person who had no distressing events to contend against;—he even spoke of his present painful situation, and of his hopes of its amendment, with a composure that inspired me with reverence for his fortitude and self-possession. He mentioned the loss of his literary and graphic treasures with a calmness truly philosophical, and he himself read to me the preface to the catalogue of his paintings and drawings, in which he called the attention of the public to their rarity and value. These, as I am informed, were knocked down for the most trifling sums, although the books had brought excellent prices.

With regard to his library, he had, as he told me himself, expressly stated to Mr. Winstanley the auctioneer, that he would not buy in a single volume.

He dwelt much upon Italy, and the state of literature in that country, with which he appeared perfectly conversant; and mentioned the Italian translation of his *Lorenzo*, and the German one of his *Leo*. Of the latter he spoke in terms of commendation, particularly of Henke's annotations upon it, declaring that he should avail himself of all his remarks; he suggested improvements in the new edition of that work then preparing, in which it was his intention to omit the long extracts from the writings of Luther and his contemporaries, or at least considerably to abridge them;—which would certainly be an advantage to the work. He appeared less satisfied with the French translation of *Leo*; but complained particularly of the illiberality of the Italian translator of his *Lorenzo*,* who had commented upon and garbled every passage relating to the Reformation. He had written to him upon the subject, but his expostulation appeared to have given

displeasure. He had recently been informed from Italy, that a translation of his *Leo* would shortly appear.

A project that Roscoe is desirous of yet executing, but for the accomplishment of which, he observed, that he ought to have both youth and leisure, is a life of Erasmus, since Jortin's Biography appears to him unsatisfactory. After Erasmus, Ulrich von Hutten is his hero.

The number of splendid botanical works in his collection, turned the conversation upon botany, a science to which he is much attached: of his progress in this study he has given a proof, in a dissertation on a new arrangement of the class *Monandria*, which is printed in one of the volumes of the Transactions of the Linnean Society. He just mentioned to me his political pamphlets, as being merely of temporary interest, and elicited by the state of public affairs.

To a man who has employed himself during a considerable part of his life in literary avocations, it must certainly afford a high gratification, after having been deprived of his own treasures, to have access to those of his friends. An intimate friend of Roscoe's, Mr. Coke of Holkham, who succeeded to the estate of that celebrated Dilettante, the late Earl of Leicester, and to the possession of all his magnificent collections, is at present engaged in giving a new arrangement to his library, and regularly sends to Liverpool parcels of such books as he wishes to have minutely examined, or put into more elegant bindings, in order that Mr. Roscoe may inform him more particularly of their contents, and literary value, or give directions as to the form in which they are to be bound. Mr. Roscoe, who happened to be then just upon the point of returning one of these packages to Holkham, shewed me some of these curiosities, among which were, a manuscript of the *Rhetorica Cicer. ad Herennium*, a manuscript of Lucan, one of the *Ars Amatoria* of Ovid, with beautiful illuminations—another of the Greek Lexicon of Cyrillus, several old English manuscripts, and some early Italian ones, among others a copy of the Laws of Venice, which each senator was obliged to transcribe on being admitted into the assembly of the Nobili. Mr. R. informed me, that on those occasions, he often discovers very valuable rarities, among others, he has found the original drawings of the remains of ancient Roman buildings made by Raphael at the express command of Leo, and of which he had spoken in his life of that pontiff, as no longer existing.

* Mecherini, who executed his translation under the direction of the celebrated Angelo Fabbroni.

SPANISH LITERATURE AND LANGUAGE.

IN the great literary race between the principal nations of Europe, most of the competitors, under whatever disparity of strength and other advantages they might have entered on the struggle, are now ardently exerting themselves almost *neck to neck*, in the jockeys' phrase, and the interest felt in regarding the struggle is much increased by its apparent equality. Spain alone has been left far behind by her more active rivals; but the attention of all Europe is now directed, with curiosity and hope, towards her footpace, in the expectation that she may shake off the strong curb of the Inquisition which galls her, and that intolerant spirit which holds her directing reins.*

Some good, it must be admitted, has resulted to Spain from the iniquity of the French invasion. Previous to this event, her boundaries seemed to be marked by a monastic wall, within which her inhabitants were buried in gloomy ignorance, and totally secluded from the active and still advancing world on the other side. Their intercourse with the rest of Europe was solely an intercourse of necessity. Their language, which, during the early reigns of the Austrian, and afterwards at the commencement of the Bourbon dynasty, had been cultivated at every court in Europe, and studied as a necessary accomplishment by all who sought to shine in society, was again pent up within the Spanish line; or, at least, traces of its knowledge beyond this could only be found in the counting-house of the merchant, or the closet of the indefatigable historian.—But when Spain became the theatre of the great European contest, this monastic wall was thrown down; she was opened to the view and visits of the world at large; and, as the hopes, fears, and interests of nations chiefly centred for a time within her territory, it became popular and fashionable to devote attention to this hi-

ther to forgotten corner of the globe: while the passage of armies, and the missions of diplomatists, necessarily extended to multitudes of foreigners a knowledge of the Spanish language.

"Autant de langues qu'on sait, autant de fois on est homme." A great number of our countrymen have thus become Spaniards, and a pretty general desire has been excited amongst us to become, in some measure, conversant with what may be peculiar or praiseworthy in the qualities of Spanish Literature.

We should be scarcely wrong in affirming, that most of the celebrated Spanish writers, belonging to the earlier periods of the literary history of the country, are as little read in Spain as in England or France. The subject-matter of their works is indeed quoted, and the authors are named with enthusiastic approbation: courtesy then causes it to be presumed, that he who talks of these productions is really acquainted with their contents:—but several circumstances render the perusal of the books alluded to, at once an irksome and a laborious task, to the Spaniard as well as to the foreigner;—so much so indeed, as to render it impossible to believe that they can be the objects of general study, or genuine favourites with the modern Spanish public.

In the first place, their orthography is almost always loose and irregular; and their punctuation is such as to leave room to imagine, that a certain number of stops were allotted to each page, but were left to find their places in the frame by chance, or, what would be worse, according to the judgment of the compositor of those days. Indeed it seems very likely, that the greater part of the early authors paid no attention whatever to the typography of their works, and were not in the habit of correcting them in the press. Any one who is conversant with the practice of printing, even in its present highly im-

* The glorious events that have recently occurred in Spain, give us almost a certainty that the genius of the Spanish nation will soon vindicate and manifest its native power and noble impulses. A finer people does not exist; their national character far excels that of some who seem to have outstripped them in national acquirements; and the unnatural yoke which has oppressed them being removed, we may expect soon to see a due display of their natural and characteristic energies. ED.

proved state, knows what a multitude of errors occur, and what innumerable corrections must be made, before a work is in a state to be presented to the public:—such persons alone can duly estimate the difficulty of understanding a book which has issued immediately from the printing-office, without the benefit of revision by an intelligent hand.

However serious an evil this may be in itself considered, it has been much aggravated by the circumstance, that all the best editions of the early Spanish works were printed by foreigners, who brought the art of printing from the countries where it had commenced, and who established its practice in Spain.—In the infant state of this invaluable invention, several printers settled in some of the cities of Spain, and others travelled about, with their machinery, from town to town. From their presses issued what are looked upon as the valuable editions of the old Spanish authors: in short, it was from the hands of foreigners, ignorant of the Spanish language, or at best imperfectly instructed in it, that the *uncorrected* works of the 16th century were sent forth into the world!

When one generation had passed away, and the press came into the possession of the children of these foreigners, the advantage of having native printers was added to the improvements which time had made in the art of printing. These advantages were of infinite importance to the writers of the 17th century; but they did nothing towards rendering their less fortunate predecessors intelligible: for, as the printers became Spanish, they acquired the Spanish characteristic veneration for all that was old and ancestral, and their reverential feelings forbade them to think that what had been done by their forefathers could be improved. In most of the subsequent editions of the works of the earlier centuries, all the errors of orthography and punctuation are religiously adhered to; and the new editors, who took so much pains to copy the faults of those that had gone before them, often neglected to rectify their own: thus the multiplication of the works served only to render them more difficult to be read. In still later times, three or four intelligent men have published

new editions of particular works, in which the language has been raised to the modern standard of orthography, and which have been carefully overlooked in the press: these are treasures in Spanish literature which are but too rare.

The Spanish sceptre, in the 16th century, swayed over a much larger portion of Europe than its dominions beyond the Pyrenees. In both Italy and Flanders, the art of printing was in a much higher state of improvement than in Spain; and to these former countries we owe the most esteemed editions of many Spanish authors, of deserved celebrity. We find, however, in such foreign editions, errors of the press, at once frequent and important, accompanying the superior typography.

The high price, and inconvenient form, of the works of the early Spanish writers, may be added to sum up these obstacles of an accidental and extraneous nature, which stand in the way of a general and intimate acquaintance with them, on the part of modern Spaniards. Folios and heavy quartos are appalling things to general readers; and the prospect of gratification must be certain and considerable, to induce people to engage in the labour of working through a volume of 500 pages, with 50 lines in a page. Let us see what inducement the early authors of Spain hold out, to tempt her readers to the task of deciphering their gigantic tomes.

An author of the 16th century, in Spain, takes it for granted that his reader knows almost nothing: the display of his own erudition, therefore, is generally accompanied by an ostentatious commentary, which is so interwoven with his text as to compel the learned, as well as the unlearned, to go over all such probationary ground as is only trodden in our days by the merest tyro. In addition to the numerous definitions and explanations, all that sort of statement which now forms the matter of prefaces, advertisements, notes, and appendixes, then composed part of the tortuous current of the text. This is particularly remarkable, because more particularly inconvenient, in the historical works, where we find illustrations and proofs, references to documents, and discussions of the comparative accuracy of different autho-

rities, heaped up, in a confused mass, upon the narrative; breaking that thread of close connexion, by the aid of which facts are chiefly retained in the memory. To this taste of the writers in question may be attributed their constant use of parentheses, and, not unfrequently, of parentheses within parentheses, which, although sometimes rather a pleasing characteristic of their homely style, very often breaks the force of the matter which it aims to elucidate and enforce.

We have to regret, too, in authors of such real genius, the verbosity with which they are prone to draw out, and dilate upon, their best and most brilliant thoughts: also the bad taste leading them to paraphrase in repetition a sentence that has already done all that it was intended to do; thus weakening, instead of increasing, its effect on the mind of the reader. It is now, however, high time to state, that they who have courage and industry enough to cope with all the obstacles and discouragements we have enumerated, will be most amply gratified for their pains. Passages of the greatest elegance, thoughts the most brilliant, energetic, original, and true,—feeling the most quick, tender, and unaffected, will be found to afford an ample reward for the labour, necessary to earn their enjoyment.

The interest which the literary field of Spain excites in itself, is considerably heightened by its being comparatively untrodden. The flowers which spring up to greet the foreign investigator are not familiar to his eye. They are not the daisies, roses, or honeysuckles, the beauty and fragrance of which he is accustomed to be delighted with, in his usual excursions; but they may be compared to the rarer plants which attract attention in occasional visits to a botanical garden. The names of the best and most celebrated of the Spanish authors are hardly known in England, even by those who possess much literary information, and the desire of obtaining more;—and as *attention to foreign literature generally* forms part of our plan, while the present situation of Spain is likely to render that country an object of even greater interest than it has hitherto been, we purpose to give occasional notices of its more celebrated authors, and it

may not be improper to preface these by a succinct account of the formation and cultivation of its language.

The connexion of the Spanish language with the Latin is clearer, and the steps by which the modern Castilian has descended from the ancient Roman tongue are perhaps more evident, than in the case of any other of our modern languages. The purest Latin was spoken in Spain at the period of its conquest by the Goths: during the subsequent centuries, it naturally became disfigured and adulterated by its mixture with the Gothic. The people who, in the eighth century, took refuge from the Moors in the mountains of Asturias, preserved this Gothic Latin, while those who remained in the cities and open country, and became the subjects of their African conquerors, insensibly admitted into their idiom and manners, many Arabic words and customs.

As the Christian monarchies in Spain arose and spread themselves, the communication between the descendants of the original fugitives, and those who remained tributary to the Moors, considerably increased; and, by degrees, this mixture of the three languages, in which the Latin still predominated, formed the root of the modern Castilian. Time and the communication between the various provinces, lent their aid to soften the hard articulation of many of the newly introduced words, and the counteracting harmony of the principal ingredient in this mixture, tempered the harshness of syllabic structure produced by its other component parts.

In the early part of the thirteenth century, St. Ferdinand found the Castilian language in a very considerable state of improvement, and enriched it with the *Fuero Juzgo* (a translation of the code of the Gothic kings of Spain). Previous to this publication there are very few citations of works written in the common idiom. This celebrated book was first printed by Alonzo de Villadiago in 1600. It was also St. Ferdinand who commanded the laws of the *Siete Partidas* to be composed in the vulgar tongue, which book was finished by his son Alphonso X. in 1260.

We are to look upon Ferdinand III. therefore, as having laid the

foundation of the splendour of the Spanish language; he being the first to render it respectable by extending its use beyond the vulgar, and commanding that it should be employed in the public acts of the kingdoms of Castille and Leon, which by him were united.

In the reign of Alphonso his son, the language had made that rapid progress which was to be expected from the encouragement given to it by his father. Alphonso, to whom is attached the surname of the "Wise," contributed still more considerably to its improvement by his own talents, as well as by the patronage he extended to those of others. The works which he composed himself, and those which were written under his immediate direction, are many in number, both in prose and verse. His taste for poetry, and love of astronomy, drew to his court many Provençal troubadours, and learned men from the east, whose society and information assisted in purifying and rendering more flexible, the language of the court. Thus, if Ferdinand laid the first stone, Alphonso may be said to have completed the foundation of this noble structure.

No language of Europe had, at that period, acquired so improved, so smooth, or so harmonious a form, as the Castillian. One proof of this may be derived from a comparison of *Las Partidas* of Alfonso, with the modern Spanish language, and a similar comparison of *Les Etablissements* of St. Louis, which were written about the same time, with the current French of the day:—the commonest clerk in a Spanish counting-house will be able to collect the sense of the former, if he will only inform himself of a few antiquated terminations, habituate himself to a little variation in orthography, and to the use of some obsolete words; while on the other hand, the language of the latter is so totally different from the modern idiom of the people for whose ancestors it was written, that it requires deep research to be able to understand any part of it; so much so that, in 1786, "*Les Etablissements de St. Louis, suivant le texte original, et rendus dans le langage actuel,*" were published at Paris by the Abbé de Saint Martin.

But few of the Spanish works of

the thirteenth century were published after the art of printing became general, though many are said still to remain amongst the time-consecrated treasures of the monastic libraries. If ready means of reference to these were possessed, they would doubtless afford a clear indication of the steps by which the language advanced from its primitive rudeness to the high degree of cultivation which it rapidly acquired. But, to make up for their loss, there are some specimens of the old *Romance*, or vulgar tongue, of even an earlier period, still extant in the verbal traditions of adages and proverbs, the origin of which is generally dated before the existence of any writings in the language.

The Marquis of Santillana, at the desire of John II. of Castille, made a curious collection of these adages, in common use at that period (the beginning of the fifteenth century), and which had been handed down by tradition from time immemorial. This he entitled, "*Refranes que dicen las viejas tras el fuego.*" (The sayings of old women by the fireside.) There is no modern language so abundant as the Spanish in their popular maxims, and various collections of them have been made, since that of the Marquis of Santillana. Hernan Nuñez published a "*Recopilacion de refranes Castellanos;*" in which he was assisted by the learned Juan Perez de Castro. Pedro Valles was the author of a book entitled "*Libro de refranes,*" printed at Zaragoza in 1549, and there is a collection in manuscript in the library of the Escorial, written by Benito Arias Montano. Morales mentions in terms of approbation the "*Siete Centurias de adágios Castellanos,*" arranged by Juan de Melo, but they were never published.—Blasco de Garai wrote two "*Cartas de refranes,*" which are published with some other letters of the same kind by an anonymous author: Juan de Malóra wrote the "*Filosofia Vulgar,*" and Juan Sorapan de Rieros the "*Medicina Española contenida en proverbios vulgares.*" This enumeration of the works containing Spanish proverbs may be summed up by the writings of Cervantes and Quevedo, throughout which they are sown with an unsparing hand.

From the beginning of the fifteenth

century, the Castillian language was rendered every day smoother and more harmonious by the improvement in the inflexion or the terminations of the words, and by the alteration, suppression, or addition of harsh letters, adapted either to make the words more conformable to their Latin source, or facilitating or softening their pronunciation. Much of this is to be ascribed to the general taste of the time for poetry. Every prose writer served his noviciate, as it were, in the temple of the muses, and aimed at uniting the harmonious elegance of the poet, with the nervous energy of the orator or the historian. The prose writings of Luis de Leon, of Cervantes, of Lope de Vega, of Bartolomé Leonardo de Argensola and of Antonio Solis, would neither have possessed the brilliancy nor the elegance with which they abound, if their authors had not been at the same time poets, both by natural talent and by cultivation of their great powers.

The advancement of the language was however retarded by the pedantic fashion, which induced the great majority of learned men to write in Latin, and to look with a sort of contempt upon those who published any thing in *Romance*, as the Spanish is called in contradistinction to its Roman original. To so great a degree was this scholastic vanity carried, that it required all the superiority and independence of great natural genius to depart from this fashionable rule without being neglected and despised. The author of "*El Diálogo de las lenguas*," published in the time of Charles V. declaims against this pedantic practice with great warmth and energy:—he says, "*Todos los hombres somos obligados á ilustrar y enriquecer la lengua que nos es natural, y que mamamos en las tetas*

de nuestras madres, que no la que nos es pegadiza, y que aprendemos en libros."

*—Hernan Perez de Oliva, himself a very learned man, and who was chosen preceptor to Philip II. when a boy, not only expressed his disapprobation of this unpatriotic custom, but successfully opposed it, by writing all his works in his vernacular tongue; and Ambrosio de Morales, the historian, a nephew of Oliva, whose works he published in Cordova, in 1585, complains bitterly, in a Discourse upon the Castillian language, prefixed to these works, of the neglect and injustice shown by his countrymen towards their mother tongue, while the Italians were endeavouring to cultivate and improve theirs by every possible means. "No hay ahora," says he, "hombre docto en Italia que no se ocupe en esclarecer su lengua con escrituras graves y de mucha sustancia, y aprenden el griego y el latin para tener llaves con que puedan abrir los tesoros de entrambos, y enriquecer su vulgar con tales despojos. Por esto me duelo yo siempre de la mala suerte de nuestra lengua Castellana, que siendo igual con todas las buenas en abundancia, en propiedad, variedad, y lindeza, y haciendo en algo desto á muchas ventaja, por culpa ó negligencia de nuestros naturales está tan olvidada y tenida en poco, que ha perdido mucho de su valor: y aun pudierase esto sufrir ó disimular, si no hubiera venido á tanto menosprecio, que basta ser un libro escrito en Castellano para no ser tenido en nada."†

We shall close for the present our remarks on the literature and language of Spain, by mentioning one other powerful impediment to the rapid advancement of the Castillian tongue towards perfection. There existed no grammar of the language, until Antonio de Nebrixa composed his

* It is the duty of every one of us to illustrate and enrich the language which is natural to us, and which we suck in at the bosoms of our mothers; and not that which is forced upon us, and which we learn from books.

† There is no learned man in Italy who does not employ himself in advancing his native language, by the composition of serious and important works; and they learn the Greek and Latin, that they may possess the keys by which to unlock the treasures of both, and to enrich their vernacular tongue with the booty they discover. This makes me always regret the unfortunate fate of our Castillian language, which, though equal to any of the best in richness, in propriety, variety, and beauty; and in some of these qualities superior to many, through the fault or the negligence of our countrymen, is so forgotten, and thought of so little value, that it has lost much of its power: this might even be borne or pardoned, if it had not fallen into such contempt, that it is quite enough that a book is written in Castillian, that it should be thought of no value at all.

Arte de Grammatica Castellana, in 1492, by order of Ferdinand of Aragon, for the instruction of the Infantas of Castille.—This, as may be easily imagined, was far from being a perfectly clear and methodical arrangement of rules; and the Spanish Grammar, written in Italian, by Juan de Miranda, in 1568, to teach the

language to the Italians, by no means made up for the insufficiency of Nebrixas.—The Libro del origen de la lengua Castellana, by Bernardo de Alderate followed in 1606, and laid the foundation of the present very excellent Grammar, composed by the Royal Spanish Academy.

ON FIGHTING.

BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF THE FANCY.

FIGHTING may be divided into—but, before we begin, we earnestly recommend this article to the notice of our *fair readers*. Fighting is a fine thing, and should be maintained stoutly: reconciliation, to be sure, is pleasant enough at times, but it has much less of *esprit* in it. The ladies of this country know nothing of contests beyond what they collect at a general election. From the figure which they make there, however, occasionally, we have no doubt but that they would enjoy a legitimate fight. Why not, as much as a tournament? We protest that we see no reason to the contrary.

The females of foreign countries have arrived at a higher point in these matters than the ladies of England. A Paris mob is nothing without women: an auto da fé in Portugal would be even gloomy without them: and a Spanish bull-fight a bye-word—a positive bait—a mere Moulsey matter, and no more. We hope for improvement here at home, and live accordingly.—With what an air would our boxers strike, did they know that bright eyes were looking on them! How delicately would they “*peel!*” and with what an elegant indifference would they come to “*the scratch!*” The consciousness in question would generate the finest feelings amongst them: honour would ever be uppermost in their thoughts, even in a fall. They would no more hit a doubtful blow, than reject a challenge from a man under weight. Pity towards a prostrate foe would temper the exultation of conquest; and a white feather (except in a bonnet) would never be seen.

How heart-stirring is it to speculate on all this. We could almost fancy that the thing was accomplished—

ed! The candidates for fame are before us—they look round the arena, and shake hands with a smile—the handkerchiefs (blue, yellow, or spotted-green) are tightened round their loins—the drawers, of the finest flannel, are pulled cleverly up, and they begin. It is quite overpowering to think of it—the awful pause—the stedfast eye—the advance—the retreat—the increased motion of the hands—the beautiful play of the muscles about the shoulders—the feint—the preparation to parry—the FIRST BLOW! It is, indeed, a grand sight: it is ever grand and awful;—but, with thousands of fair ones for spectators, how charming might it become! The ladies must really condescend to it at last. Let them be assured that there is not often much that is frightful in it. They would get accustomed to it in a shorter time than to port-wine, or olives. The first drop—the *least* drop of “claret” in the world, and all apprehension would be over. Should they anticipate a dull hour between the appointed fights, they may take “Old Mortality,” or “Tom Cribb’s Memorial” in their pockets, and their amusement for the day would be secure. There is one thing more—(though we scarcely think it necessary to talk of it)—be it known, then, that refreshments of all sorts are distributed on the ground at a moderate price: there is gingerbread for the young ladies—sandwiches and stout for the grown up—and liquors of potent and indubitable quality for the more advanced in life. We are sure that we need say no more. There are topics, indeed, which it is as well not to dilate upon.

Our brethren of the North would fain monopolize “the ring” for their

own use! This must not be. Ours is a civilized age, in which the fine arts are common topics for all. We, too, are "slaves of the ring," as well as of "the lamp." We do not particularly purpose following our cotemporaries in any way, but we may both touch, now and then, upon ground debatable; and should we chance to meet them anywhere, we will spar with them good-humouredly, be the demesne supposed theirs or our own. We have no objection to our smart brethren availing themselves of what is peculiarly Edinburgh-ish. We would as soon shoot a fox on our neighbour's grounds as disturb them in this: we would hunt rabbits rather in the dearth of other occupation. They may also, if they like, appropriate to themselves the claymore and the target: and to these they may add the tomahawk, if it so please them; but be the muffles ours, the arrow, the pistol, and the sword!—Time has spared us a few distinctions: we must take leave to preserve them. *Tempus edax rerum* is a famous motto, and has been often quoted, yet the pudding and the roast-beef remain our own still. Time spares them in his voracious course, as Alexander spared the house of Pindar; and we remain still boxers, by prescription and repeated proof. No name of eminence has arisen north of the Tweed to give a colour to usurpation. The fame is ours: be ours the task of maintaining it.

There are certain names in history which a nation treasures as its wealth. It is not in the present only that the living live. The reputation of their fathers has ever stimulated men in science and in fight: it has been the breath which has blown their honourable vanity into a flame, and has kept it bright so long as there was an ember to be moved. What would the Scotch say, were we to seize upon the names of Wallace and Bruce, and insist upon recording exclusively their misfortunes and their feats? Can we leave, then, the fame of Tom Johnson and Jem Belcher in the hands of strangers? Forbid it courage, and the honour of nations! We should be doubled-up for ever, were we to suffer such a cold-hearted policy to prevail. What would be said in the Bristol "nursery" of such a dereliction! What could we ourselves say to our

children, while training them up in the way they should go, in excuse for so pusillanimous an act! We vow that we should blush through the gloves. No; we disdain the thought. We are "*championed* on to the utterance," and obey the voice that leads us to our duty.

It is not our intention to indite a mere eulogy on boxing: by no means. We would record it, however, as one of the honourable methods of annoyance and defence; and mentioning it, in its turn, with other hostile plans, leave it to take its chance with the candid. No doubt but that there are various methods of fighting, all equally inimical. People who are well disposed, are not nice in the choice of their weapons. Arrow, or bullet, or fist, to them, as General Bombastes philosophically says, "'tis all the same." "Short cut or long," the thread of life must be severed, and whether by scissors or knife—

(For scissors cut as well as knives)

by Atropos, or one of her sisters, 'tis no such mighty matter in the end.

Almost all sorts of fighting have been celebrated. The sword has found Homer for its friend; and Milton has said something in the way of the artillery. Ballads out of number have touched upon the arrows of Robin Hood and his merry men; and boxing, in Mr. Cribb's ingenious memorial, has not wanted an historian. Perhaps, however, Mr. Anstey, the author of that very clever work called "*The Pleader's Guide*," has treated the matter in the most enticing way. Fighting, as he finely says—but let him speak for himself.

Now fighting's in itself an action
That gives both parties satisfaction:
A secret joy the bruiser knows
In giving and receiving blows;
A nameless pleasure—only tasted
By those who've thoroughly been basted.

With what an amateur feeling is this given! It has all the air of a person whose mind has not been lightly made up on the matter: it seems the word of one whom "long experience has rendered sage;" and may no more be controverted than a proverb or an oracle.

We had originally intended to have discussed the various methods used in different countries of deciding dis-

putes: but this, we find, would occupy greater space than we can devote even to the present seducing subject. We must content ourselves with a few passing allusions to the exploits of our neighbours and strangers; and we may, perhaps, even indulge ourselves with a sneer or two where their customs happen to differ from our own. This privilege has always been ceded to travellers, (or taken by them) and also to men of science and historians; and, as we claim to be enrolled amongst the two latter classes, we shall assume the rights that belong to them all, and take our measures accordingly.

Before we begin upon fighting, we may as well say a few words about quarrelling. The word should precede the blow at all times. Quarrelling, then, has always been a subject of no trifling importance to nations, as well as to individuals. Whether indulged in by thousands or units, it has always been a serious matter, at least to the parties concerned: blood, and noise, and foul words have generally been found its associates. Now, as quarrelling has always been a thing of consequence, it follows, of course, that the method of putting an end to it must have partaken of its importance. Blows and the shaking of hands are the alpha and omega:—the life and death, as it may be said, of dispute. The hand in one case is clenched, and in the other it is open. It is strange that such a trifling alteration should be the distinction between peace and war; but so it is. Formerly there was no other emblematic difference between rhetoric and logic; now those two great figures of speech are confounded with each other. There has not been a coalition that we know of, but the respective qualities of each have become merged and lost in a something to which it may be difficult to afford a name. In parliament we, at times, have debate without either persuasion or argument. In the courts of law we have speeches without much argument, but full of flourish and pleasant perplexities. Conviction, to be sure, follows in the latter case; but it is of the luckless culprit instead of in the mind of the judge. In Ireland, we understand, an instance or two may still be found of pure unadulterated

rhetoric, flourishing and flighty, without an ounce of argument to weigh it down. We certainly should like to hear a specimen. In Scotland, a few of the higher advocates are men of wit and letters (we hear) as well as lawyers. With us there are *some* of that stamp, but not many. To return, however—for we are getting a little *abroad*, as the phrase goes, which frequently happens after making play for some time, either with your subject or an adversary. We do not propose to push our inquiries too far back amongst our ancestors. It is enough to know that the Druids wore clubs as well as beards; that the Picts, and Scots, and ancient Britons, used certain warlike instruments, which almost amounted to swords and spears; and which, in fact, by courtesy, passed even under those names. The infancy of our country, however, is a thing too tender to meddle with; and the clubs and beards of the Druids are, like their old groves, “holy ground,” and shall not be invaded by us. We leave the Picts and Scots to their naked majesty—to their forests and their heaths, and descend at once to the doublets and corslets of later times, when the arrow and the lance made their appearance in tourney and fight. —ARCHERY was first introduced to the English in rather an unpleasant manner, at the battle of Hastings. William the Conqueror brought the arrow into fashion, and kept it in high repute. His bow, which no one else could bend, is as notorious as himself. William gave his kingdom to his son; unluckily the fashion followed, and an arrow put an end to the hunting of William Rufus. Had a man called *Dart* or *Arrow* been then in existence, we suppose he would have applied to parliament to have had his name changed at once:—the assassination of the Duke de Berri was, we know, too much for the loyalty of a country gentleman of the name of *Louvel*. He prayed that he might be allowed to cast off his paternal title, and take up with the one which his mother had abandoned. But, we believe, there are but few instances of this uneasy delicacy: nay, we hope not—for otherwise, it would be a hard thing upon the Smiths, and Thomsons, and Jacksons, of town and

country. The most celebrated of our archers was Robin Hood: he is supposed by many to have been a nobleman; but all allow that he took a purse with infinite grace. He could split ye a wand at the distance of we know not how many yards; and he was successful and happy in love. Sherwood forest — “merrie Sherwood,” — is no more in fact, but it flourishes greenly in song, and Robin Hood and his archers strong, still live in the immortality which, we have no doubt, they hardly earned. As, however, the bow and arrow do not strictly belong to the art of self-defence, which term is understood to mean a closer method of discussing quarrels, we leave them to enjoy their old fame undisturbed.

A TOURNAMENT is the next thing that occurs to us. A tournament was an amicable representation, as every one knows, of a single combat. It was the sparring of those days, not so graceful or so manly indeed, but more ostentatious and imposing. The spectators at the Fives Court would soon be disgusted, were they to witness so barbarous a proceeding. — What would they say to see two men mounted and armed with spits, each in a sort of cupboard of steel, galloping towards each other, for the sole purpose of the one pushing the other off his horse! The thing is really ridiculous. With the exception of the assemblage of young and old who came to witness these awkward exhibitions, a bull bait is beyond them. A Spanish bull fight in truth, where the ladies are pleased to applaud and dip their handkerchiefs occasionally in blood ('tis but a bull's blood), is a much more magnificent spectacle. Sometimes these tournaments took a serious turn, and ended in broken crowns, or perhaps something worse: and at times there were meetings of this sort, by no means jocose, where the lance was not blunted, as in sports. Then the parties went to work in a *bonâ fide* manner, and if their lances did not answer their purpose, they took to their swords without ceremony or loss of time. When two persons were at issue with each other, as to a matter of fact, our ancestors

deemed that the best way of getting at the truth, was to turn the parties into a ring together and let them fight it out. It sometimes happened that one of the combatants was six, and the other about four or five feet high; under these circumstances it was easily suspected on which side the truth would be found to lie. The small man was always in fault, and the larger acquired a privilege of lying again. Such “ruffianing” now, would not be tolerated for a moment. We have indeed improved to some purpose. Can it be thought that young Brown would be allowed to go into a ring with Tom Cribb or Shelton? Certainly not. It would be like thrusting the whelp into the lion's den (as was done at the Tower), or feeding the Boa Constrictor with a live goat (as is recorded by Mr. Macleod of the *Alceste*), or any other act equally authentic and abominable. Oh! pugilism is an honourable thing. Let it not be trodden down by the ignorant, and never be ventured upon by the unskilful. It is not the sparrer of yesterday who is to be allowed a voice on a subject so important: and let not the man who has discussed only knuckles of beef hazard a syllable disrespectful. When Tullus Aufidius railed at mighty Rome, the conqueror of Corioli stopped his presumptuous folly in a moment. For ourselves, though we nauseate it, we would speak of *smoking* even with respect. The love of smoking has in it a mystery which we never could detect; we treat it therefore with attention. It has been too much the fashion to decry the noble science of boxing. Young gentlemen of white hands and pale hearts cannot abide it, and the ladies vow that it is shocking. For the former we care not; we leave them “to their own aversion,” as Don Juan says—but for the fair and beautiful we still have a word or two in reserve. We cannot give *them* up without a blow. The male simpleton is an absolute nought on either side of the question, but the gentle infidel must be ours before we cease.

We mean to continue the discussion.

GOETHE ON ART AND ANTIQUITY, &c.

(*Ueber Kunst und Alterthum: Von Goethe.* Imported and sold by Bohte, London, 1820.)

The second part of the second volume of this work has just been received by the above Bookseller, and we hasten to select from it two articles, the most likely of its contents to interest our readers. The first is an examination of Mr. Haydon's comparison between the heads of the Venetian bronze horses, and that of the horse of the Parthenon, belonging to the Elgin collection. The other is a short, but singular notice of Lord Byron's *Manfred*.

"On Mr. Haydon's Account of two Ancient Heads of Horses.—A Mr. Payne Knight, who seems to be a man of much influence, had expressed a very unfavourable opinion respecting the Elgin marbles; denying them to be possessed of any merit, and maintaining they were of the age of Hadrian, and executed by common workmen, who hardly deserved the name of artists. Mr. Haydon, an able artist, maintains, on the other hand, that Mr. Payne Knight knows nothing at all of art; and in fact, if he has really delivered the opinions attributed to him, we can hardly help suspecting as much. Mr. Haydon, however, in his well-meant zeal for the figures carried off from the Parthenon, has allowed himself to go too great lengths, when he maintains that the Elgin marbles are superior to all other works of art in existence; that they will cause the old antiques to be forgotten. He rather injudiciously observes, that if these marbles had been lost, there would have been as great a blank in the progress of art, as there must have been in philosophy, if Newton had never existed.

Mr. Haydon has entered into a comparison between a large horse-head of marble from the Parthenon, and a head of one of the four bronze horses at Venice, which, agreeably to common report, (for which however there is no authority) he calls the horses of Lysippus. Mr. Haydon, however, does not enter on the subject of the name, but merely compares the two works of art, and, as might be expected from his Essay against Mr. Payne Knight, he gives a decided preference to the Athenian head. To

the Venetian head he assigns an incorrect shape:—condemns the position of the eyes, and affirms that the jaw is of an undecided form. When we view the two works in profile, the Venetian head does appear shut, and somewhat ox-like, the nostrils too are not in the right place, and the upper lip does not project sufficiently; while the Athenian head has all the character of a spirited horse of noble race. Not content, however, with extolling this noble work of art, Mr. Haydon has unnecessarily and unjustly depreciated the Venetian horses.

We enjoy the advantage of having beside us very fresh casts of the two heads; the subject of Mr. Haydon's comparison, and can therefore enter into a close examination of his assertions.

The Venetian head and the Athenian are both admirable works, and each excellent in its way. A slight acquaintance with the monuments of ancient art will enable any one to perceive a striking difference of style between them. In the Athenian head the prevailing character is sublimity. The Venetian bronzes again are executed in a more soft, flowing, and ornamental style, and undoubtedly in a later age.

The Athenian horse is higher, more powerful, snorting, with a startled look; the eyes are rounded and projecting. The ears hang back, and the mouth which is opened, seems to be exerting itself violently to get forwards, but to be powerfully kept back. When we look at the workmanship, we every where observe antique simplicity, and the most praiseworthy diligence and truth, but at the same time, a little stiffness. For example in the mane;—line is regularly laid on line, parallel to each other, and of the same depth; and in the bend of the throat, one fold of the skin is placed beside another, with hardly any variety. The execution in general merits great praise, the muscles and bones are represented with great knowledge, expression, and truth. The eyes are admirably formed and perfected; the forehead is broad, flat and boney; the nostrils widely ex-

tended from the current of breath; the upper lip, as if animated and in motion. Though the marble has been much injured by the weather, from the nose upwards to the forehead, we perceive, notwithstanding, the traces of veins originally existing there.

In the head of the Venetian horse, which we have now before us, all appears much smoother, and more ornamental; the outlines are more flowing, and run more softly into each other; the animal is represented much more tranquil and gentle; as pleased and glad, and willingly obeying the rein. The master has conceived the whole in his milder character; the proportion of the parts is suitably selected, the eyes have a softer look, and though the pupil is powerfully marked, they are not so round, not projecting as in the Athenian head, but kept flatter, drawn more backwards, especially towards the apple of the eye under the eyelid, which covers it considerably. It cannot be denied, that there is some deviation from nature in this part, and an approximation to the shape of the human eye. The ears are in playful movement, the right back, the left somewhat bent forward, the nostrils, suitably to the general character, less opened, less snorting, but like the upper lip not so natural, nor so animated as in the Athenian figure.

With respect to the execution, the most striking difference is also perceptible between them. In the Venetian horse (though every thing is generally more strictly marked in bronze works) the hair of the mane is much more ornamental, less stiff, and the lines more varied; and the same may be said of the folds of the skin in the throat. As the prevailing character is the soft and agreeable, the muscles and bones are less determinately marked, and the transitions milder and more flowing. We have pronounced no opinion respecting the relative merits of the two works, but merely pointed out the diversity of style, and consequently their different ages. More than this ought not to be attempted, and the one should not be eulogized, and the other depreciated; for both are admirable, and to censure either the one or the other, ill becomes us, as each is far beyond the powers of any artist of the present day. We cannot, however, conceal, that our in-

clination is more particularly directed to the Athenian work, and with respect to it we might perhaps agree with Mr. Haydon. But we would merely recommend it to him, and still more to German connoisseurs to reflect, that, in order to praise what is admirable, it is not necessary to load other works, which are also admirable in their way, with faults which do not belong to them."

"*Manfred*, by Lord Byron.—The tragedy of *Manfred* by Lord Byron is a most singular performance, and one which concerns me nearly. This wonderful and ingenious poet has taken possession of my *Faust*, and hypochondriacally drawn from it the most singular nutriment. He has employed the means in it which suit his object in his particular manner, so that no one thing remains the same, and on this account I cannot sufficiently admire his ability. The recast is so peculiar, that a highly interesting lecture might be delivered both on its resemblance, and want of resemblance to its model; though I cannot deny that the gloomy fervour of a rich and endless despair becomes at last wearisome to us. However, the displeasure which we feel is always connected with admiration and esteem.

The very quintessence of the sentiments and passions which assist in constituting the most singular talent for self-commentary ever known, is contained in this tragedy. The life and poetical character of Lord Byron can hardly be fairly estimated. Yet he has often enough avowed the source of his torments; he has repeatedly portrayed it; but hardly any one sympathises with the insupportable pain, with which he is incessantly struggling.

Properly speaking, he is continually pursued by the ghosts of two females, who play great parts in the above named tragedy, the one under the name Astarte, the other without figure and visibility, merely a voice.

The following account is given of the horrible adventure which he had with the former:

"When a young, bold, and highly attractive personage, he gained the favour of a Florentine lady; the husband discovered this and murdered his wife. But the murderer was found dead in the street the same night,

under circumstances that did not admit of attaching suspicion to any one.

Lord Byron fled from Florence, and seems to drag spectres after him ever afterwards!

This strange incident receives a high degree of probability from innumerable allusions in his poems;—as for instance, in his application of the horrible story of Pausanias to himself.

What a wounded heart must the poet have, who selects from antiquity such an event, applies it to himself, and loads his tragic resemblance with it!"

Upon what authority Goethe fastens this improbable incident on Lord Byron personally, we know not; but we have no hesitation in saying, that a more groundless calumny never was invented. Lord Byron never was in Florence in the early part of his life:—it was then in the occupation of the French. How can a man of

Goethe's talent and respectability take up and repeat the miserable gossiping slander of the vulgar and ignorant, in regard to an individual of rank and high reputation for genius? The slightest proper inquiry would have been sufficient to satisfy him of the folly and falsehood of this stupid story.

His criticism on the horses' heads is also very unworthy of his former exertions. He does not at all enter on the question he professes to treat of. All he says of an ornamental and flowing style is so much nonsense: the disputed point turns on this interrogatory—is the head of the Venetian horse correct in form and character, as a horse's head? It is maintained not, by persons who contend that the Parthenon head is strictly so. Goethe does not examine the matter in a way to induce us to think that he knows any thing about it.

ON THE CHARACTER AND WRITINGS OF JAMES SHIRLEY

Two circumstances have principally contributed within the last year or two, to make the public better acquainted than they had previously been with the name of James Shirley:—the one, the frequently announced edition of his plays and poems by Mr. Gifford; and the other, the use which Mr. Shiel, in his popular drama, *Evadne*, has been discovered to have made of Shirley's tragedy, *the Traitor*. The first of these gentlemen, with that discriminating acuteness which peculiarly belongs to him, has also, in the course of his reprint of the plays of Massinger, introduced a cursory remark or two on the merits of Shirley; but hitherto, no attempt has been made to afford the means of forming a general and a correct notion of his powers and peculiarities as a poet. The subsequent observations and extracts have this purpose in view.

The scanty particulars known of the life of Shirley, may here be omitted, because the most material of them can be gathered from authorities easily accessible, and more room will thus be left for quotations from his productions, all of which are rare, though of course they vary in their degrees of scarcity. When it is

stated that his dramatic pieces only are at least thirty-nine in number, besides his poems printed in 1646, it will be readily seen, that, to make an enquiry like this at all complete, considerable space is necessary: in the present paper it is only commenced.

Shirley was born in 1594, and he died in 1666; so that at the death of Shakspeare, he was twenty-two years old, and he lived to see that school of the drama, which usually bears the name of our great bard, driven from the stage by French innovations, after their introduction had been prepared by the closing of the theatres under the gloomy rule of the Puritans. Mr. Lamb, in his well chosen and better criticized *Specimens*, has termed Shirley "the last of a great race, all of whom spoke nearly the same language, and had a set of moral feelings and notions in common;" and this is true, for the change which subsequently took place, is as striking as it is lamentable. A friend, of the name of Hall, in 1652, calls Shirley "the surviving honour and ornament of the English stage:" and, in some verses prefixed to *The Cardinal*, addresses him as "the last supporter of the dying scene." The im-

portant subject of the alteration in the nature of dramatic representations, which took place after the Restoration, is thus smartly touched upon in the prologue, spoken on the revival of one of Shirley's plays, *The School of Compliments*, in 1667, the year after his death.

In our old plays, the humour, love, and passion,

Like doublet, hose, and cloak, are out of fashion :

That which the world call'd wit in *Shakspeare's* age

Is laugh'd at as improper for our stage ;

Nay *Fletcher* stands corrected—what hope then

For this poor author *Shirley*, whose soft pen

Was filled with air ? &c.

From the prologue to the first edition of this comedy, in 1631, it appears, that it was the writer's very earliest production for the stage ;

————— this play is

The first fruits of a muse, that before this
Never saluted audience, nor doth mean
To swear himself a factor for the scene.

It is not improbable that the success of this piece, three times printed, induced the author to become, what he did not intend to be, "a factor for the scene." It bears marks of youth and inexperience; especially a redundancy of classical allusions; but, as neither the plot nor the characters are particularly marked, we shall pass it over without further observation. There is no clue by which the date, when it was acted, can be ascertained; and, though the first written, it was the third published with the name or initials of the author: his *Wedding* and his *Grateful Servant** both preceded it from the press.* Whether Mr. Gifford possess any information to fix the date when Shirley began his theatrical career, and to settle the order of his plays, we shall see when his edition appears, but at all events these are *minutiæ* that want of room, if we had no other reason, would lead us to discard.

Shirley numbered among his friends nearly all the chief poets of his day: in the dedication to his *Grateful Servant*, written in 1630, he names Ben

Jonson as his "acknowledged master," and Massinger, Ford, May, Habington, Stanley, and others subscribe commendatory verses to his productions, in which they speak highly of his talents and pretensions. The praise of such a man as Massinger is not to be looked upon merely as the compliment of a partial friend, and the terms he uses, in reference to the play above mentioned, are so applicable, not only to it, but to nearly all the productions of the same poet, that they deserve extracting.

Here are no forc'd expressions, no rack'd phrase,

No Babel-compositions to amaze

The tortur'd reader—no believ'd defence

To strengthen the bold atheist's insolence ;

No obscene syllable that may compel

A blush from a chaste maid, but all so well

Express'd and order'd as wise men must say

It is a grateful poem, a good play ;

And such as read ingenuously shall find

Few have outstripp'd thee, many halt behind.

Of this comedy, so favourably introduced, we shall speak more at large hereafter. The compiler of the *Biographia Dramatica* asserts of our author, that "his chief excellence will be found in his comedies," but in this opinion we do not concur, for, after an attentive perusal of both, we decidedly give the preference to his tragedies. The form of Shirley's mind was essentially tragic: he was a man of acute sensibility, and of the nicest delicacy of thought and feeling; in this respect he was akin to Fletcher, and one of his best plays, *The Coronation*, even down to the year 1778, was printed with Fletcher's works. His taste seems to have been very perfect, and its severe correctness sometimes interfered with the unrestrained display of the higher powers of the imagination: on this account he seldom or never deviates into any thing like rant or extravagant bombast, and he preserves an almost uniform propriety in the sentiments he puts into the mouths of his characters. The principal persons in his plays are now and then not drawn with as much force, or with as decided outlines, as could be wished,

* Shirley's second effort was in tragedy, *The Maid's Revenge*, as he himself tells Mr. H. Osborn in the Dedication. It was not printed until 1639, and is accompanied by a list of nineteen other productions of the same kind which had been published at that date. Sufficient extracts from this tragedy will be found in Mr. Lamb's "Specimens."

but this remark by no means applies to the best of his performances: it is confined to such as appear to have been run up in haste to supply temporary emergencies. It ought not to be forgotten, in judging of the merits of Shirley as a dramatic poet, that he was generally needy, and that, during many years, he subsisted only on the profits of his pen, in an age when, as he himself tells us, in the prologue to his *Example*, "all were held innocent but poets." It is not to be inferred, however, that Shirley was deficient in the fervour and energetic flow of poetry. In his plots he was usually original, drawing from his own resources, and not borrowing them, as was frequently done by his earlier contemporaries, from popular novelists. To a mere modern reader they will often appear complicated and confused; perhaps some of them are more involved than the fables of Massinger or Ford, but those who are at all acquainted with the nature and state of the theatre at that period, will not be surprised at the contrast they form to the meagre productions of later days. This latter observation applies more especially to Shirley's Comedies, into which incidents are sometimes so crowded, that they jostle and confound one another, and leave too little room for the introduction of poetry or the development of character.

Although it will not, perhaps, be disputed by those who know any thing of his works, that Shirley has succeeded better in the serious than in the lighter department of the stage, it cannot, on the other hand, be denied, that he sometimes places ludicrous characters in irresistibly comic situations: and here it may be observed, that, as he terms Ben Jonson his "acknowledged master," he follows him, particularly in his earlier efforts, in the general cast of his personages—that is to say, he deals very much in the display of what were then called *humours*, or the representation of individual peculiarities, which may or may not extend to a class. Of this *The Example* (1637) may be taken as an instance; and as this stile of writing seems to have

prevailed with him less afterwards, I am led by it, and other circumstances, to infer that that comedy was one of his youthful productions:* the names of some of the persons introduced into *The Example* inform the reader at once of the nature of their characters: thus, Sir Solitary Plot is always smelling out an imaginary trick to impose upon him, while his servant, Dormant, is fast asleep when he ought to be most vigilant: and in the same play we have Lord Fitzavarice, Mr. Confident Rapture, Oldrat, Vainman, and Lord Fitzamorous.

There are very few of our author's absolute comedies that have not some serious persons and scenes in them, and that of which we are now speaking has a few excellent interviews in which Sir Walter Peregrine and Belamia are concerned, in whose characters is involved much of the interest of the piece. Indeed, in such as these, Shirley always succeeded best; and, in inserting into his tragedies interludes of coarse humour, he complied with the habit and expectation of the age, rather than followed his own uninfluenced inclination.

But leaving general observations, which may or may not be well founded, we will now come to particulars, and enable the reader in some degree to arrive at an opinion for himself. *The Witty Fair One*, and *the Wedding*, are unquestionably two of Shirley's best comedies, though the latter is of a much graver cast than the former: from these we shall select our earlier specimens of his stile and talents, premising that we shall not enter further into the plots of any of his performances, than is necessary to render our quotations intelligible. *The Witty Fair One* was acted with great success, a fate which does not always seem to have attended the offspring of the same parent. In Act V. there is an expedient for the reformation of a wild gallant of the name of Fowler, by his mistress Penelope, which is both new and striking, and, while it has a great appearance of seriousness, it produces a most comic effect: when represented, it could not fail to tell admirably. In one particular it re-

* Among these circumstances is an allusion, in Act IV. to Machin's *Dumb Knight*, which was printed in 1608, and acted earlier.

sembles the story of Ferando in Boccacio (Day III, Nov. 8.) where a living man is persuaded that he is dead, and about to suffer for his sins in purgatory: Penelope and the friends of Fowler, wishing to reclaim the young libertine, undertake to persuade him against the evidence of his senses, that he is actually no more, having expired without his own knowledge, and being but a walking spirit among those with whom he was previously acquainted: this project may appear, and is, extravagant, but the manner in which it is introduced and carried into effect soon reconciles us to it. The scene lies in a chamber prepared for the purpose, and lighted by tapers, where the friends of the deceased are mourning over their lost friend, whose corpse is supposed to be in a coffin covered with a black pall, &c.—Fowler has previously been made to overhear a conversation in which he was spoken of as just prematurely dead: he then enters the apartment.

Fowler. This is the room I sickened in, and by report died in: umph! I have heard of spirits walking with aerial bodies and have been wondered at by others, but I must only wonder at myself, for if they be not mad I am come to my own burial. Certain, these clothes are substantial—I owe my Tailor for them to this hour, if the Devil be not my Tailor, and has furnished with another suit very much like it * * *. Here they are in mourning: what a Devil do they mean to do with me? Not too many tears, Lady, you will but spoil your eyes, and draw upon them the misery of spectacles! Do not you know me neither?

Penelope. (as if she did not see him) Oh Master Fowler!

Fow. Ah—out with it! Nay, and the woman but acknowledge me alive, there's some hope of me.

Pen. I loved thee, living, with a holy flame, to purge the errors of thy wanton youth.

Fow. I'm dead again.

Pen. This made thy soul sue out so hasty a divorce, and flee to airy dwellings; hath left us thy cold, pale figure, which we have commission but to chamber up in melancholy dust, where thy own worms, like the false servants of some great man, shall devour thee first!

Fow. I am worm's meat.

Pen. We must all die!

Fow. Would some of you would do it quickly, that I might have company.

Pen. But wert thou now to live again with us, and that by miracle thy soul

should with thy body have second marriage, I believe thou wouldst study to keep it a chaste temple—holy thoughts, like fumes of sacred incense, hovering about thy heart: then thou wouldst learn to be above thy frailties, and resist the flatteries of smooth-faced lust.

Fow. This is a funeral sermon.

Pen. The burden of which sin, my fears persuade me, both hastened and accompanied thy death.

Worthy. This sorrow is unfruitful.

Pen. I have done. May this prayer profit him.—Would his soul were as sure to gain Heaven as his body's here!

2 Gent. We must hope the best: he was an inconstant young man; frequenting some companies had corrupted his nature, and a little debauched him.

Fow. In all this sermon, I have heard little commendation of our dear brother departed: rich men do not go to the pit-hole without compliment of Christian burial: it seems that if I had lived to have made a will, and bequeathed so much legacy as would purchase some preacher a neat cassock, I should have died in as good estate and assurance for my soul as the best gentleman in the parish, had my monument in a conspicuous place of the church, where I should have been cut in a form of prayer as if I had been called away at my devotion, and so for haste to be in Heaven, went thither with my book and spectacles.—Do ye hear, Lady and Gentlemen, is it your pleasure to see me, though not to know me, and to inform a walking business when this so much lamented brother of yours departed out of this world? In his life I had some relation to him.—What disease died he of, pray; who is his heir at law? &c.

1 Gent. (aside). I doubt the project.

Fow. You should be his heir, or executor at least, by your dry eyes. Sir, I commend thee; what a miserable folly tis to weep for one that's dead, and has no sense of our lamentation! Wherefore were blacks invented?—To save our eyes their tedious distillations * * *. Ha! what papers—some elegy or epitaph—who subscribes? Oh, this is your poetry, &c. (*reads.*) Very well done upon so dead a subject. By the Virgin that's in't, you should know this parcel of poetry, Lady.

Pen. A woman's muse, Sir.

Fow. Oh! now you can answer me! Am I dead still?

Pen. Yes, &c.

Fow. Where am I dead?

Pen. Here, every where!

Y' are dead to virtue, to all noble thoughts, And till the proof of your conversion To piety win my faith, you are to me Without all life; and charity to myself Bids me endeavour with this ceremony To give you burial: if hereafter I

Let in your memory to my thoughts, or
see you,
You shall but represent his ghost or shadow,
Which never shall have power to fright my
innocence,
Or make my cheek look pale! My ends
are compass'd

And here, in sight of Heaven——

Fow. Stay!

Thou'rt a noble girl, and dost deserve
To marry with an Emperor! Remove
This sad thing from us: you do know me,
gentlemen.

Witness my death to vanity!" &c.

Thus the reformation is somewhat suddenly, but not unnaturally, completed; and the guilt-struck Fowler, making many promises, and all the amends in his power, the end may be easily conjectured. It is sometimes a fault in Shirley, as in many other dramatists, that his *denouements* are hastily brought about—that the plot is rather confusedly huddled up at the end: in this respect *The Changes* is particularly objectionable; its plot throughout is too rapid, bustling, and, in some respects, forced and improbable. The remark will also apply, in a less degree, to *The Opportunity*, but this is not a play which we propose to examine further. We hasten to advert to the admirable comedy, or tragi-comedy, *The Wedding*; and before we enter upon the more serious scenes, we may just notice one of a most comic cast, which is excellently worked up by the author. Rawbone, a young usurer, and Loadum, a very lusty spendthrift and glutton, court the same lady, with whom a young gallant, Haver, disguised as the servant of Rawbone, under the name of Jasper, is also in love: a challenge passes between Rawbone and Loadum; the first giving it because his man Jasper promises to change clothes with him, and to fight it for him, and the last accepting it in the confidence that his adversary is a very coward. Loadum is seconded by his man Camelion, and Haver by Rawbone, who acts gladly as servant to the principal. Loadum first arrives on the ground, strongly hoping that his adversary will not dare to shew his face, and trembling lest every person who approaches should be he, yet assuming, when Haver and Rawbone make their appearance, the tone of a dastardly bully, to frighten them into submission. The result need not be

detailed; and it is not necessary to quote it, as the spirit of the scene is obvious, and the whole would occupy too much space. It would act almost as well as the duel scene in *Twelfth Night*, and better than that in *The Rivals*:—its humour is of a broad farcical description, very distinguishable from the comic character of the extract from *The Witty Fair One*.

The graver scenes in *The Wedding*, (the earliest printed of Shirley's productions, as it was published in 1629) are, notwithstanding, much more admirable than the comic parts; and we the more readily quote from them, because they will give the reader some knowledge of the author's better manner: he was a gentleman, both by education and feeling; and there is a propriety, and at the same time a depth, in his pathos, which shew that he penned such characters as the noble Beauford and the injured Gratiana with the zest which an author, in order to charm, must always experience. The two persons named are about to receive the consummation of a virtuous and disinterested love in marriage; but the hopes of both are blasted by the odious machination of Marwood, who, on the eve of the ceremony, tells the hero that he (Marwood) had previously dishonoured Gratiana. We have no space to enter into the ingenuity of the management of this part of the plot, the interest of which commences almost in the first page, and is kept up to the last. The following is a portion of one of the earliest scenes:

Marwood. I am no flatterer; the blood
you carry

Doth warm my veins; yet could nature be
Forgetful and remove itself, the love

I owe your merit doth oblige me
To the relation of a truth, which else would
fire

My bosom with concealment.—I am come
To divide your soul, ravish all your pleasures,

Poison the very air maintains your breathing!—

You must not marry.—

Beauford. Must not!—Though, as I
Am mortal, I may be compell'd within
A pair of minutes to turn ashes, yet
My soul, already bridegroom to her virtue,
Shall laugh at death that would unmarry us,
And call her mine eternally.

Mar. Death is
A mockery to that divorce I bring!

Come, you must not love her.

Beauf. Did I hope thou couldst
Give me a reason, I would ask one.

Mar. Do not ;
It will too soon arrive, and make you curse
Your knowledge : could'st thou change thy
temper
For an Angel's, at the hearing of this
reason
'Twould make you passionate, and turn
man again.

Beauf. Can there be reason for a sin so
great
As changing my affection from Gratiana ?
Name it, and teach me how to be a mon-
ster,
For I must lose humanity ! Oh, Marwood,
Thou lead'st me into a wilderness ! She
is——

Mar. False, sinful, a black soul she has.

Beauf. Thou hast a hell about thee, and
thy language
Speaks thee a devil, that to blast her inno-
cence
Dost belch these vapours :—to say thou
liest,

Were to admit thou hast made in this
A human error, when thy sin hath aim'd
The fall of goodness ! Gratiana false !
The snow shall turn a salamander first,
And dwell in fire—the air retreat, and leave
An emptiness in nature—Angels be corrupt,
And, brib'd by mortals, sell their charity !
Her innocence is such, that we're thou,
Marwood,
For this offence condemn'd to lodge in
flames,

It would for ever cure thy burning fever,
If with thy sorrow thou procure her shed
One tear upon thee. Now thou'rt lost for
ever ;

And arm'd thus, though with thousand fu-
ries guarded,

I reach thy heart ! *(Draws.)*

Mar. Stay, Beauford.—Since you dare
Be so confident of her chastity,
Hear me conclude :—I bring no idle fable,
Patch'd up between suspicion and report,
Of scandalous tongues :—my ears were no
assurance

To convince without my eyes.

Beauf. What horror !
Be more particular.

Mar. I did prophesy
That it would come to this, for I have had
A tedious struggling with my nature ; but
The name of friend o'er-balanc'd the ex-
ception.

Forgive me, ladies, that my love to man
Hath power to make me guilty of such
language,

As with it must betray a woman's honour.

Beauf. You torture me—be brief !

Mar. Then, though it carry shame to
the reporter,
Forgive me, Heaven, and witness an un-
welcome truth !

Beauf. Stay !—I am too hasty for the
knowledge
Of something thou prepar'st for my de-
struction.

May I not think what 'tis, and kill myself ?
Or at least by degrees, with apprehending
Some strange thing done, infect my fancy
With opinion first, and so dispose myself
To death ? I cannot—when I think of
Gratiana

I entertain a Heaven ! The worst ; I'll
hear it.—

Mar. It will enlarge itself too soon : re-
ceive it ;—

I have enjoy'd her !

Beauf. Whom ?

Mar. Gratiana ; sinfully,
Before your love made her and you ac-
quainted.

Beauf. Ha ! thou'st kept thy word—
thou cam'st to poison all
My comfort.—

Mar. Your friendship I've preferr'd
To my own fame ; and, but to save you
from

A lasting shipwreck, noble Beauford, think
It should have rotted here : she that will
part

With virgin honour, ne'er should wed the
heart.

Beauf. Was ever woman good, and Gra-
tiana

Vicious, lost to honour ! At the instant
When I expected all my harvest ripe,
The golden summer tempting me to reap
The well-grown ears, comes an impetuous
storm,

Destroys an age's hope in a short minute,
And lets me live the copy of man's frailty.

This scene is introductory of several others still finer, between the same persons and between Beauford and Gratiana. The whole character of the hero is firmly drawn, and his deadly enmity to Marwood is well contrasted with his fond, lingering, but despairing tenderness for his wronged mistress. However, no space remains, at present, for entering further into this drama ; but the nature of its incidents, and the turn of the characters, will prepare the reader for an examination of some of Shirley's principal tragedies, to which we shall advert next month.

K. Q. X.

SONNETS,

BY W. CORNELIUS,

Amatory, Descriptive, and Incidental.

No. II.

3.—THE VIOLET.

THIS is the Violet, love—a flower I prize,
 For that its life is thine. Its pleasure is
 To live secluded in calm nook like this,
 Beneath a leafy shelter, and the sky's
 Blue look of summer clearness ;—drinking in
 The breath and dews of heaven, night and morn ;—
 Listening the lark's high hymn, and the confusing din
 That the Bee makes with his small-compass'd horn,
 Himself most pleased by its dull, drowsy hum :
 Yet the meek Violet not despiseth it,
 Well-knowing he doth serenading come
 For what of sweets, as alms, she may think fit
 To part withal—a minstrel-beggar he,
 Who, when his wants are fled, wends homeward merrily.

4.—TO ITALY.*

On Mr. C——— L———'s Visit to Rome.

Mother of Dante and Raffaello—ITALY,
 Poets will ever love thy skies of calm,
 And voice of music, and warm breath of balm,
 And glorious forms of grace and majesty.
 Old Chaucer loved thee for Boccacio's stories,
 Spenser for Tasso's ; and Milton trod
 Thy viney fields—Milton, minstrel of God,—
 And loved idolatrously thy olden glories.
 As poets have loved thee, do thou love them !
 And chiefly one who wanders now thy land :
 Be as the fondest lover unto him,
 And shield him from the ruthless bandit's hand,
 As mother would her son ; and play the part
 That's Roman to a Roman, soul and heart.

5.—LOVERS BENIGHTED.

God is about us in this dangerous place,—
 Therefore to Fear give not one trembling start ;
 But listen, with a hush'd untroubled heart,
 To his high voice whose music fills the space
 'Tween us, and heaven, and Him. Face unto face,
 As the first Prophet did, if pure thou art,
 Thou may'st behold his look ; and He will part
 Thee and all fearful ills, should they embrace
 Thee nearer than they do ; and with his power
 Beat down thy foes, as foes to Him and good ;
 And lend thee such protection as a flower
 Gains from the mighty oak, when tempests brood
 How most they may destroy, with blast and shower,
 Summer's frail charms.—Then dread not this rude solitude !

* This Sonnet was written on the day on which it was announced in our Journals, that a young English nobleman had died in Italy of the wounds he received in an encounter with the banditti of that country.

6.—THE HAUNTS OF YOUTH.

Scenes which were wayward boyhood's dearest joy,
 I look on ye with Memory's lidless eyes ;
 And not a thing they see but doth employ
 Thoughts that will live till he who weeps them dies !—
 Time spareth ye :—but me, mind, form, and face,
 All that to manhood's youth belonged, his will
 (Which none may thwart) hath changed ; and left, in place,
 Thoughts deeply sad ; a body bending still
 Beneath a sickness 'tis too weak to bear ;
 Cold features, channell'd by chill rills of grief ;
 A heart which seeks but finds no fixed relief,
 And hath no better tenant than Despair ;
 A spirit ceaseless in its murmuring
 That life's long winter hath no after spring.

VINDICATION OF EUSTACE,

FROM THE CHARGES BROUGHT AGAINST HIM IN MR. HOBHOUSE'S NOTES AND
 ILLUSTRATIONS TO CHILDE HAROLD.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE memorials of taste, of genius, and of historic fame, which Italy contains, are among the most attractive and celebrated that the world can offer ; and most persons are anxious to become acquainted with them,—by personal observation, if they can, and if debarred from this enjoyment, by the information afforded in the works of esteemed travellers. Amongst the tourists of talent and learning, who have described this interesting region, none can fairly be said to rank more high than Mr. Eustace, whose classical tour has gratified, and continues to gratify, the connoisseur and the common reader. It is true that, at the period of its publication, every thing contributed to give it interest, and to confer on it reputation. Italy had been swallowed up, as it were, as far as we were concerned, in the stormy flood of Napoleon's conquests : she had been as a sealed book to us for several years, until the peace of Amiens offered a short opportunity of renewing our visits and researches, which occasion Mr. Eustace seized and well employed. During an interval of very considerable length, no writer of eminence had challenged public attention to this favourite subject. While costly productions frequently appeared, treating of distant, and, comparatively, insignificant spots, the land chiefly consecrated by our earliest feelings was left unnoticed, except perhaps in a few works of very inferior merit. Dr. Moore's "Manners and View of Italy," although amusing, must be called meagre and shallow, and moreover the French Revolution had rendered it totally obsolete. The Classical Tour, therefore, had every advantage, on its appearance, of time, demand, and expectation ; and its great popularity, though part of it may be attributed to these circumstances, was considered by the best judges to be merited by the sterling excellence of the book. The leaning of the amiable author towards the prevailing religion of the land, was far from being an objection to his work, in the estimation of the candid and feeling ; for, however dearly we protestants may prize our religion, and however faulty the introduction of party feelings in such a production must be considered, yet enthusiasm, proceeding from some source or other, must colour the language of the tourist, otherwise his narrative would be lifeless : it might be faithful, but only as a dead body faithfully displays the outline and figure of the man, and pains and disgusts in so doing. This remark has a particularly strong application to the country in question. To describe Italy requires sensibility, as well as genius and taste ;—pos-

sessing all these, and that attachment to the Romish Hierarchy which led him to view its existence with fondness, Eustace entered upon his subject with the tendencies that were calculated to enable him to convey to the scenes he saw, the vigour, interest, and colouring which emanate from the heart, and which add to such narratives a charm that is their highest recommendation.

Mr. Eustace, however, has met with his enemies—for so we must term them, rather than critics; the accusations brought against him, as an author, involving insinuations against his probity, and the correctness of his moral feeling. Among those who attack Mr. Eustace, no one has taken so prominent a stand as Mr. Hobhouse, whose observations assume a style of censure and invective, very inadequately sustained by the facts—or what he calls facts,—which he has thought fit to adduce in support of his charges. Granting all that Mr. Hobhouse affirms, which is not called for by the correctness of his assertions,—it will be found very insufficient to warrant charges of “falsehood, gross misrepresentation, erroneous information, describing places never visited, and careless attention to spots that were visited.” Candid people will be rather surprised to learn, that though such general aspersions of Mr. Eustace’s reputation are frequent in the course of the work of Mr. Hobhouse, four errors only are attempted to be substantiated by argument or statement. These are, 1. ascribing the preservation of the Pagan Temples, as they now exist, to the fortunate circumstance of their being converted into churches in the early ages of Christianity.

Mr. Eustace, to support this remark, instances the fane of Clitumnus.

2. A general vagueness of description, which Mr. Hobhouse particularly illustrates by instancing the account of the approach to Rome, given by Mr. Eustace.

3. Describing objects before him incorrectly,—instanced in the wrong

statement of *Restitutum* for *Estituer*,—as the word seen on a frieze.

4. Seeing a pine at Horace’s villa, where Mr. Hobhouse observes only two cypresses; and orange trees in the King’s garden at Naples, which are, according to Mr. Hobhouse, only acacias!

These four articles of statement, are the only specified errors, on which it is attempted to convict the Classical Tour of misrepresenting facts and deceiving those who trust to it.*

If these instances are considered in detail, and compared with the passages themselves in the work of Mr. Eustace, it will, we venture to affirm, appear, that such charges are at least gross exaggerations, and that our author in no respect deserves to forfeit the favour with which his writings were at first viewed:—that he has been betrayed into no error of sufficient consequence to be put in the balance against the admirable thoughts and reflections which his work contains, worthy of the extended views of the Christian. These breathe alike the language of patriotism, and of honor, and that deeper and more sacred tone of religious conviction and experience, which, whatever may be the difference of religious sect or party, will always secure for an author the respect and esteem of the best critics and the best men.

We have been naturally, but sorrowfully, led to make this observation, by the conviction forced upon our minds by a perusal of Mr. Hobhouse’s book, that these qualities in the Tourist are the chief causes of that excessive and disproportioned severity of animadversion to which we allude. The point of the sarcasm is sharpened by other feelings than those which Mr. Hobhouse chooses to avow: yet is he so lamentably ignorant of the hearts and instincts of his fellow men as not to know that indications of religious feeling, prompting the traveller’s admiration, enthusiasm, or gratitude, form the most interesting and popular parts of voyages, tours, and narratives. The very passages which

* We apprehend the writer of this article is not exactly correct here: Mr. Hobhouse’s remarks on Eustace seem to us frivolous, captious, and badly-motived: but we are no sticklers for the accuracy of Eustace, or the utility of his work as a guide to Italy: and, speaking only from recollection, we can affirm that Mr. Hobhouse adduces other instances of what he chooses to call gross blunders, in addition to those numerically stated by our Correspondent.—*Editor.*

have most stirred the *liberal* gall of Mr. Hobhouse, are those by which Mr. Eustace has most gratified the largest proportion and most respectable classes of his readers; and certainly, while in sentiment he far surpasses his critic, in language he may challenge competition with any passage of the "*Illustrations*." We readily allow, that it is impossible to peruse this voluminous collection, compiled and extracted from all classes of Italian writers, without granting to Mr. Hobhouse the praise due to infinite pains taken in industrious research among authors generally unknown. At the same time, it is manifest that his style is heavy, involved, and, when it is not flippant, ill-tempered, and superficial;—it is always very unfit for elucidation or perspicacious detail. Whilst he impugns the opinions for ages most received in regard to the principal buildings of ancient Rome, no information recompences the traveller for what is withdrawn from his enjoyment, and for the attack thus made on his most cherished and consecrated feelings. Sacks, sieges, earthquakes, floods, and demolitions, follow in his pages, age after age, upon the same structures, exercising their devastating rage, until we can scarcely credit that the buildings which he so frequently levels, yet attract by their remains the visits and admiration of the world. Assuredly, the Roman Hierarchy, which Mr. Hobhouse contemns Mr. Eustace for praising, and which he wishes to degrade, requires no better panegyric than is to be found in his pages where he describes what Rome was in the barbarous ages, and the present view of her glories, as to be seen from the Pincian Mount. The reader turns from his conflicting statements, to the pages of Mr. Eustace, to have the desired assurance, that, however torn and wasted by the hostile invasions of the Goths, however assailed by nature's storms, or the parricidal arms of her sons, Rome is imperial still; that the nations still flock to her gates; and that she still commands the sympathy and reverence of all civilized bosoms.

But it is time to notice Mr. Hobhouse's complaints against Mr. Eustace more particularly. At page 20 of the *Illustrations*, after largely detailing the damage and mischief caus-

ed to the fane of the Clitumnus by Hilarion, who had the charge of it as a Christian chapel, he proceeds to quote these words from Mr. Eustace's *Tour*, and adds the remark which follows:

And the statue of the god (the Clitumnus) has yielded its place to the triumphant cross. This circumstance is rather fortunate, as to it the temple owes its preservation.

Eustace.

Mr. Eustace, (Mr. Hobhouse observes) was innocent of all knowledge of Hilarion's spoliation, otherwise, *though a zealous Crusader*, he would not have stuck his triumphant cross on the Clitumnus.

Illustrations.

It appears that in 1730, this fane, which was consecrated to the Saviour, being an ecclesiastical benefice of small worth, was entrusted to a brother Hilarion, who, forming a nefarious bargain with a Bishop of Spoleto, robbed the edifice of many marble columns, which practice was also continued by his successor; how long is not explained, nor by what means it was put a stop to; but as the work of destruction was instantly protested against by the community of Piscignano, and an order also was obtained from Pope Clement XII. to prevent it, it may be inferred that these interpositions, added to the efforts of the Abate of Cortona, were successful in repressing the sacrilege. This supposition is additionally strengthened by the circumstance of finding that the pillars which remain bear testimony to being the same as Palladio noticed and drew.

Now, instead of bearing out the first accusation against Mr. Eustace, it appears to us that this very instance serves, amongst many others, to rebut the charge of inflicting wanton destruction and ruin, which is so forcibly expressed in the *Illustrations* against the clergy in general. Not to dwell on the fact, that, throughout the whole extent of the Roman territory, the temples, in the shape of Christian churches, are the most perfect, and in many instances, the only relics of the power and magnificence of the ancient Romans—that they have survived the aqueducts and palaces, in a proportion of ten to one—the case before us shows, that, as a body, they zealously watched over the preservation of those buildings, "*whereon the cross was placed*." No sooner was the conduct of Hilarion known,

than it met with the decided opposition of the highest dignitaries of the Romish church; and to that may fairly be ascribed the rescue of the building, and its existence and preservation to this hour, although perhaps mutilated and impaired.

Accusation No. 2. refers to the forcible and eloquent description which Mr. Eustace gives of the approach to Rome. The words of Mr. Hobhouse, it is true, rather convey an insinuation than a direct charge, but the intention to wound is as obvious as the object of the blow. He says,

After the traveller has caught the first view of St. Peter's, from the height beyond Baccano, he hopes that the remaining fifteen miles may furnish him at every other step with some sign of his vicinity to Rome: he palpitates with expectation and gazes eagerly on the open and undulating dells and plains, fearful lest the least fragment of an aqueduct, a column, or an arch should escape his notice. Gibbets garnished with black withered limbs, and a monk in a Veturino chaise, may remind him that he is approaching the modern capital, but he descends into alternate *hollows*, and winds up *hill after hill*, with nothing to observe except the incorrectness of the last book of travels, which *will have talked to him of the flat, bare, dreary waste he has to pass over before arriving at the Eternal City.*

Illustrations.

Mr. Eustace thus paints the feelings which the same tract called up in his breast. After alluding to the probability, as derived from Claudian, that this road was lined with magnificent edifices, and triumphal arches, in which idea Mr. Forsyth concurs, he proceeds

No mounds, nor remnants of walls, no mouldering heaps of ruins, scarce even a solitary tomb, has survived the general wreck. On the contrary, beyond Nepi, or rather beyond Monte Rosi, the next stage, the Campagna de Roma begins to expand its dreary solitudes; and *naked hills*, and *swampy plains*, rise and sink by turns, without presenting a single object worth attention. It must not, however, be supposed, that no vegetation decorates these dreary wilds. On the contrary, verdure but seldom interrupted, occasional corn fields, and numerous herds and flocks, communicate some degree of animation to those regions otherwise so desolate; but descending from

mountains, the natural seat of barrenness, where still we witnessed rural beauty and high cultivation, to a plain in the neighbourhood of a popular city, where we might naturally expect the perfection of gardening, and all the bustle of life, we were struck with the wide waste that spreads around, and wondered what might be the cause that deprived so extensive a track of its inhabitants. But neatness and population announce the neighbourhood of every common town. They are the usual accompaniments of capitals, and excite no interest. The solitude that encircles the fallen metropolis of the world, is singular and grand; it becomes its majesty; it awakens a sentiment of awe and melancholy, and perhaps after all, may be more consonant to the character of the city, and to the feelings of the traveller, than more lively and exhilarating scenery.*

Eustace.

The extract is long, but it was necessary to be made, as itself furnishing the best comment upon its critique, which by referring to the passage as using the words, or conveying the sense, of "*flat, bare, dreary waste*," completely mistakes, or misrepresents it. The fact is, that Mr. Eustace describes faithfully,—and displays every characteristic feature of the country with exactness and force, as will readily be acknowledged by travellers, and substantiated by comparing the various descriptions given by different tourists of this remarkable space of ground. As usual, Mr. Eustace has here much the advantage of his traducer in the eloquence of his language, and the touching nature of the sentiments which he connects with external objects. Those which he introduces are always in unison with the purest and most honourable feelings of the human heart.

The third objection advanced against Mr. Eustace, is to be found in a note on the three columns, considered as remains of the temple of Jupiter Tonans, which stand on the acclivity of the Capitoline hill.

The letters left on the frieze, *ESTITUER*, correspond with the Lateran inscription thought to belong to the Temple of Concord. Mr. Eustace, who never appears to have seen any thing as it is, tells us that *RESTITUTUM*, is read on the ruins, and accounts for it! He, "*modo suo*," saw no difficulties."

Illustrations.

* A more exact description, or one bearing evidence of more just and appropriate feeling, we cannot conceive. Mr. Hobhouse has himself no feeling: he has merely shrewdness; but this last quality should have hindered him from objecting to what is unobjectionable.—*Editor.*

Here again Mr. Eustace is mistaken or misrepresented. He makes no mention of any inscription on the three columns, but refers entirely to the eight columns known as the remains of the Temple of Concord. Describing the Capitol, he says,

The traveller as he descends, stops to contemplate the three Corinthian pillars, with their frieze and cornice that rise above the ruins, and preserve the memory of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, erected by Augustus as a monument of his preservation from a thunderbolt that fell near him. A little lower down on the right, stands the portico of the Temple of Concord, built by Camillus, consisting of eight granite pillars with capitals and entablature, of irregular Ionic. To account for this irregularity it is to be remembered that the edifices on the sides of the hill shared the fate of the Capitol, in the contest that took place between the parties of Vitellius and Vespasian, and were rebuilt shortly after by Titus and Domitian, and afterwards by Constantine. Hence the word *RESTITUTUM* in the inscription, and hence the want of regularity in some parts of such buildings as were monuments of republican Rome, and did not perhaps enjoy the favour of the emperors.

Eustace.

Upon referring to works which exhibit this façade, the inscription appears to be as follows, "*Senatus Populusque Romanus incendio consumptum restituit.*" It can hardly be pretended that the trivial error of quoting *Restitutum* for *Restituit* would justify Mr. Hobhouse's attack. His censure is grounded upon a perversion of the meaning of Mr. Eustace, that may almost be termed wilful, by applying the passage in the Classical Tour to the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, although it has no allusion to this building. Referring to the whole inscription on the Temple of Concord, we find it in perfect harmony with Tacitus, who narrates the destruction of this temple; and adds the fact of its having been rebuilt by Domitian.—Brotier reports the inscription verbatim, as it is expressed in the Classical Tour.

But among the passages which are particularly levelled at Mr. Eustace, none betrays such wilful hostility as one in the notes to Childe Harold, Canto 4, page 229, relating to Horace's Villa.

We shall not be so lucky (Mr. Hobhouse observes) as a late traveller, in finding the occasional pine still pendant in the poetic

Villa. There is not a pine in the whole valley, but there are two cypresses, which he evidently took or mistook for the tree in the Ode: the truth is, that the pine is now as it was in the days of Virgil, a garden tree, and it was not at all likely to be found in the craggy acclivities of the valley of Rustica.

It may be observed, that Chateauvieux, in describing the Campagna, names "a few pines here and there giving shelter by their spreading tops;" and, among other spots around Rome, that tufts of pines are spread on the Janiculan Hill: but whether Mr. Eustace has said pines for cypresses, or acacias for orange trees, is perfectly immaterial, as far as respects the utility and character of his writings. Happy the author whose pages present no graver faults to defend. In his description of the King's garden at Naples, which so offends Mr. Hobhouse's love of truth, by the mention of orange trees as flourishing there, it is possible that Mr. Eustace may have used a certain licence;—yet, as both lemon and orange trees are frequent on the hill above the buildings of the Chaija, which commands the gardens and the bay, the liberty is of a very trifling nature, and cannot be said to lead to deception.

One source of the acrimony evinced towards Mr. Eustace, we are bound to notice. He breathes throughout his pages the most decided enmity to the whole class of French advocates in politics, and in morals:—and when he wrote his work, the signs of the times caused men to do justice to his sentiments. But, by a change all but miraculous, the age and champion of tyranny have rolled away together, and now some who trembled with others at the former portentous omens, display their freedom in denying the atrocity of the demolished system. Nevertheless, truth in this respect will prevail; and posterity will allow that amidst the eventful revolutions which Rome has experienced, none of greater moment, or of more auspicious character, has ever occurred, than that which emancipated her from the sway of the self-constituted representative of her Cæsars and which, from the second or third city of a restless, inconstant, ill-founded empire, restored her to her undisputed pre-eminence as the capital of the Christian world. She is now again clad in those glori-

ous recollections, which the heart and the understanding equally recognise and feel; and the restoration of her matchless treasures of art is at once the triumph of taste, of sensibility, of justice, and of the Roman name.

It ought to be recollected that the work of Mr. Eustace was not framed for an Itinerary, but was intended to be a classic companion to the traveller of refined mind and good education, and an illustration of those immortal writers, whose fame sheds an additional splendour on the fields and the skies of Italy, and confers on her memorials an interest beyond the power of words to express. It is very probable, that many who hasten to these hallowed scenes, may have disappointment excited, and be stirred to complaint, by the aspect of the uncertain relics, and mis-shapen ruins on the Seven Hills. To their eyes, the Thermæ of Titus may be heaps of rubbish; and the Pantheon, a cylindrical bath: and when, to the disappointment of crude and ignorant anticipations, is added the disgust arising from the dirt and filth of an Italian city, and the wretched state of the interior supplies and accommodations of a Roman mansion; when these latter imperfections are contrasted, by impatient dispositions, with the comforts of daily life in the possession of which England is unrivalled,—and the almost total absence of that charm of delicacy which regulates English habits and society, is observed and felt, by the stranger,—it can scarcely be expected that the common order of travellers should feel gratification, far less, enthusiasm at the prospect around them. The fact is, that such persons ought to blame themselves, not Mr. Eustace: they have no business at Rome, and ought to have stopped at Paris. Those only, whose endowments, natural and acquired, lead them, on entering the eternal city, to regard her with veneration, as the link between ancient and modern times, as the gate of the world, whereunto flowed all nations; who can trace in her remains “the infant city of Romulus, up to the moment when as imperial Rome her eagles flew over the expanse of the known globe”—ought to visit this sacred place. Every remaining atom of her monuments is consecrated to such

persons. These monuments must be viewed, re-viewed, and dwelt upon. It is the study of these that has formed all that is great and immortal in the arts; which inspired the labours of Michael Angelo, and of Raphael; and even at this day, the waters of Rome, says the amiable Angelica Kauffman, “unfetter my genius, and inspire great thoughts.” It is when inspired by such enthusiasm, that we court intercourse and communion with a gifted mind, partaking of feelings congenial to our own; and then the polished traveller, who, with a similar relish, has dilated upon and described these consecrated scenes, is welcomed as a friend, and becomes a most useful auxiliary in the field of investigation.

It is only by much previous cultivation of the mind, that Rome or Italy can be seen with usefulness and advantage. To be admired, the objects must be felt throughout their history, and in their origin. Happy they who trace the mouldering records of the past, with souls undegraded by grovelling opinions:—to whom the energies of man, displayed in the ruins of his mightiest works, are proofs of the immortal tendencies of his spirit; more or less to be admired, as they are connected with the improvement and the happiness of his species.

In conclusion we feel ourselves authorized to affirm, that if Mr. Eustace has failed to conciliate the opinions, or satisfy the understanding, of Mr. Hobhouse; if he has sometimes disappointed the anticipations and hopes of the traveller, who runs to Italy, without preparation, or well-knowing what he is likely to find there;—if an early and lamented death has prevented our author from effecting those corrections, which further observation and acquired knowledge would have furnished; yet, still may his present labours be fearlessly trusted to time, and to the unerring award of that principle in the human breast, which sustains the virtuous and the good. If portable Itineraries, and lively travelling companions, be substituted for his volumes in the carriage of the rich or restless wanderer, he will still keep his place on the shelves, and in the esteem, of the scholar, the patriot, and the moralist.

CURIOUS HISTORY OF A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

To the Editor of the *London Magazine*.

SIR,—A few years back, Mrs. Charlotte Smith published some selections from the *Causes Celebres* of Guiot de Pitaval, to which she gave the very appropriate title of *The Romance of Real Life*. In the hope that you will find the following little narrative as interesting as the incident which caused its being drawn up is extraordinary, I transmit it to you, being of opinion with the above-named lady, that scarcely any circumstance portrayed by the most fertile imagination, may not find its parallel in the actual occurrences which diversify our existence.

[N. B. The following statement is given with very little variation from the language of the memorial addressed to His Royal Highness the Commander-in-chief.]

JAMES GOGGIN was born in the little town of Headfort, in the county of Galway, and kingdom of Ireland: he is now about fifty-six years old, of which he has been nearly thirty-three in his Majesty's service. Thirteen he has served as serjeant in the Fifth Dragoon Guards. On the 2d of March, 1810, he received his discharge, as "rheumatic and worn out," and the Irish Pension, (about forty-one pounds per annum, of the currency of that country,) was granted to him. For his character and conduct while a soldier, he has the testimonials of the late much lamented General William Ponsonby; at one period his lieutenant-colonel; Colonel William Jones, his major; he can refer also to the Hon. General Robert Taylor and General Brook; and generally to every officer with whom he has served.

During the course of the severe service seen by the abovenamed regiment on the continent, under the immediate command of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, Goggin received two gun-shot wounds, and one from a sabre, the effects of which he yet feels.

About the year 1786, while recruiting, Goggin intermarried with

a girl of respectable connexions and character, belonging to the town of Nenagh, in the county of Tipperary. By her he has had sixteen children.

In the year 1793, he left the Cove of Cork with his regiment, and accompanied by his wife, landed at Ostend, of which place General Stewart, of the 3d Foot, or Old Buffs, was then governor. To this officer Mrs. Goggin was recommended by Colonel (now General) Taylor, to act as cook and housekeeper, in which stations she remained to the period of the evacuation of Ostend by the English force. During this interval, she had frequently the honour to dress the dinner prepared for his Royal Highness the Duke of York, and to be more than once noticed by him. She was then pregnant of her fifth child, the particulars relating to which are hereafter to be mentioned.

On the 4th April, 1794, the wife of Goggin was delivered of a female infant, who was baptized the same day, by the name of Mary, agreeably to the rites of the catholic faith. Her mother's situation rendered it necessary that the infant should be placed out at nurse; and Joanna Maartins, an honest poor working woman of Ostend, took charge of her, at the rate of ten florins (or twenty franks) per month, Mary being then thirteen weeks old. The father and mother finding their child in perfectly good hands, and believing that the British army would speedily re-occupy Ostend, consented, at the evacuation of that place, chiefly in consequence of the earnest entreaty of the foster-mother, to leave her behind them.

The events of the following campaigns destroyed all hope, in Goggin and his wife, of soon rejoining or recovering their daughter. In the disasters of the times, they lost the whole of their savings in money, and all their baggage. Since then, eleven other children were born to this couple. Frequent change of quarters, heavy expences incident to such

change, the illness of the mother, and the father's decreasing strength and impaired health, made retirement indispensable to him, and he procured his discharge as above stated. From this period (1810) up to the present (1816), he has resided partly in the county of Galway, and partly in the county of Tipperary, at Nenagh, with his wife's relations, and where he still remains.

The occupation of Ostend by the enemy continuing up to 1814, he remained unable to procure any tidings of his daughter who was left in that town so long back as in 1794. When the successes of the Allies opened the way for correspondence with the continent, Goggin, by letters to such of the inhabitants as he remembered, to the mayor of the place, to the British commandant, in fine, by every means he could himself devise, or that others recommended, sought to obtain knowledge of his child's situation:—his endeavours were fruitless. The dangerous state of his wife's health, rendered it impossible for him to go over to Ostend immediately, a step which it was his earnest desire to take.

At length, some mitigation of his wife's complaints took place: the corroding reflections of this unhappy couple on the possible fate of their abandoned child, coupled with the fruitlessness of every other mode hitherto attempted to gain information of her, induced Goggin to make one last struggle, cost what it would, to relieve his mind and that of his afflicted wife. He accordingly, with the little means he could muster, left Nenagh the 2d of August, of the present year (1816), and after a long and painful journey by sea and land, arrived at Ostend on the 17th of the same month. It may here be incidentally mentioned, that of the sixteen children born to him in various parts of the Continent, England, and Ireland, only one boy, about twelve years old, and the chance of a daughter's existence at Ostend, remained to him. The death of this numerous offspring arose, as Goggin states, from the hardships of a military life, and the diseases prevailing in the various quarters during his thirty-three years' service.

Behold then this poor father, with

palpitating heart and trembling steps, approaching, after an interval of twenty-two years and some months, the residence of the nurse with whom he had deposited his infant. Although his conscience was clear as to the necessity which caused his separation from his child, still consequences the most alarming to a father's feelings as to its fate, were to be apprehended. That child was a female: to find her poor, brought up perhaps by public charity, coarse, ignorant, and uneducated, was the best he could expect: but the certainty of her early death would be happiness, compared with the circumstances in which she might be found, both as to morals, habits, and connections. With these feelings, aggravated to mental agony, he reaches the well-known habitation: he recognizes the woman with whom he had placed his child; but time and hardship had obliterated all trace of him in her recollection:—A few words of explanation, and she runs out and returns *with his daughter!* The delighted parent finds his child well formed, good looking, and even accomplished for her situation in life! Her extraordinary fate had interested the whole town for her; whilst her most exemplary demeanour, her industry, her purity of conduct, had confirmed the partiality of its inhabitants. She who considered herself alone in the world, is now in the arms of a father. She glories in a parent who has sought her out from a far country, with scarcely a chance of success in his research: finally, she feels an elevation in being raised from the condition of an abandoned orphan, to that of the idolized member of a respectable family.

The whole town of Ostend are quickly apprized of the winding-up of this romantic adventure. The companions and friends of Mary Goggin crowd around, and felicitate her—the old man is caressed on all hands, and both, for more than a week, are invited to entertainments at the houses of the most respectable inhabitants.—A word now of the worthy guardian of the orphan Mary. At the period of the birth of the latter, she was, as is already stated, “a poor working woman,” to whom the promised twenty francs a month, for the

nurture of the child, constituted almost the sole mean of existence.—When Goggin and his wife were forced to leave Ostend, she refused to accept a trunk, containing clothes and other valuables, as a pledge for their return, or, in the contrary event, to be taken in lieu of the monthly payment; at the same time she solemnly promised that she would be a mother to the baby entrusted to her care; and well did she perform her promise!—As soon as it was ascertained that the English would no more return to Ostend, she redoubled her tenderness to the infant, and was consequently forced to redouble her exertions for their mutual support. While at work herself, she has for years been obliged to diminish her scanty daily stipend, by paying a person to take care of the little Mary. A more severe trial, however, took place when her charge was two years old. Although of a remarkably plain exterior, she was sought in marriage by Thomas Vanloo, a carpenter of the town. Scandal became busy with her character;—her extraordinary partiality for her nurse child was misinterpreted, and the lover hesitated to fulfil his engagement with her, unless, as a proof that the current reports were ill-founded, she would abandon the infant to public charity. This proposition she steadily and peremptorily refused, although a compliance with it would have raised her at once to comparative ease and independence. For some time the marriage was broken off; but at length the lover gave way, and the condition of both nurse and child was instantly ameliorated. What was yet more providential, the husband became nearly as strongly attached to the little being as his wife, and almost equally prodigal of his cares in her regard. At eight years old she had the confluent small-pox, and medical treatment was procured her, at an immense expense for people in their condition.—After suffering blindness for a considerable time, the little girl was then restored to sight and health. As she grew up, finding her susceptible of a good education, this worthy couple sent her, for five years, to the best school in the town; for some months to a French academy, to acquire that indispensable language in

the then state of affairs; and, to consummate their goodness, and secure her independence in future, they bound her apprentice to a mantua-maker and milliner for five years. Be it remembered, also, that these extraordinary people had, during this time, two girls and two boys of their own, to whom they could not afford other than the most ordinary education! To form some idea of what sacrifices Vanloo and his wife have made in this matter, it will be necessary to read the paper annexed to this statement, of their disbursements for Mary up to the age of fifteen: from that period, it is their pride and boast to state, that she has abundantly maintained herself, and has no longer been a charge to them, but the contrary. Indeed, the whole town have come forward to attest, before the mayor, their view of the conduct of this estimable couple, and of their precious charge, in an instrument, on the proper stamp, and attested in all due form.

The father, Goggin, is now on the point of quitting Ostend; other cares and duties call him home. To quit his daughter is heart-breaking to him; but to quit her without being able to make Vanloo and his wife the repayment of his just debt, or even the slightest remuneration for their benevolent charity to his child, weighs his mind down almost to despair. He, in the recollection and contemplation of H. R. H. the Commander-in-Chief's parental conduct to the army, has some faint hope that H. R. H. may deign to take the case of his old soldier in consideration, and that, through his gracious intervention, some means might be found to remove the only impediment to his perfect happiness.

Ostend, August 31, 1816.

(COPIE.)

Compte de debourses et frais d'entretien, de nourriture, et d'éducation, faites par les soussignés, pour la nommée Marie Goggin, née à Ostende, et délaissée par ses parens a leurs soins en nourrice depuis le 30 Juin, 1794, d'après l'invitation et la convention verbale de sa Mere Judith Baron, épouse de James Goggin, serjeant 5th dragoon guards, alors comme cuisiniere au service du General Stuart, comme suit, savoir.

	Francs.
Pour quinze années de nourriture depuis le 30 Juin, 1794, au 30 Juin, 1809, à raison de 20 francs par mois	3,600
Pour 5 années d'éducation à l'école, à 18 francs par année	90
Pour 4 années de pension d'apprentissage de métier comme couturière et tailleur, à 36 francs par année	144
Pour sept mois d'apprentissage à la langue Française, à 3 francs par mois	21
Pour entretiens d'habillemens à son usage pendant quinze années, pris par modération	200
	<hr/> 4,055 <hr/>

Sans erreur et omission,

Ostende, 1 Septembre, 1816.

La X marque de

Jeanne Maartins, épouse de
Thomas Vanloo.

Moi présent

(Signé) JNO. MACLEOD.

The reader will, we doubt not, be sorry to learn, that none of the funds devoted to military benevolence and charity in this country, were found applicable to the purpose of giving relief to poor old Goggin, and he was obliged to return home disconsolate, and almost broken-hearted. Mary Goggin remains at Ostend, where she is still highly respected by the inhabitants.

In publishing this simple tale, Mr. Editor, I am animated (over and above the idea that it may interest the readers of your miscellany), by the wish to do justice to the generous hospitality of the Flemish people, and the hope that some effort may yet be made, by benefactions or otherwise, to restore this poor girl to her aged and afflicted parents.—I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant

And well-wisher,

VETERANUS.

ON THE NILE AND THE NIGER.

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

SIR,—In the 25th Number of the Quarterly Review, (article, Park's Travels) the hypothesis there laid down as almost indisputable, is the noncontiguity of the two Niles of Africa, or, (according to the European phraseology of the day) of the Niger and the Nile.

This hypothesis, founded on the theory of Major Rennel, carries with it no evidence whatever, but the speculative geography of that learned geologist. The identity or connection of the two Niles, and the consequent water communication between* Cairo and Timbuctoo, receive (supposing the Quarterly Review to be correct) additional confirmation, as our intelligence respecting Africa increases; and even the Quarterly Reviewer, who denominated the opinion recorded by me, the gossiping stories of Negroes, (vide Quarterly Review, No. 25, p. 140.) now favours this opinion.

The Quarterly Reviewer appreciates Buckhardt's information on this subject, and depreciates mine, although both are derived from the same sources of intelligence, and confirm

one another; the Reviewer says, "Mr. Buckhardt has revived a question of older date, viz. that the Niger of Sudan and the Nile of Egypt, are one and the same river: this general testimony to a physical fact can be shaken, only, by direct proof to the contrary."

This is all very well, I do not object to the Quarterly Reviewer giving up an opinion which he finds no longer tenable, but when I see in the same Review (No. 44, p. 481) the following words "we give no credit whatever to the report received by Mr. Jackson of a person (several Negroes it should be) having performed a voyage by water from Timbuctoo to Cairo,"—I cannot but observe with astonishment, that the Reviewer believes Buckhardt's report, that they are the same river, when at the same time, he does not believe mine.

Is there not an inconsistency here, somewhat incompatible with the impartiality which ought to regulate the works of criticism?—I will not for a moment suppose it to have proceeded from a spirit of animosity, which I feel myself unconscious of deserving. But

* Vide, Jackson's Account of Morocco, &c. chap. 13.

the Reviewer further says, the objection to the indentivity of the Niger and the Nile, is grounded on the incongruity of their periodical inundations, or on the rise and fall of the former river not corresponding with that of the latter. I do not comprehend whence the Quarterly Reviewer has derived this information; I have always understood the direct contrary, which I have declared in the last editions of my account of Marocco, page 304, which has been confirmed by a most intelligent African traveller Aly Bey (for which, see his travels, page 220.)

I may be allowed to observe, that although the Quarterly Reviewer has changed his opinion on this matter, I have invariably maintained mine, founded as it is on the concurrent testimony of the best informed and most intelligent native African travellers, and I still assert, on the same foundation, *the identity of the two Niles and their contiguity of waters.*

I have further to remark what will most probably, ere long, prove correct viz. that the * *Bahar Abiad*, that is to say, the river that passes through the country of Negroes, between Senaar and Douga, is an erroneous appellation, originating in the general ignorance among European travellers of the African Arabic, and that the proper name of this river is

Bahar Abeed, which is another term for the river called the Nile el Abeed, which passes south of Timbuctoo towards the east, (called by Europeans the Niger.)

It therefore appears to me, and I really think it must appear to every unbiased investigator of African geography, that every iota of African discovery, made successively by† Hornemann, Buckhardt, and others, tends to confirm *my water communication between Timbuctoo and Cairo*; and the theorists and speculators in African geography, who have heaped hypothesis upon hypothesis, error upon error, who have raised splendid fabrics upon pillars of ice, will ere long close their book, and be compelled by the force of truth and experience, to admit the fact stated about twelve years ago by me in my Account of Marocco, &c. viz. *that the Nile of Sudan and the Nile of Egypt are identified by a continuity of waters, and that a water communication is provided by these two great rivers from Timbuctoo to Cairo*; and moreover, that the general African Opinion, *that the Nile el Abeed (Niger) discharges itself in the salt sea.* (El Balsar Mâleh), *signifies neither more nor less than that it discharges itself at the Delta in Egypt into the Mediterranean sea.*

JAMES GREY JACKSON.
London, April 7, 1820.

MIDNIGHT HOURS.

No. III.

SONNET.

Oh! do not tell me of thy love just now,
Whilst my chill'd heart is brooding o'er its grief;
But if thou fain would'st give that heart relief,
Come talk to me of woe, and teach me how
To weep: and when the glistening sign appears
Within thine eyes, at thought of all my pain,
Oh! paint it pityingly to me again,
Until I learn the luxury of tears.
Then give me time to weep, and when my breast
Shall be relieved of its oppressive weight;
Should'st thou then whisper me of thy lorn state,
And claim the sympathy thou didst bestow,
My soften'd heart, surprized—because at rest—
For thee with more than pity may o'erflow.

* *Bahar Abiad*, signifies White River, *Bahar Abeed*, signifies River of Negroes.

† Vide my letter in Monthly Magazine on this subject for March 1817, p. 124.

THE NEW SCHOOLS.

Among the schools of poetry and prose
That, every now and then, are rising round us—
There's one, that every day more common grows,
Whose only aim's to queer and to confound us:
Some how or other every body knows
Its fellows—though to be unknown's their pride—
I mean to be *unnamed*;—they but affect to hide.

In *poetry*, Tom Brown and Harold lead;
In *prose*, old Jedediah and a *squad*
Of Northern worthies, who their readers feed
By quizzing them:—Now really, if I had
One half the talent that these scribblings need,
I would not thus unseemly throw't away
On Fudge or Fornication; no, nor coarse horse-play.

There's a new school of *criticism*, too,
(For critics follow wits, as crows an army:—
Peck at the dead and dying's all they do,
For if alive and well, they cannot harm ye—)
'Tis not your work they criticise, but you.
By politics alone, they try and tear ye,
And as you love or hate Lord Castlereagh, so fare ye!

Then there's a school *theatrical*—as new
As excellent: a player of former days
Looked through the author, and applauses drew
For just conception of each thought and phrase,—
But now the author looks the player through,
And as the player's thoughts he hits or misses,
His play and he are hail'd with plaudits or with hisses.

There's a new school too 'mong the *player tribe*;—
They were a deal more stationary last cen'try,
And would not, for a Managerial bribe,
Stroll like the mountebank and conj'ring gentry;
Now they an annual tour, forsooth, describe;
While, in their places, all the season round,
At the large theatres, the mountebanks are found.

New schools of puffs and play-bills don't surprise,
For novelty's the staple of the trade;
And those who daily deal wholesale in lies,
Know that a stale lie's worse than a stale maid;
The present school, however, higher flies,
Thinking the old one did not lie enough,
They add a crowning bouncer—that they do *not* puff!

Next the new school of *Mag'zines*;—'tis a rum one!
Those "sort of things" were formerly confined
To essays and discussions, wrote by some one
T'improve, amend, or recreate the mind;
Now, bating here and there an old hum-drum one,
They tip ye off, besides the learned lumber,
Slang, scandal, gospel, quiz, and party squibs per number.

Lastly, how like ye the new school of *rhyming*?
To me, you'll say, 'tis signally convenient—
Mere prose, at each ten syllables a chiming;
For poetry, I own, there is not any in't;
Yet poets use 't,—and, in Gertrude of Wy'ming
(A poem of the very finest water)
You'll find, I think, some samples with that heav'nly daughter.

SONNETS.

1.

TO _____.

SURELY thy face was given me for a dower !
 That clear and lofty brow is as a throne
 Where soveran beauty sits,—silent, alone,
 And humble, mid the light of all its power.—
 It is a book in which, hour after hour,
 I study thy pure thoughts, until mine own
 Seem purified, and lifted to a tone
 Of not unfitting music.—What a shower
 Of living light—sparkling and pure and wild—
 Springs from thine eyes when joy is smiling there !
 It sets my spirits dancing ! yet how mild !
 Not milder are the patient-hearted dove's—
 When silent sorrow fills them !—Memory loves
 To tell me of the smiles less than the tear.

P.

2.

IMITATED FROM THE 7th OF PETRARCH.

Heart-withering lust, and sloth, and beds of down,
 Have banish'd every virtue from the Earth;
 Hence our high Nature, her immortal birth
 Forgetting, is by custom trodden down,
 As by a conqueror's footsteps—hence the crown
 Of radiant light, which told her primal worth,
 Is blurr'd and broken. Wonder and base mirth
 Wait on the Muses ; or a bad world's frown.

“ Who loves the Laurel and the Myrtle now ?
 Contempt and nakedness are all the train
 Of poor Philosophy ! ”—These are the cries
 Of senseless crowds, intent on their vile gain.
 But not the less, clear spirit ! lift thy brow,
 And to the end pursue thy high emprise.

P.

THE COLLECTOR.

I will make a prief of it in my note-book.

Merry Wives of Windsor.

No. IV.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE OF A SCOTCH BURGH.

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

SIR,—As *Elections* have of late been the paramount objects of interest in the public mind, perhaps you may think it a suitable moment to give the following historical anecdote, regarding a Scotch burgh, which, in former days, gained and lost its right of returning two members to the Caledonian Parliament, from the following circumstances.

When Macduff, the Thane of Fife, fled from the court of the tyrannical usurper Macbeth, he concealed himself for sometime in a “ sea-beaten cave,” which extends, for a considerable length, beneath some very singularly formed rocks, on the northern shore of the Frith of Forth, about six miles from Anstruther, the scene of Tennant's Poem of Anster Fair. This

cave is very difficult of access. It is impossible to enter it on the land side, except by clambering over frightful precipices; where, should a false step be made by the lover of the picturesque,—he would doubtless be dashed to pieces upon the sharp pointed masses below, which are here to be seen in almost every shape the imagination can conceive. Besides, there seems to be at least a possibility of being overwhelmed by the falling of huge fragments of basaltic columns, whose disjointed pieces frequently roll down with a tremendous, earth-shaking sound, and plunge into the deep transparent lakes at the bottom of the tremendous cliffs that raise their giant-heads to the height of about five hundred feet above the level of the sea. The whole appearance of these romantic rocks may be said to be truly grand and sublime. In some places, they assume forms like those of the ruins of an ancient Grecian temple; in others, they are at once frowning and light, like a richly ornamented gothic cathedral. Among what may be truly termed curiosities, are several natural bridges, under which the waves of the Frith dash with an awful and ear-stunning noise, resembling the crash of thunder, or the discharge of artillery; and sometimes the compressed waters spout into the air through narrow openings, like the boiling springs of Iceland.

A fugitive, indeed, could scarcely choose a better situation for concealment. Few or none would suspect that even the desperation of a hunted man would give resolution enough to become a dweller in so horrible a cavern as that wherein the Thane of Fife was actually hidden, and which is now called, in memory of that event, "Macduff's Cave." Here he was supplied with provisions, which were lowered down to him with a rope from the cliffs above, by some humane and faithful fishermen, who lived in a small village, about half a mile distant from the dreary abode of the proscrip, and who afterwards contrived to convey him undiscovered to the opposite shore, from whence he fled into England, and joined Malcom,

the son of Duncan, the sovereign who had been murdered by the ambitious Macbeth. From that circumstance, the town has ever since borne the name of "Earl's Ferry." Shortly after, the usurper was killed in battle by Macduff, at Dunsinnan, and Malcom, the rightful heir, was restored to the Scottish throne. The new king, in consideration of the loyalty of the "guid toon of Earl's Ferry," granted its inhabitants the privilege of returning two members to the Scottish parliament. This franchise they enjoyed for a considerable time; but as the honest electors in days of yore, instead of *being paid* for their "voices," were obliged to pay their representatives,* the poor, but upright freeholders of Earl's Ferry, found it would be for their interest to have the burden of their franchise taken off their shoulders altogether: in fact, they were of opinion, that giving the enormous sum of *two shillings and eight-pence* a day, for the honour of having the Ferry ranked among the Royal Burghs of Scotland, was paying too dear for their whistle. They, therefore, presented a petition to the Scottish monarch, humbly praying, that he would be *graciously pleased to disfranchise their Burgh*, and annul the very expensive privilege that had been conferred upon it, as a reward for the loyalty of their ancestors. As a *flattering mark of their sovereign's favour*, their request was complied with; and Earl's Ferry is now nothing more than a mere fishing village, with four magistrates to manage its *important concerns*. These "*douse*" gentlemen, however, imagine themselves to be very "sponsible" office-holders; although they own they would consider their public situations still more respectable were their "*auld toon*" possessed of the rights which it received in the days of *langsyne*,—and which their "*Forbears*," so very foolishly flung away. The truth is, it never once entered the noddles of our ancestors, that, in the nineteenth century, votes for members of parliament would bring the *baubees* into the *pouches* of *Scotch Baillies*.

T. R.

* Each member was then paid one shilling and four-pence *per diem*, as a remuneration for his attendance and trouble, during the sitting of Parliament.

GENERAL REPORTER.

CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

I. *The Cenci, a Tragedy, in five Acts, by Percy B. Shelley.* 8vo. Italy. Printed for C. and J. Ollier, (London, 1819.)

A miscellaneous writer of the present time urges it, as an objection against some of the second-rate dramatists of the Elizabethan age, that "they seemed to regard the decomposition of the common affections, and the dissolution of the strict bonds of society, as an agreeable study and a careless pastime." On the other hand, he observes, "the tone of Shakspeare's writings is manly and bracing; while theirs is at once insipid and meretricious in the comparison. Shakspeare never disturbs the grounds of moral principle; but leaves his characters (after doing them heaped justice on all sides) to be judged of by our common sense and natural feeling. Beaumont and Fletcher constantly bring in equivocal sentiments and characters, as if to set them up to be debated by sophistical casuistry, or varnished over with the colours of poetical ingenuity. Or, Shakspeare may be said to 'cast the diseases of the mind, only to restore it to a sound and pristine health;' the dramatic paradoxes of Beaumont and Fletcher are, to all appearance, *tinctured with an infusion of personal vanity and laxity of principle.*"

We have put in *Italics* the words at the conclusion of the above paragraph, which appear to us most completely to indicate the constitutional cause of that unhappy and offensive taste in literary composition, censured by the above author in writers that might be deemed innocent of it, were we to judge of them only by a comparison with some recent and present examples. *Personal vanity*, rather than vicious propensity, is the secret source of that morbid irritation, which vents itself in fretfulness against "the strict bonds of society;" which seeks gratification in conjuring up, or presenting, the image or idea of something abhorrent to feelings of

the general standard;—which causes the patient to regard with a jaundiced eye the genuine workings of nature in vice as well as in virtue;—which gives to desire the character of rank disease; and so depraves the fancy as to lead it to take mere nuisances for crimes, and hideous or indecent chimeras for striking objects and incidents. Whatever can in any way be converted into a mirror, to reflect back *self* on the consciousness of him who is thus infatuated, is preferable, in his estimation, to what would turn his admiration to something nobler and better, open fields of speculation that have far wider bounds than his own habits, and a range from which his self-love is excluded. Hence his itch to finger forbidden things; he has these entirely to himself; the disgust of mankind secures him from rivalry or competition. The very fact of a feeling's having been respected, or that a sentiment has prevailed, for ages of the world, rouses his anger against it; and, while he cants down all approved practical wisdom, with the offensive pretention of philosophy, he would fain make even nature herself truckle to his egotism, by reversing her instincts in the human breast in favour of the triumph of his own absurd systems, or perhaps to mitigate the pain of a certain secret tormenting consciousness. One of this stamp will propose lending his wife to his friend, and expect praises for an enlarged and liberal style of thinking, when he is only insulting decency, and outraging manly feeling, under the influence of a weak intellect, slight affections, and probably corrupted appetite. Such persons must evidently be deemed notorious offenders, if they are not recognised for reformers and regenerators: they can only preserve themselves from disgrace, by throwing it on the surest and most sacred of those principles which have hitherto preserved the social union from total dishonour, and on which must be founded that improvement of our social institutions

which, in the present day, is so generally desired and expected.

Yet, though thus peculiar in their tastes, these vain sophists are very profuse of compliments, in conversation or in writing, as their opportunities may be. Their friends and associates are all *innocent, and brave, and pure*; and this is saying no little for themselves. We happen at this moment to have on our table *Lilie's Euphues*, which the Monastery has now rendered known by name to many thousands who before never suspected its existence:—it was put there for another purpose, but it will also help to serve our present one. The quaint author excellently describes the trick above-mentioned. "One flattereth another by his own folly, and *layeth cushions under the elbow of his fellow when he seeth him take a nap with fancie; and as their wit wresteth them to vice, so it forgeth them some feate excuse to cloake their vanity.*" By the same rule, an opponent is ever a rascal, and the most extravagant and absurd assumptions are made with equal readiness, whether the object be to cast a lustre on their intimacies, or lay a flattering unction to a wound inflicted by some justly severe hand. All that is foreign, or adverse to themselves, in short, is base, weak, selfish or mischievous: this is the principle on which are founded their *patient and irreconcilable enmities*; and, on the other hand, the happiness of their *fortunate friendships* is exactly proportionate to the subserviency of these friendships to their habits of indolent self-indulgence, and the intolerance of their roused self-conceit. Whatever would annoy their consciousness must, without fail, be proscribed by their *dear friends* as a prejudice or a piece of hypocrisy; and on these conditions Charles, and James, and John, receive each a sonnet a piece, garnished perhaps with a garland. These amiable goings-on, however, form a curious and far from dignified spectacle in the eyes of the public; and most judicious persons are inclined to think, that such fulsome display of parlour-fooleries is as inconsistent with staunchness of sentiment, as it is offensive to good taste. The firm base of independence, and the strong cement of a manly disposition, are wanting to these constructions for

the shelter of inferior talent and the pampering of roughly-treated pretention: they are, therefore, as frail in their substance, as fantastic and ridiculous in their appearance. Disgust is, in a little time, the natural consequence of such an intercourse as we have been describing, where there exist either intellect or feeling enough to be so affected; and infidelity as naturally occurs pretty frequently amongst the inferior retainers, who, having been only received because of the tribute they brought, are free, as with some reason they seem to think, to carry it when they please elsewhere.

These remarks are (not altogether) but principally, suggested, by the Preface, Poems, and Dedication, contained in the volume under our review:—yet it is no more than fair towards Mr. Shelley to state, that the style of his writings betrays but little affectation, and that their matter evinces much real power of intellect, great vivacity of fancy, and a quick, deep, serious feeling, responding readily, and harmoniously, to every call made on the sensibility by the imagery and incidents of this variegated world. So far Mr. Shelley has considerable advantages over some of those with whom he shares many grave faults. In the extraordinary work now under notice, he, in particular, preserves throughout a vigorous, clear, manly turn of expression, of which he makes excellent use to give force, and even sublimity, to the flashes of passion and of phrenzy,—and wildness and horror to the darkness of cruelty and guilt. His language, as he travels through the most exaggerated incidents, retains its correctness and simplicity;—and the most beautiful images, the most delicate and finished ornaments of sentiment and description, the most touching tenderness, graceful sorrow, and solemn appalling misery, constitute the very genius of poesy, present and powerful in these pages, but, strange and lamentable to say, closely connected with the signs of a depraved, nay mawkish, or rather emasculated moral taste, craving after trash, filth, and poison, and sickening at wholesome nutriment. There can be but little doubt that *vanity* is at the bottom of this, and that weakness of character (which is a diffe-

rent thing from what is called weakness of *talent*) is also concerned. Mr. Shelley likes to carry about with him the consciousness of his own peculiarities; and a tinge of disease, probably existing in a certain part of his constitution, gives to these peculiarities a very offensive cast. This unlucky tendency of his, is at once his pride and his shame: he is tormented by more than suspicions that the general sentiment of society is against him—and, at the same time, he is induced by irritation to keep harping on sore subjects. Hence his stories, which he selects or contrives under a systematic predisposition as it were,—are usually marked by some anti-social, unnatural, and offensive feature:—whatever “is not to be named amongst men,” Mr. Shelley seems to think has a peculiar claim to celebration in poetry;—and he turns from war, rapine, murder, seduction, and infidelity,—the vices and calamities with the description of which our common nature and common experience permit the generality of persons to sympathise,—to cull some morbid or maniac sin of rare and doubtful occurrence, and sometimes to found a *system* of practical purity and peace on violations which it is disgraceful even to contemplate.

His present work (the Cenci) we think a case in point. We shall furnish the reader with the story on which this Drama is founded, as it is given by Mr. Shelley in his preface:—

A manuscript was communicated to me during my travels in Italy, which was copied from the archives of the Cenci Palace at Rome, and contains a detailed account of the horrors which ended in the extinction of one of the noblest and richest families of that city during the Pontificate of Clement VII. in the year 1599. The story is, that an old man having spent his life in debauchery and wickedness, conceived at length an implacable hatred towards his children; which showed itself towards one daughter under the form of an incestuous passion, aggravated by every circumstance of cruelty and violence. This daughter, after long and vain attempts to escape from what she considered a perpetual contamination both of body and mind, at length plotted with her mother-in-law and brother to murder their common tyrant. The young maiden who was urged to this tremendous deed by an impulse which overpowered its horror, was evidently a most gentle and amiable being, a creature formed

to adorn and be admired, and thus violently thwarted from her nature by the necessity of circumstance and opinion. The deed was quickly discovered, and, in spite of the most earnest prayers made to the Pope by the highest persons in Rome, the criminals were put to death. The old man had during his life repeatedly bought his pardon from the Pope for capital crimes of the most enormous and unspeakable kind, at the price of a hundred thousand crowns; the death therefore of his victims can scarcely be accounted for by the love of justice. The Pope, among other motives for severity, probably felt that whoever killed the Count Cenci deprived his treasury of a certain and copious source of revenue. The Papal Government formerly took the most extraordinary precautions against the publicity of facts which offer so tragical a demonstration of its own wickedness and weakness; so that the communication of the MS. had become, until very lately, a matter of some difficulty. Such a story, if told so as to present to the reader all the feelings of those who once acted it, their hopes and fears, their confidences and misgivings, their various interests, passions and opinions acting upon and with each other, yet all conspiring to one tremendous end, would be as a light to make apparent some of the most dark and secret caverns of the human heart.

On my arrival at Rome I found that the story of the Cenci was a subject not to be mentioned in Italian society without awakening a deep and breathless interest; and that the feelings of the company never failed to incline to a romantic pity for the wrongs, and a passionate exculpation of the horrible deed to which they urged her, who has been mingled two centuries with the common dust. All ranks of people knew the outlines of this history, and participated in the overwhelming interest which it seems to have the magic of exciting in the human heart. I had a copy of Guido's picture of Beatrice which is preserved in the Colonna Palace, and my servant instantly recognized it as the portrait of *La Cenci*.

This national and universal interest which the story produces and has produced for two centuries, and among all ranks of people in a great city, where the imagination is kept for ever active and awake, first suggested to me the conception of its fitness for a dramatic purpose. In fact it is a tragedy which has already received, from its capacity of awakening and sustaining the sympathy of men, approbation and success. Nothing remained as I imagined, but to clothe it to the apprehensions of my countrymen in such language and action as would bring it home to their hearts. The deepest and the sublimest tragic compositions, King Lear and the two plays in which the tale of *Ædipus* is told, were stories which already existed in tradition, as matters of

popular belief and interest, before Shakspeare and Sophocles made them familiar to the sympathy of all succeeding generations of mankind.

In this extract we have considerable incoherency, and more improbability, to begin with. What are we to understand by an old man conceiving "an implacable *hatred* against his children, which showed itself towards one daughter under the form of an incestuous *passion*?" A passion resulting from hatred, as well as a hatred showing itself in a passion, must be considered quite new at least. Luckily the language of common-sense is not applicable to these monstrous infamies: they are not reduceable even to the forms of rational communication: they are so essentially absurd that their very description slides necessarily into nonsense; and a person of talent who has taken to this sort of *fancy*, is sure to stultify himself in committing the atrocious act of insulting the soul of man which is the image of his maker. If it be really true that an individual once existed who hated his children, and under the impulse of hatred, committed an outrage on his daughter, that individual was *mad*; and will any who are not the same, or worse, pretend that the horrors of madness, the revolting acts of a creature stripped of its being's best part, can properly furnish the principal interest of a dramatic composition, claiming the sympathy of mankind as a representation of human nature? The author informs us, with reference to his present work, that "the person who would treat such a subject must INCREASE the ideal, and DIMINISH the actual horror of the events, so that the *pleasure which arises from the poetry that exists in these tempestuous sufferings and crimes*, may mitigate the pain of the contemplation of the moral deformity from which they spring." Now the necessity which Mr. Shelley here admits, finally condemns his attempt; for it is a hopeless one. It is quite impossible to increase the ideal, or to diminish the actual horror of *such* events: they are therefore altogether out of the Muse's province. The Ancients were free to select them, because the superior presence and awful hand of *Destiny*, were visible, all the way through, to the minds at least of

the spectators. These could see also, by the help of the Poet's allusions, all Olympus looking on at the terrible but unequal struggle. Man, in their compositions, was not the agent but the sufferer: and the excellence of his endowments, and the noble nature of his faculties, only served to give dignity to the scene on which he was played with by Powers whose decrees and purposes were not liable to be affected by his qualities or his will. The woes of the house of Tantalus, are the acts of Destiny, not the offspring of human character or conduct:—individual character, in fact, has no concern with them,—and no moral lesson is in any way involved in them, except that of reverencing the gods, and submitting implicitly to the manifestations of their sovereign pleasure. No other question, either practical or philosophical, was mooted: the order and institutions of society were not affected by the representation; it only showed that the thunder of heaven might fall on the fairest edifices of human virtue and fortune. The luckless victim of the wrath of Jove might be lashed to the commission of heart-freezing enormities, without human nature appearing degraded; for it was seen that he was under a direct possession, too powerful for his nature, driving him down a steep place into the abyss of ruin. The only reasonable deduction from this was, that the anger of Jove was to be averted, if possible, by duly respecting the ministers of religion, carefully observing the rites of worship, and keeping the mind in a humble confiding temper towards the will and interference of heaven. This, at least, is clear,—that no indulgence towards the practice of such denaturalizing depravities, could harbour even in the most secret mental recesses of those who were in the habit of seeing their occurrence represented as the immediate work of howling Furies. It was these latter that scourged the doomed person to the commission of such acts, in despite of himself,—in despite of the shriekings of his soul, and the revoltings of poor human nature!—The hissing of preternatural serpents accompanied the perpetration of unnatural acts, and thus the human heart was saved from corrupting degradation, and human

feeling preserved from being contaminated by a familiarity with evil things.

Mr. Shelley, as author, acts on the principle most immediately opposed to this: his object, he says, is "*the teaching the human heart the knowledge of itself*, in proportion to the possession of which knowledge every human being is wise, just, sincere, *tolerant*, and kind." p. ix. He therefore considers that his work, *The Cenci*, is "subservient to a moral purpose." We think he is mistaken in every respect. His work does not teach the human heart, but insults it:—a father who invites guests to a splendid feast, and then informs them of the events they are called together to celebrate, in such lines as the following, has neither heart nor brains, neither human reason nor human affections, nor human passions of any kind:—nothing, in short, of human about him but the external form, which, however, in such a state of demoniac frenzy, must flash the wild beast from its eyes rather than the man.

Oh, thou bright wine whose purple splendour leaps

And bubbles gaily in this golden bowl
Under the lamp light, as my spirits do,
To hear the death of my accursed sons!

Could I believe thou wert their mingled blood,

Then would I taste thee like a sacrament,
And pledge with thee the mighty Devil in Hell,

Who, if a father's curses, as men say,
Climb with swift wings after their children's souls,

And drag them from the very throne of Heaven,

Now triumphs in my triumph!—But thou art

Superfluous; I have drunken deep of joy
And I will taste no other wine to night.
Here, Andrea! Bear the bowl around.

In this way Mr. Shelley proposes to *teach* the human heart, and thus to effect "*the highest moral purpose!*" His precepts are conveyed in the cries of Bedlam; and the outrage of a wretched old maniac, long passed the years of appetite, perpetrated on the person of his miserable child, under motives that are inconsistent with reason, and circumstances impossible in fact, is presented to us as a mirror in which we may contemplate a portion, at least, of our common nature! How far this disposition to rake in the

lazar-house of humanity for examples of human life and action, is consistent with a spirit of *tolerance* for the real faults and infirmities of human nature, on which Mr. Shelly lays so much stress, we may discover in one of his own absurd allusions. The murder of the Count Cenci he suggests, in the first quotation we have given from his preface, was punished by the Pope, *chiefly* because the numerous assassinations committed by this insane man were a copious source of the papal revenue, which his death dried-up for ever. The atrocity involved in this supposition, is, we hesitate not to say, extravagant and ridiculous. That a Pope of these times might be inclined to make money of a committed murder, is not only likely, but consistent with history: but at what epoch, under what possible combination of the circumstances of government and society, could it be a rational speculation in the breast of a ruler to preserve a particular nobleman with peculiar care, that his daily murders, committed in the face of the public, he himself, in the mean time, walking about a crowded city, might continue to be a source of personal profit to the sovereign! Nor would the paltriness of such a calculation, contrasted with its excessive guilt, permit it to be seriously made in any breast that can justly be adduced as an example of the heart of man. It would be intolerable to the consciousness of any one invested with the symbols of dignity and the means of absolute authority. It would be for such an one to commit murders himself, not to wait in sordid expectation of the bribery to follow their commission by others. It requires the "*enlarged liberality*" of Mr. Shelley and his friends, to fashion these chimeras of infamy, and then display them as specimens of Princes, Priests, and Ministers. The truth is, that we see few or no signs of their *toleration*, but in regard to cases of incest, adultery, idleness, and improvidence:—towards a class of abuses and enormities, falling too surely within the range of human nature and human history, but from which they are far removed by the circumstances of their conditions in life, and equally so, perhaps, by the qualities of their per-

sonal characters, they have neither tolerance nor common sense. Their sympathies then lead them to degrade and misrepresent humanity in two ways: by extenuating the commission of unnatural vices, and aggravating the guilt of natural ones:—and as it forms one of their principal objects to dissipate all the “dogmas” of religion, it is further to be observed, that they thus leave the nature of man bare and defenceless, without refuge or subterfuge—let them call it which they please. They render miserable man accountable for all his acts; his soul is the single source of all that occurs to him; he is forbidden to derive hope either from his own weakness or the strength of a great disposing authority, presiding over the world, and guiding it on principles that have relation to the universe. This is a very different basis from that of the Ancient Drama:—in it, the blackness and the storms suspended over the head of man, and which often discharged destruction on his fairest possessions, *hung from Heaven*, and above them there was light, and peace, and intelligence.

The radical foulness of moral complexion, characterizing such compositions as this one now before us, we shall never let escape unnoticed or unexposed, when examples of it offer themselves. It is at once disgusting and dangerous; our duty, therefore, is here in unison with our taste. In *The Cenci*, however, the fault in question is almost redeemed, so far as literary merit is concerned, by uncommon force of poetical sentiment, and very considerable purity of poetical style. There are gross exceptions to the latter quality, and we have quoted one; but the praise we have given will apply generally to the work. The story on which it is founded has already been explained. We shall proceed to give, by some extracts from the Drama itself, an idea of its execution.

The accounts which the hoary Cenci gives of himself—his character, feelings, &c.—are generally overstrained and repulsive; but in the following lines, put into the mouth of one who remonstrates with him, we have a fearful and masterly portrait.

Camillo. Oh, Count Cenci!
So much that thou might'st honourably live
VOL. I.

And reconcile thyself with thine own heart
And with thy God, and with the offended
world.

How hideously look deeds of lust and blood
Through those snow-white and venerable
hairs!—

Your children should be sitting round you
now,

But that you fear to read upon their looks
The shame and misery you have written
there.

Where is your wife? Where is your gentle
daughter?

Methinks her sweet looks, which make all
things else

Beauteous and glad, might kill the fiend
within you.

Why is she barred from all society
But her own strange and uncomplaining
wrongs?

Talk with me, Count,—you know I mean
you well.

I stood beside your dark and fiery youth
Watching its bold and bad career, as men
Watch meteors—but it vanished not.—I
marked

Your desperate and remorseless manhood:
—now

Do I behold you in dishonoured age,
Charged with a thousand unrepented crimes;
Yet I have ever hoped you would amend,
And in that hope have saved your life
three times.

What follows by Cenci himself is
not so good.

I love

The sight of agony, and the sense of joy,
When that shall be another's, and this
mine.

And I have no remorse and little fear,
Which are, I think, the checks of other
men.

This mood has grown upon me, until now
Any design my captious fancy makes
The picture of its wish (and it forms none
But such as men like you would start to
know)

Is as my natural food and rest debarred
Until it be accomplished.

Beatrice, the unhappy daughter of this man, is, almost through the whole of the piece, sustained in beauty, delicacy, and refinement, unsullied by incidents of the most odious and contaminating kind. She is introduced in a lame, ill-executed scene, so far as Orsino, a treacherous priest, and her lover, is concerned; but at the conclusion of it we find ourselves powerfully interested by the intimation she gives of what is about to take place in her father's house:

This night my father gives a sumptuous
feast,

Orsino; he has heard some happy news

From Salamanca, from my brothers there,
And with this outward shew of love he
mocks

His inward hate. 'Tis bold hypocrisy;
For he would gladlier celebrate their deaths,
Which I have heard him pray for on his
knees:

Great God! that such a father should be
mine!

But there is mighty preparation made,
And all our kin, the Cenci, will be there,
And all the chief nobility of Rome.
And he has bidden me and my pale mother
Attire ourselves in festival array.

Poor lady! She expects some happy change
In his dark spirit from this act; I none.
At supper I will give you the petition:
Till when—farewell.

The banquet scene itself, though
stained by the maniac extravagance
of Cenci, is yet drawn by the hand of
a first-rate master. Lucretia, the
miserable wife, flatters herself that
these signs of festivity and good hu-
mour bode well: the superior intel-
lect of her daughter enables her to
divine the truth:

Beatr. Ah! My blood runs cold.
*I fear that wicked laughter round his eye
Which wrinkles up the skin, even to the
hair.*

Cenci avows the cause of his joy
in the hearing of his astounded
guests, and agonized family:

Here are the letters brought from Sala-
manca;

Beatrice, read them to your mother. God!
I thank thee! In one night didst thou per-
form,

By ways inscrutable, the thing I sought.
My disobedient and rebellious sons
Are dead!—Why dead!—What means
this change of cheer?

You hear me not. I tell you they are dead;
And they will need no food or raiment
more:

The tapers that did light them the dark
way

Are their last cost. The Pope, I think,
will not

Expect I should maintain them in their
coffins.

Rejoice with me—my heart is wondrous
glad.

A movement of indignation makes
itself manifest amongst the company:
this part, we think, would act with
great effect.

A Guest (rising). Thou wretch!
Will none among this noble company
Check the abandoned villain?

Cam. For God's sake
Let me dismiss the guests! You are insane,
Some ill will come of this.

2 Guest. Seize, silence him!

1 Guest. I will!

3 Guest. And I!

Cen. (*Addressing those who rise with a
threatening gesture.*)

Who moves? Who speaks?

(*Turning to the Company.*)

'tis nothing,
Enjoy yourselves.—Beware! For my re-
venge

Is as the sealed commission of a king
That kills, and none dare name the mur-
derer.

Kean may covet the opportunity
which would be afforded him by the
words—" 'tis nothing—enjoy your-
selves! "

Beatrice, unsuccessful in her appeal
to the noble and powerful persons
present, for protection for herself and
her mother, exclaims, in the bitter-
ness of her heart:

Oh, God! That I were buried with my
brothers!

And that the flowers of this departed spring
Were fading on my grave! And that my
father

Were celebrating now one feast for all!

The unnatural father gives dark in-
timation of the dreadful design fer-
menting in his soul in what follows:

Cen. My friends, I do lament this in-
sane girl

Has spoilt the mirth of our festivity.

Good night, farewell; I will not make you
longer

Spectators of our dull domestic quarrels.
Another time.—

(*Exit all but CENCI and BEATRICE.*)

My brain is swimming round;

Give me a bowl of wine!

(*To Beatrice.*) Thou painted viper!

Beast that thou art! Fair and yet terrible!

I know a charm shall make thee meek and
tame,

Now get thee from my sight!

(*Exit BEATRICE.*)

Here, Andreo,

Fill up this goblet with Greek wine. I said
I would not drink this evening; but I must;

For, strange to say, I feel my spirits fail
With thinking what I have decreed to do.—

(*Drinking the wine.*)

Be thou the resolution of quick youth
Within my veins, and manhood's purpose
stern,

And age's firm, cold, subtle villainy;

As if thou wert indeed my children's blood
Which I did thirst to drink! The charm

works well;

It must be done; it shall be done, I swear!

(*Exit.*)

The first scene of the second act is
so characteristic of the tragedy, and
so impressive in its ability, that we

shall give a long extract from it, as the best method of enabling the reader to judge fairly of Mr. Shelley's power as a poet:

An apartment in the Cenci Palace.

Enter LUCRETIA and BERNARDO.

Lucr. Weep not, my gentle boy; he struck but me

Who have borne deeper wrongs. In truth, if he

Had killed me, he had done a kinder deed.

O, God Almighty, do thou look upon us,

We have no other friend but only thee!

Yet weep not; though I love you as my own

I am not your true mother.

Ber. Oh more, more,

Than ever mother was to any child,

That have you been to me! Had he not been

My father, do you think that I should weep?

Lucr. Alas, poor boy, what else could'st thou have done?

Enter BEATRICE.

Beatr. (In a hurried voice.)

Did he pass this way? Have you seen him, brother?

Ah! No; that is his step upon the stairs;

'Tis nearer now; his hand is on the door;

Mother, if I to thee have ever been

A duteous child, now save me! Thou, great God,

Whose image upon earth a father is,

Dost thou indeed abandon me! He comes;

The door is opening now; I see his face;

He frowns on others, but he smiles on me, Even as he did after the feast last night.

Enter a Servant.

Almighty God, how merciful thou art!

'Tis but Orsino's servant.—Well, what news?

Serv. My master bids me say, the Holy Father

Has sent back your petition thus unopened.

(Giving a paper.)

And he demands at what hour 'twere secure To visit you again?

Lucr. At the Ave Mary.

(Exit Servant.)

So, daughter, our last hope has failed: Ah me!

How pale you look! you tremble, and you stand

Wrapped in some fixed and fearful meditation,

As if one thought were over strong for you:

Your eyes have a chill glare; O, dearest child!

Are you gone mad? If not, pray speak to me.

Beatr. You see I am not mad; I speak to you.

Lucr. You talked of something that your father did

After that dreadful feast? Could it be worse

Than when he smiled, and cried, My sons are dead!

And every one looked in his neighbour's face

To see if others were as white as he?

At the first word he spoke I felt the blood

Rush to my heart, and fell into a trance;

And when it past I sat all weak and wild;

Whilst you alone stood up, and with strong words

Checked his unnatural pride; and I could see

The devil was rebuked that lives in him.

Until this hour thus you have ever stood

Between us and your father's moody wrath

Like a protecting presence: your firm mind

Has been our only refuge and defence:

What can have thus subdued it? What can now

Have given you that cold melancholy look,

Succeeding to your unaccustomed fear?

Beatr. What is it that you say? I was just thinking

'Twere better not to struggle any more.

Men, like my father, have been dark and bloody,

Yet never—O! before worse comes of it

'Twere wise to die: it ends in that at last.

Lucr. Oh, talk not so, dear child! Tell me at once

What did your father do or say to you?

He stayed not after that accursed feast

One moment in your chamber.—Speak to me.

Ber. Oh, sister, sister, prithee, speak to us!

Beatr. (Speaking very slowly, with a forced calmness.)

It was one word, Mother, one little word;

One look, one smile. *(wildly.)*

Oh! He has trampled me

Under his feet, and made the blood stream down

My pallid cheeks. And he has given us all

Ditch water, and the fever-stricken flesh

Of buffaloes, and bade us eat or starve,

And we have eaten.—He has made me look

On my beloved Bernardo, when the rust

Of heavy chains has gangrened his sweet limbs,

And I have never yet despaired—but now!

What would I say?

(Recovering herself.)

Ah! No, 'tis nothing new.

The sufferings we all share have made me wild:

He only struck and cursed me as he passed;

He said, he looked, he did—nothing at all

Beyond his wont, yet it disordered me.

Alas! I am forgetful of my duty,

I should preserve my senses for your sake.

Lucr. Nay, Beatrice, have courage, my sweet girl.

If any one despairs it should be I

Who loved him once, and now must live with him,

Till God in pity call for him or me.

But you may, like your sister, find some husband,
And smile, years hence, with children round your knees;
Whilst I, then dead, and all this hideous coil,
Shall be remembered only as a dream.

Beatr. Talk not to me, dear lady, of a husband.

Did you not nurse me when my mother died?

Did you not shield me and that dearest boy?
And had we any other friend but you
In infancy, with gentle words and looks,
To win our father not to murder us?
And shall I now desert you? May the ghost

Of my dead Mother plead against my soul
If I abandon her who filled the place
She left, with more, even, than a mother's love!

Ber. And I am of my sister's mind.
Indeed

I would not leave you in this wretchedness,
Even though the Pope should make me free to live

In some blithe place, like others of my age,
With sports, and delicate food, and the fresh air.

Oh, never think that I will leave you, Mother!

Lucr. My dear, dear children!

Enter CENCI, suddenly.

Cen. What, Beatrice here!

Come hither! (*She shrinks back, and covers her face.*)

Nay hide not your face, 'tis fair;
Look up! Why, yesternight you dared to look

With disobedient insolence upon me,
Bending a stern and an inquiring brow
On what I meant; whilst I then sought to hide

That which I came to tell you—but in vain.

Beatr. (*Wildly, staggering towards the door.*)

Oh, that the earth would gape! Hide me, oh God!

Cen. Then it was I whose inarticulate words

Fell from my lips, and who with tottering steps

Fled from your presence, as you now from mine.

Stay, I command you—from this day and hour

Never again, I think, with fearless eye,
And brow superior, and unaltered cheek,
And that lip made for tenderness or scorn,
Shalt thou strike dumb the meanest of mankind;

Me least of all. Now get thee to thy chamber!

Thou, too loathed image of thy cursed mother,

(*To BERNARDO.*)

Thy milky, meek face makes me sick with hate!

(*Exit BEATR. and BER.*)

(*Aside.*) So much has past between us as must make

Me bold, her fearful.—'Tis an awful thing
To touch such mischief as I now conceive:

So men sit shivering on the dewy bank,
And try the chill stream with their feet;—
once in—

How the delighted spirit pants for joy!

The dreadful and disgusting crime
on which the tragedy is founded has
been perpetrated, when Beatrice again
makes her appearance.

An apartment in the Cenci Palace.

LUCRETIA, to her enters BEATRICE.

Beatr. (*She enters staggering, and speaks wildly.*)

Reach me that handkerchief!—My brain
is hurt;

My eyes are full of blood;—just wipe them
for me—

I see but indistinctly.—

Lucr. My sweet child,
You have no wound; 'tis only a cold dew
That starts from your dear brow.—Alas!
Alas!

What has befallen?

Beatr. How comes this hair undone?
Its wandering strings must be what blind
me so,

And yet I tied it fast.—O, horrible!

The pavement sinks under my feet! The
walls

Spin round! I see a woman weeping there,
And standing calm and motionless, whilst I
Slide giddily as the world reels.—My God!
The beautiful blue heaven is flecked with
blood!

The sunshine on the floor is black! The air
Is changed to vapours such as the dead
breathe

In charnel pits! Pah! I am choked!
There creeps

A clinging, black, contaminating mist
About me—'tis substantial, heavy, thick,
I cannot pluck it from me, for it glues
My fingers and my limbs to one another,
And eats into my sinews, and dissolves
My flesh to a pollution, poisoning
The subtle, pure, and inmost spirit of life!
My God! I never knew what the mad felt
Before; for I am mad beyond all doubt!

(*more wildly*)

No, I am dead! These putrefying limbs
Shut round and sepulchre the panting soul,
Which would burst forth into the wander-
ing air!

(*a pause*)

What hideous thought was that I had even
now?

'Tis gone; and yet its burthen remains
here

O'er these dull eyes—upon this weary heart!
O, world! O, life! O, day! O, misery!

We cannot follow step by step the progress of the Drama: suffice it to say, that the murder of Cenci is plotted, by his wife and daughter, with Orsino, a priest, who has base views on the person of Beatrice, and who, after abetting the assassination, withdraws himself from its consequences at the expense of his partners in the act. Cenci retires to his castle of Potrella, where he studies new inflictions of suffering on his wretched victims: the bad taste into which Mr. Shelley inevitably falls, whenever he is led to certain allusions, is strikingly exemplified in the following lines, put into his mouth:

'Tis plain I have been favoured from above,
For when I cursed my sons they died!—

Aye—so—

As to the right or wrong, that's talk—repentance—

Repentance is an easy moment's work
And more depends on God than me.—Well—well—

I must give up the greater point, which was
To poison and corrupt her soul.

The scene where the wife and daughter are represented, expecting the consummation of the deed by the assassins, has a creeping horror about it:

Lucr. They are about it now.

Beatr. Nay, it is done.

Lucr. I have not heard him groan.

Beatr. He will not groan.

Lucr. What sound is that?

Beatr. List! 'tis the tread of feet
About his bed.

Lucr. My God!

If he be now a cold stiff corpse—

Beatr. O, fear not

What may be done, but what is left undone:
The act seals all.

The means by which the murder was discovered need not be detailed. Beatrice, and her mother, and brother, are tortured to extract confession, and then condemned; and the tragedy thus concludes:

Beatr. Farewell, my tender brother.
Think

Of our sad fate with gentleness, as now:
And let mild, pitying thoughts lighten for thee

Thy sorrow's load. Err not in harsh despair,

But tears and patience. One thing more,
my child,

For thine own sake be constant to the love

Thou bearest us; and to the faith that I,
Though wrapt in a strange cloud of crime
and shame,

Lived ever holy and unstained. And
though

Ill tongues shall wound me, and our common name

Be as a mark stamped on thine innocent brow

For men to point at as they pass, do thou
Forebear, and never think a thought unkind
Of those, who perhaps love thee in their graves.

So mayest thou die as I do; fear and pain
Being subdued. Farewell! Farewell!
Farewell!

Ber. I cannot say, farewell!

Cam. O, Lady Beatrice!

Beatr. Give yourself no unnecessary pain,
My dear Lord Cardinal. Here, Mother, tie
My girdle for me, and bind up this hair
In any simple knot; aye, that does well.
And yours I see is coming down. How often
Have we done this for one another; now
We shall not do it any more. My Lord,
We are quite ready. Well, 'tis very well.

Here the Drama closes, but our excited imaginations follow the parties to the scaffold of death. This tragedy is the production of a man of great genius, and of a most unhappy moral constitution.

II.—*Memoirs of the late R. L. Edgeworth, Esq., begun by himself, and finished by his Daughter, Maria Edgeworth. 2 volumes. 8vo. Hunter, London.*

Madame de Stael's zeal for the reputation of her father, did not surpass Miss Edgeworth's; and in both cases the sincere ardour of the feeling of affection indubitably connected itself with the anxiety for public homage. To examine scrupulously,—not to say severely,—the accuracy of the measure of that admiration and veneration which have been excited in a child's bosom by a parent's virtues and accomplishments, would be a most ungracious, or rather, we ought to say, a most unpleasant and improper occupation. It is only inasmuch as certain questions affecting the interest of the public in correctness of opinion, sentiment, and taste, may be concerned in the eulogy, that there would be any excuse for doing this;—but such a plea could only be fairly urged in behalf of criticism exercised with the greatest tenderness, impartiality, and even respect. In cases of this description, there is great risk

of doing more injury than good to those principles in which the welfare and happiness of society are involved. The acute pain that intemperate or even careless animadversion would be here calculated to inflict on amiable individuals, is a consideration by no means unimportant as it regards the general question of utility and propriety, for decency and humanity are not to be violated, under the pretence of a public duty, without shame falling back on the person culpable of so doing, and scandal on the good for which he professes himself anxious.

We do not intend these remarks as a means of insinuating that it is necessary to show our respect for Miss Edgeworth's feelings by a certain reserve in our examination of the accuracy of the high estimate which she has formed of her father's intellectual and moral endowments. On the contrary, we think she has made out so good a case to justify the enthusiasm of her love and veneration for her deceased parent, that we need have no hesitation to speak out freely what we really think on the subject; the difference between our conclusions being likely to be too trifling to cause her any uneasiness. Besides, we readily admit, that, in so far as we may be inclined to question the correctness of her opinions in this respect, the presumption, as to who is in the right, is more in her favour than in ours;—for we certainly are not disposed to object to the eminence of her talents, and cannot deny the excellence of her opportunities for exercising the force of her judgment on the qualities of her father's character. Indeed, the fact of Mr. Edgeworth's having made during his life, and left after his death, so strong an impression of his worth, ability, prudence, and accomplishments, on a mind so gifted and endowed as that of his daughter, is of itself a proof which nothing can invalidate, of the genuineness of the merit which that daughter publicly attributes to him. Her picture of the family economy, harmony, and happiness of Edgeworth town can defy suspicion, far more silence calumny. The head of such a family, the object of its common respect and affection, the bond of its union, the contriver of all its arrangements, and the chief active instrument in all its daily routine of

occupation, education, amusement, and connections, may most safely be represented and contemplated as an example and model. Years after years rolled on, the casualties of the world were not wanting, difficulties and vexations not spared, death not idle,—yet over the family harmony of Edgeworth town, not one cloud seems to have passed. We learn too, that the estimable individual in question never, but in one case, saw any of his friendly intimacies broken off by either party, in the course of his long life. These facts contain a panegyric against which criticism must be harmless, and malice impotent.

We do not know that we should be disposed to go all the length of Miss Edgeworth's admiration of her father's literary taste, and consummate skill in science and art. The truth is, we suspect, that he engaged in the latter pursuits rather with the zeal of a gentleman mounted on his favourite hobby; and we are pretty sure that Miss Edgeworth's own writings have not on the whole gained by those critical corrections of his, which she deems to have been invaluable. We dare say, however, that it is only necessary, in respect to this matter, to transfer the sum of her gratitude to another head of account: his general management of her mind during youth, the industry with which he stored it, the bias he gave to her faculties of observation, the general fashion of thought and feeling which he seems to have imparted to her disposition, we regard as well adapted to promote and display the natural powers and peculiarities of her intellect;—she may therefore justly consider herself as having been most fortunately placed by Providence, and indulge the overflowings of her heart in thankfulness to one whose memory is so dear to her. Had the accident of her birth, or those of subsequent life, thrown her into less suitable hands, would she have been what she is to day; so high in reputation for talent, so esteemed for private worth? A negative may very safely be given here. Besides, who shall venture to limit the effects on character of a perpetual scene of domestic harmony, sincerity, love, honour, industry, and respectability?—Her long enjoyment of this incalculable heart-touching benefit, Miss

Edgeworth may be permitted to trace entirely to her father's virtues, although others perhaps will be inclined to introduce also her own. It can answer, however, no purpose, either of satisfaction or utility, to refine on this partition. Miss Edgeworth's book (or rather her part of this book), proves its own correctness: the cause is to be judged of by the effect; and the father who has left so noble an image of himself, engraved on the memories and affections of intelligent children, who had long experience of his character, and the closest occasions of seeing it exposed to the hardest trials, may surely claim that their testimony should be taken, without cavil, as the fairest proof of what he really was, in comparison with any other test that can be applied to his reputation.

This is all we think it necessary to say of a general nature in regard to these volumes:—our further notice of them will consist chiefly of extracts from their most amusing contents.

The first volume contains such part of the memoirs of Mr. Edgeworth as was written by himself, and is of a very different complexion from the second from the pen of his daughter. We see in every page of the former, evidence of that abundance of animal spirits, and healthy activity of body and mind, which often changed their channel of direction in the course of his life, without ever relaxing their innate spring, or losing any of their pristine force of impulse. It is indeed Mr. Edgeworth's boast, corroborated by his daughter's testimony, that he was unchanged by age, or events. He seems to have had a ready and quick feeling for every thing that happened, just as the bulrush has a rapid sympathy with the breeze that passes over it, and raises its head exactly into its old position the instant it is gone by. Mr. Edgeworth began to marry at twenty, and continued the practice till late in life. In fact, matrimony and mechanics seem to have monopolized his fidelity: with dancing he was desperately enamoured at first, but his taste soon tired of it, though he is careful to assure us his legs never did. Gambling and dissipated companions possessed him for a time, but neither sullied his mind, nor permanently influenced his habits. Telegraphs and

one-wheeled chaises, however, kept stronger hold of him: he was the first to send poetry across the channel by a chain of signals; and he contrived for himself a carriage in which his "*legs were warned to lift themselves up,*" to escape being broken by posts, and in which he sat "*pretty safe from wet,*" his feet being "*secured by leathers which folded up like the sides of bellows.*" Vol. I. p. 207. One of his exploits in this commodious vehicle he records in a tone of exultation with which we entirely sympathise:—

On my road to Birmingham I passed through Long-Compton, in Warwickshire, on a Sunday. The people were returning from church, and numbers stopped to gaze at me. There is or was a shallow ford near the town, over which there was a very narrow bridge for horse and foot passengers, but not sufficiently wide for waggons or chaises. Towards this bridge I drove. The people, not perceiving the structure of my one-wheeled vehicle, called to me with great eagerness to warn me, that the bridge was too narrow for carriages. I had an excellent horse, which went so fast as to give but little time for examination. The louder they called, the faster I drove, and when I had passed the bridge, they shouted after me with surprise. I got on to Shipston upon Stour; but, before I had dined there, I found that my fame had overtaken me. My carriage was put into a coach-house, so that those who came from Long-Compton, not seeing it, did not recognise me; I therefore had an opportunity of hearing all the exaggerations and strange conjectures, which were made by those who related my passage over the narrow bridge. There were posts on the bridge, to prevent, as I suppose, more than one horseman from passing at once. Some of the spectators asserted, that my carriage had gone over these posts; others said that it had not *wheels*, which was indeed literally true; but they meant to say that it was without any wheel. Some were sure that no carriage ever went so fast; and all agreed, that at the end of the bridge, where the floods had laid the road for some way under water, my carriage swam on the surface of the water.

Mr. Edgeworth was also, about the commencement of his career in mechanics, lucky enough to contrive a wheel which "*should carry on a man as fast as he could possibly walk,*" that is to say, provided he "*plied his legs with energy.*" On the first experiment being made, it answered its purpose so well as to give the lad within scarcely

time "to jump from his rolling prison before it reached the chalk-pit; but the wheel went on with such velocity as to outstrip its pursuers, and rolling over the edge of the precipice, it was dashed to pieces." Vol. I. p. 151. To recompense himself for this misfortune he invented "a sailing carriage."

The carriage was light, steady, and ran with amazing velocity. One day, when I was preparing for a sail in it, with my friend and school-fellow, Mr. Wm. Foster, my wheel-boat escaped from its moorings, just as we were going to step on board. With the utmost difficulty I overtook it, and as I saw three or four stage-coaches on the road, and feared that this sailing chariot might frighten their horses, I, at the hazard of my life, got into my carriage while it was under full sail, and then, at a favourable part of the road, I used the means I had of guiding it easily out of the way. But the sense of the mischief which must have ensued, if I had not succeeded in getting into the machine at the proper place, and stopping it at the right moment, was so strong, as to deter me from trying any more experiments on this carriage in such a dangerous place. Such should never be attempted except on a large common, at a distance from a high road. It may not however be amiss to suggest, that upon a long extent of iron rail-way, in an open country, carriages properly constructed might make profitable voyages from time to time with sails instead of horses; for though a constant or regular intercourse could not be thus carried on, yet goods of a certain sort, that are saleable at any time, might be stored till wind and weather were favourable.

One more of Mr. Edgeworth's ingenious inventions is all we can allow to this subject:—he offered for a wager to produce a *wooden horse that should carry him safely over the highest wall in the country!*

It struck me, that, if a machine were made with eight legs, four only of which should stand upon the ground at one time; if the remaining four were raised up into the body of the machine, and if this body were divided into two parts, sliding, or rather rolling on cylinders, one of the parts, and the legs belonging to it, might in two efforts be projected over the wall by a person in the machine; and the legs belonging to this part might be let down to the ground, and then the other half of the machine might have its legs drawn up, and be projected over the wall, and so on alternately. This idea by degrees developed itself in my mind, so as to make me perceive, that as one

half of the machine was always a road for the other half, and that such a machine never rolled upon the ground, a carriage might be made, which should carry a road for itself. It is already certain, that a carriage moving on an iron rail-way may be drawn with a fourth part of the force requisite to draw it on a common road. After having made a number of models of my machine, that should carry and lay down its own road, I took out a patent to secure to myself the principle; but the term of my patent has been long since expired, without my having been able to unite to my satisfaction in this machine strength with sufficient lightness, and with regular motion, so as to obtain the advantages I proposed. As an encouragement to perseverance, I assure my readers, that I never lost sight of this scheme during forty years; that I have made considerably above one hundred working models upon this principle, in a great variety of forms; and that, although I have not yet been able to accomplish my project, I am still satisfied that it is feasible.

Justice, however, will not permit us to go to other matters contained in these most entertaining biographical notices, without cautioning the reader not to take the standard of the utility and intelligence of Mr. Edgeworth's mechanical pursuits, from these specimens of his achievements in this line. He effected much of a more useful nature, and appears to have had very considerable talent in this way—but so in fact had King Corny.

Mr. Edgeworth's first marriage was the only unsuitable one of the several it was his fortune to make; and not finding his wife cheerful at home, he says, led him to seek cheerful company abroad. In fact, before the death of his father, we find him quite involved in the vortex of dissipation and fashion. His picture of the *beau monde* of those times is not without its charm. "Among the ladies who visited the Mrs. Blakes was a Miss Dalton, the famous 'Fanny, blooming fair,' whom Lord Chesterfield has celebrated." p. 121. He was ingenious enough to detect the legerdemain tricks of the "celebrated Comus." Miss Dalton told him that her relation, the famous Sir Francis Blake Delaval, had also discovered these secrets, and believed himself to be the only man in England who possessed them. This brought about an acquaintance, or rather intimacy, between Mr. Edgeworth and Sir Francis,

from the description of the incidents of which we derive much amusement. They arranged together the house in Downing-street, where Sir Francis lived, for the representation of conjuring tricks.

The ingenuity of some of the contrivances, that were employed in our deceptions, attracted the notice not only of those who sought mere amusement, but of men of letters and science, who came to our exhibitions. This circumstance was highly grateful to Sir Francis, and advantageous to me. I, by these means, became acquainted with many men of eminence, to whom I could not at any period of my life have otherwise obtained familiar access. Among the number were Dr. Knight, of the British Museum; Dr. Watson; Mr. Wilson; Mr. Espinasse, the electrician; Foote, the author and actor, a man, who, beside his well known humour, possessed a considerable fund of real feeling; Macklin, and all the famous actors of the day. They resorted to a constant table, which was open to men of genius and merit in every department of literature and science. I cannot say, that his guests were always "unelbowed by a player;" but I can truly assert, that none but those who were an honour to the stage, and who were admitted into the best company at other houses, were received at Sir Francis Delaval's.

They got up the tragedy of the Fair Penitent here, to allow the late Duke of York, who afterwards died suddenly at Rome, to play Lothario; and "he was as warm, as hasty, and as much in love, as the fair Calista could possibly wish." p. 124. The landlord of the house, however, and his friend Mr. E., preferred supping at the King's Arms, Covent Garden, to attending His Royal Highness after the performance—and a pleasant supper-party, he says, they had:

Macklin called for a nightcap, and threw off his wig. This, it was whispered to me, was a signal of his intention to be entertaining. Plays, playwrights, enunciation, action, every thing belonging to eloquence of every species, was discussed. Angelo, the graceful fencing-master, and Bensley, the actor, were of the party; Angelo was consulted by Bensley, on what he ought to do with his hands while he was speaking. Angelo told him, that it was impossible to prescribe what he should always do with them; but that it was easy to tell him what should *not* be done—"he should not put them into his breeches' pockets"—a custom to which poor Bensley was much addicted. Pronunciation was discussed; the faults in our language in this particular were copiously enumerated. "For in-

stance," said Macklin, "*Pare* me a pair of pears." You may take three words out of this sentence, of the same sound, but of different meaning, and I defy any man to pronounce them in such a manner as to discriminate the sounds, or to mark to any ear by his pronunciation the difference between the verb, *to pare*, the noun of number, *a pair*, and the fruit, *pear*. The pompous Bensley undertook that Powel, who was remarkable for a good ear, should do this. Bensley, who mouthed prodigiously whilst he spoke, was put behind a curtain, that the motion of his lips might not assist Powel in judging what meaning he intended to express by each of the words as he pronounced them. One of the company was placed behind the curtain, and to him Bensley was previously to communicate, whether he proposed to pronounce the word denoting the action, the noun of number, or the fruit. Bensley failed so often, and so ridiculously, that he became quite angry, and charged Powel with wilful misapprehension. To defend himself, Powel proposed that Holland should try his skill; but Holland had no better success. During these trials, I concerted by signs with Sir Francis a method of pointing out my meaning, and I offered to try my skill. The audience with difficulty restrained their contempt; but I took my place behind the curtain, and they were soon compelled to acknowledge, that I had a more distinct pronunciation, or that Sir Francis had more accurate hearing, than the rest of the company. Out of twenty experiments, I never failed more than two or three times, and in these I failed on purpose, to prevent suspicion. I had made my confederate understand, that when I turned my right foot outward, as it appeared from beneath the curtain, I meant to say *pare*, to cut; when I turned it inward, *pair*, a couple; and when it was straight forward, *pear*, the fruit. We kept our own counsel, and won unmerited applause. Amidst such trifling as this much sound criticism was mixed, which improved my literary taste, and a number of entertaining anecdotes were related, which informed my inexperienced mind with knowledge of the world.

One of the many excellent anecdotes which Mr. Edgeworth introduces relative to the extraordinary man of the town with whom he was now passing his time, we shall give as a sample. Sir Francis had contrived to represent the borough of Andover, in several Parliaments by practising a series of tricks on his constituents:—but at length, he sustained a reverse of fortune and his electioneering successes terminated.

His attorney's bill was yet to be discharged. It had been running on for many

years, and though large sums had been paid on account, a prodigious balance still remained to be adjusted. The affair came before the King's Bench. Among a variety of exorbitant and monstrous charges there appeared the following article.

"To being thrown out of the window at the George Inn, Andover—to my leg being thereby broken—to surgeon's bill, and loss of time and business—all in the service of Sir F. B. Delaval.—Five hundred pounds."

When this curious *item* came to be explained, it appeared, that the attorney had, by way of promoting Sir Francis's interest in the borough, sent cards of invitation to the officers of a regiment in the town, in the name of the mayor and corporation, inviting them to dine and drink his Majesty's health on his birthday. He, at the same time, wrote a similar invitation to the mayor and corporation, in the name of the officers of the regiment. The two companies met, complimented each other, eat a good dinner, drank a hearty bottle of wine to his Majesty's health, and prepared to break up. The commanding officer of the regiment, being the politest man in company, made a handsome speech to Mr. Mayor, thanking him for his hospitable invitation and entertainment. "No, colonel," replied the mayor, "it is to you that thanks are due by me and by my brother aldermen for your generous treat to us." The colonel replied with as much warmth as good breeding would allow: the mayor retorted with downright anger, swearing that he would not be choused by the bravest colonel in his Majesty's service.—"Mr. Mayor," said the colonel, "there is no necessity for displaying any vulgar passion on this occasion. Permit me to shew you, that I have here your obliging card of invitation."—"Nay, Mr. Colonel, here is no opportunity for bantering, there is your card."

Upon examining the cards, it was observed, that, notwithstanding an attempt to disguise it, both cards were written in the same hand by some person, who had designed to make fools of them all. Every eye of the corporation turned spontaneously upon the attorney, who, of course attended all public meetings. His impudence suddenly gave way, he faltered and betrayed himself so fully by his confusion, that the colonel, in a fit of summary justice, threw him out of the window. For this Sir Francis Delaval was charged five hundred pounds.—Whether he paid the money or not, I forget.

Disappointment occasioned by the failure of a project to marry his sister to the Duke of York,—which was only frustrated by the Duke's death,

—is regarded by Mr. Edgworth as the cause of that of his companion.

By the death of the Duke of York, Sir Francis found all his schemes of aggrandisement blasted. Though a man of great strength of mind, and of vivacity that seemed to be untameable, his spirits and health sunk under this disappointment. His friends and physician laughed at his complaints. Of Herculean strength, and, till this period, of uninterrupted health, they could not bring themselves to believe, that a pain in his breast, of which he complained, was of any serious consequence; on the contrary, they treated him as an hypochondriac, whom a generous diet, amusement, and country air, would soon restore. He was ordered, however, to use a steam-bath, which was then in vogue, at Knightsbridge. I went with him there one day, the last I ever saw him! He expressed for me a great deal of kindness and esteem: and then seriously told me he felt, that, notwithstanding his natural strength both of body and mind, and in contradiction of the opinion of all the physicians, he had not long to live. He acknowledged, that his mind was affected as well as his body.

"Let my example," said he, "warn you of a fatal error, into which I have fallen, and into which you might probably fall, if you did not counteract the propensities, which might lead you into it. I have pursued amusement, or rather frolic, instead of turning my ingenuity and talents to useful purposes. I am sensible," continued he, "that my mind was fit for greater things, than any of which I am now, or of which I was ever supposed to be, capable. I am able to speak fluently in public, and I have perceived, that my manner of speaking has always increased the force of what I have said. Upon various useful subjects I am not deficient in information; and if I had employed half the time and half the pains in cultivating serious knowledge, which I have wasted in exerting my powers upon trifles, instead of making myself merely a conspicuous figure at public places of amusement, instead of giving myself up to gallantry which disgusted and disappointed me, instead of dissipating my fortune and tarnishing my character, I should have distinguished myself in the senate or the army, I should have become a *USEFUL* member of society, and an honour to my family. Remember my advice, young man! Pursue what is *USEFUL* to mankind, you will satisfy them, and, what is better, you will satisfy yourself."

Two mornings afterwards he was found dead in his bed.* Thus ended Sir Francis

* "His friends, perhaps to obviate any suspicion of his having destroyed himself, had his body opened, and the physicians, who attended, informed me, that his death was probably occasioned by an unnatural distention of his stomach, which seemed to have lost the power of collapsing. This they attributed to his drinking immoderate quantities of water

Blake Delaval. Descended from illustrious ancestors, born with every personal advantage, of a countenance peculiarly prepossessing, tall, strong, athletic, and singularly active, he excelled in every manly exercise, was endowed with courage, and with extraordinary presence of mind; yet all in vain.

It is not our intention to follow regularly the course of Mr. Edgeworth's history: our only object is to afford specimens that may do justice to the interest of the work; we leave therefore, entirely the stream of the narrative—the history of marriages, travels, and political enterprizes—for the sake of giving detached portions the most calculated to afford entertainment. The following story seems to us an excellent one:

Before I quit Oxfordshire, I may, though unconnected with my own affairs, mention a remarkable circumstance, that happened in the family of a gentleman in that neighbourhood. Mr. Lenthall (descended from the speaker Lenthall) lived at Burford, within a few miles of Black-Burton. This gentleman, who was a very good master, had a very good butler. One morning the butler came to his master with a letter in his hand, and rubbing his forehead in that indescribable manner which is an introduction to something which the person does not well know how to communicate, he told Mr. Lenthall, that he was very sorry to be obliged to quit his service.—“Why, what is the matter, John? has any body offended you? I thought you were as happy as any man could be in your situation?”—“Yes, please your honour, that's not the thing, but I have just got a prize in the lottery of 3,000*l.* and I have all my life had a wish to live for one twelvemonth like a man of two or three thousand a year; and all I ask of your honour is, that, when I have spent the money, you will take me back again into your service.”—“That is a promise,” said Mr. Lenthall, which I believe I may safely make, as there is very little probability of your wishing to return to be a butler, after having lived as a gentleman.” Mr. Lenthall was however mistaken, John spent nearly the amount of his ticket, in less than a year. He had previously bought himself a small annuity to provide for his old age; when he had spent all the rest of his money, he actually returned to the service of Mr. Lenthall, and I saw him standing at the sideboard at the time when I was in that country.

One of Mr. Edgeworth's early spe-

culations was to educate his eldest son “according to the system of Rousseau.” The following is the result:—

He had all the virtues of a child bred in the hut of a savage, and all the knowledge of *things*, which could well be acquired at an early age by a boy bred in civilized society. I say knowledge of *things*, for of books he had less knowledge at four or five years old, than most children have at that age. Of mechanics he had a clearer conception, and in the application of what he knew, more invention than any child I had then seen. He was bold, free, fearless, generous; he had a ready and keen use of all his senses, and of his judgment. But he was not disposed to *obey*: his exertions generally arose from his own will; and, though he was what is commonly called good-tempered and good-natured, though he generally pleased by his looks, demeanour, and conversation, he had too little deference for others, and he shewed an invincible dislike to control. With me, he was always what I wished; with others, he was never any thing but what he wished to be himself. He was, by all who saw him, whether of the higher or lower classes, taken notice of; and by all considered as very clever. I speak of a child between seven and eight years old, and to prevent interruption in my narrative, I here represent the effects of his education from three to eight years old, during which period I pursued with him Rousseau's plans.

The excellent head and heart of Mr. Edgeworth soon however directed him to more rational views in regard to education,—and for what they have done on this subject, he and his daughter merit the highest commendation.

All that relates to Dr. Darwin, the Sewards, and Mr. Day, the author of *Sandford and Merton*, in this first volume, is extremely interesting. The latter gentleman, being at once awkward, amatory, and fastidious, found it difficult to suit himself with a wife—or to be quiet without one. The ladies who pleased him, he failed to please, and where he might have been successful, he refused to try his fortune. This put him upon the plan of rearing a wife expressly for his own use; and two young girls were selected from schools for orphans:—they were *apprenticed* to Mr. Edgeworth, and educated by Mr. Day. After a certain time, one was rejected

and small beer. He always had a large jug of beer left by his bed-side at night, which was usually empty before morning.—Whether this was cause or effect still remains uncertain.

Edgeworth.

as "stupid:"—to the other he became attached, but, as she one day happened to put on a gown to which he had taken a dislike, he went and married a Miss Milne.

The anecdote, recorded by Mr. Edgeworth, of Rousseau, in regard to the boy who was educated according to his system, is worth transplanting. The philosopher of Geneva did not, in this instance, behave as Grimm affirms he did to another of his disciples on a similar occasion. "A gentleman from one of the provinces," says the Baron, "lately requested an interview with Rousseau; and made his appearance with a heavy-looking child in his hand, whom he pushed forward to the philosopher, exclaiming, 'behold, my son, Sir!—a youth, whom it is my pride to elevate strictly according to your immortal maxims.'—'So much the worse, Sir—so much the worse, both for you, and your son too!' was the reply."

Mr. Edgeworth, however, was not treated in this rough way on his visit to the author of *Emile*:

I must not here omit a remarkable circumstance, which ought to be recorded in justice to Rousseau's penetration in judging of children. In passing through Paris at this time, we went to see him: he took a good deal of notice of my boy; I asked him to tell me any thing that struck him in the child's manners or conversation. He took my son with him in his usual morning's walk, and when he came back, Rousseau told me, that, as far as he could judge from two hours observation, he thought him a boy of abilities, which had been well cultivated; and that in particular his answers to some questions on history proved, contrary to the opinion given in *Emilius* and *Sophia*, that history can be advantageously learned by children, if it be taught reasonably, and not merely by rote. "But," said Rousseau, "I remark in your son a propensity to party prejudice which will be a great blemish in his character."

I asked how he could in so short a time form so decided an opinion. He told me, that, whenever my son saw a handsome horse, or a handsome carriage in the street, he always exclaimed, "that is an English horse, or an English carriage!" And that, even down to a pair of shoe-buckles, every thing that appeared to be good of its kind was always pronounced by him to be English. "This sort of party prejudice," said Rousseau, "if suffered to become a ruling motive in his mind, will lead to a thousand evils: for not only will his own country, his own village, or club, or even a knot of

his private acquaintance, be the object of his exclusive admiration; but he will be governed by his companions, whatever they may be, and they will become the arbiters of his destiny." In fact, the boy had the species of party spirit, which Rousseau remarked, and this prophecy, as after events proved, shewed his sagacity.

Mr. Edgeworth proceeded to Lyons, accompanied by his friend Mr. Day, who was sent out by one of his sweethearts to seek the aid of French masters to "compel his Antigallican limbs, in spite of their natural rigidity, to dance, and fence, and manage the great horse."

To perform his promise to Miss E. Sneyd honourably, he gave up seven or eight hours of the day to these exercises, for which he had not the slightest taste, and for which, except horsemanship, he manifested the most sovereign contempt. It was astonishing to behold the energy, with which he persevered in these pursuits. I have seen him stand between two boards, which reached from the ground higher than his knees: these boards were adjusted with screws, so as barely to permit him to bend his knees, and to rise up and sink down. By these means M. Huise proposed to force Mr. Day's knees outward; but his screwing was in vain. He succeeded in torturing his patient; but original formation, and inveterate habit, resisted all his endeavours at personal improvement. I could not help pitying my philosophic friend, pent up in durance vile for hours together, with his feet in the stocks, a book in his hand, and contempt in his heart.

The whole history of the residence at Lyons is replete with amusement, but we have not room for extracts, and indeed must pass over all the rest of the contents of this volume, for the sake of shortly noticing the second, which is from the pen of Miss Edgeworth.

Her father's manuscript she found abruptly broken off, and he expressly left it "to be finished by his daughter Maria:" she accordingly has felt it her duty to do so. The style of this volume is, as might be expected, more grave and collected than that of the preceding; yet Miss Edgeworth's genius scatters amusement as well as instruction on whatever it touches. We really do not know what can excel the picturesque humour of the following passages, descriptive of their arrival in Ireland, when Miss E. was only twelve years old:

Things and persons are so much im-

proved in Ireland of latter days, that only those, who can remember how they were some thirty or forty years ago, can conceive the variety of domestic grievances, which, in those times, assailed the master of a family, immediately upon his arrival at his Irish home. Wherever he turned his eyes, in or out of his house, damp, dilapidation, waste! appeared. Painting, glazing, roofing, fencing, finishing—all were wanting. The back yard, and even the front lawn round the windows of the house, were filled with loungers, *followers*, and petitioners; tenants, undertenants, *drivers*, *subagent* and agent, were to have audience; and they all had grievances and secret informations, accusations reciprocating, and quarrels each under each interminable.

• • • Then came widows and orphans, with tales of distress, and cases of oppression, such as the ear and heart of unhardened humanity could not withstand. And when some of the supplicants were satisfied, fresh expectants appeared with claims of promises, and hopes, beyond what any patience, time, power, or fortune, could satisfy. Such and so great the difficulties appeared to me, by which my father was encompassed on our arrival at home, that I could not conceive how he could get through them, nor could I imagine how these people had ever gone on during his absence. I was with him constantly, and I was amused and interested in seeing how he made his way through these complaints, petitions, and grievances, with decision and dispatch; he, all the time, in good humour with the people, and they delighted with him; though he often “rated them roundly,” when they stood before him perverse in litigation, helpless in procrastination, detected in cunning, or convicted of falsehood. They saw into his character, almost as soon as he understood theirs. The first remark which I heard whispered aside among the people, with congratulatory looks at each other, was—“His Honour, any way is good pay.”

His house at Edgeworth-town, had been built in my grandfather's time, in a bad situation, for the sake of preserving one chimney, that had remained of the former edifice. To this old chimney the new house was sacrificed: to this, and to the fancy, formerly fashionable, of seeing through a number of doors a *suite* of apartments. To gratify this fancy it was made a slice of a house, all front, with rooms opening into each other, through its whole length, without any intervention of passage. All the rooms small and gloomy, with dark wainscots, heavy cornices, little windows, corner chimneys, and a staircase taking up half the house, to the destruction of the upper story. In short, a more hopeless case for an architect, and for a master of a large family, could scarcely occur. It was an

immediate temptation to go into great expense.

Miss Edgeworth goes at large into her father's method of managing his estate, and its strange residents. The whole of what she says on this subject may be read with the greatest profit and pleasure, and reflects much honour on her parent's sagacity in matters of business and in human nature. She draws a touching picture of the oppressions and distress to which the Irish tenantry were exposed by the neglect and ignorance of the proprietors of estates,—many of the features of which might be allowed to stand, we are afraid, as a representation of what now exists.

The oppression and distress to which the wretched undertenants were often subject, will scarcely be believed. It happened, not unfrequently, that the first tenant, the *middleman*, being either fraudulent or extravagant, unable or unwilling to pay, the landlord had no resource, but, in the technical phrase, *to go to the land*.—That is, to send the driver to seize whatever cattle, or produce, could be found on the farm, and to sell these for rent. Now the middleman either having no stock, or having taken care in time to remove it, the loss fell upon the poor undertenants, who often had paid him their rent, yet were nevertheless obliged to pay that rent over again to the head landlord, or else to be ruined by the sale of their cattle and goods at inadequate prices. Instances of this horrible injustice were frequent. Nor was it in the head landlord's power, at that stage of the business, to do otherwise.—What could he do?—He saw before him, perhaps for the first time in his life, a set of poor wretches, undertenants, who had come upon his land without his consent or knowledge. His heart might be touched by their misery; but his interest, his own necessities, were still to be considered. He had no other means of obtaining his rent, but by *coming upon them*. An act of parliament for the protection of Irish undertenants, enabling them, by an easy process, to recover from the middle landlord, whatever, on being driven, they might have been forced unjustly to pay to the head landlord, passed in 1817,—the last year of my father's life.

An interesting account is given of Mr. Edgeworth's conduct in regard to the famous volunteer associations of Ireland, in 1781. He appears in a favourable light in all circumstances of commotion and difficulty. A sincere friend to liberty, and naturally disposed to liberality, he became practically useful in all cases of emergency, to a degree far beyond the more

violent friends of the cause in which he embarked. Mr. Edgeworth justly considered it a great mistake to suppose, that to push a cause through thick and thin, as it is called, is the likeliest way to cause it to arrive at success. He lays down a beautiful maxim in his preface, which is as wise as it is amiable :

To speak the truth, without harshness, is, in my opinion, the most certain way to succeed in every honourable pursuit. Whoever chooses to follow what is not honourable, must adopt more suitable advice.

The narrative of Mr. Edgeworth's judicious, manly, and honourable behaviour, during the rebellion, and at the period of the French invasion, we are obliged to pass over, with much of other valuable matter, descriptive of the public condition of Ireland, and illustrative of its private manners. One striking passage, however, we must find room for: it throws a dreadful light on the secrets of the rebellion; and its publication now, coming as it does from a quarter of unimpeachable respectability, should operate as a lesson. It is but seldom that a people, who have not dreadful oppressions to complain of, engage in the hazards and fatigues of disturbance and insurrection. The people, she says, of the county of Longford remained quiet and well disposed :—

They complained, however, very frequently to my father of the harassing of certain new-made justices of the peace, and yeomen military, or, as the people called them, *scourers of the country*, who, galloping about night and day, would let no poor man sleep in peace. Our magistracy had at that time fallen below its proper level; many of the great proprietors of this county were absentees; and for want of resident gentlemen, magistrates were made of men without education, experience, or hereditary respectability. During the war, and in consequence of what were called the *war-prices*, graziers, land-jobbers, and middle-men had risen into comparative wealth; and instead of turning in due season, according to the natural order of things, into Buckeens and Squireens, they had been metamorphosed into justices of the peace and committee men, or into yeomen lieutenants and captains. In these their new characters, they bustled and bravaed; and sometimes from mere ignorance, and sometimes in the certainty of party support or public indemnity, they overleaped the bounds of law. Upon slight suspicion, or vague information, they took up and imprisoned many who were innocent; the relations of the in-

jured appealed to him, who was known to be the friend of public justice. I will not say *the friend of the poor*, though this was the name by which I have often heard him called. But this has become a hackneyed expression, degraded from its real meaning, since it has been used for party purposes, or by those who aim only at vulgar popularity. In consequence of appeals to him, my father made inquiry at public sessions or assizes into various cases of persons, who had been imprisoned. Sometimes such examinations, warrants, and committals, were produced, or such explanatory letters were written to him by justices of the quorum, worded in such a blundering manner, so spelled, so scrawled, as to be almost illegible and quite incomprehensible.

The concluding chapters of the second volume are, in particular, admirably written and admirably thought. The enthusiasm of Miss Edgeworth's affection gives an energy to her style, which she restrains within the limits of elegance, while she imparts to it a character of passion and earnestness, that forcibly arrests the attention and deeply impresses the feelings. The subject of these chapters is chiefly that of *Education*—one on which the daughter and father long laboured conjointly—and it is the object of the former, in this part of her work, to convey the last sentiments of Mr. Edgeworth on this important matter, and to support them by a statement of the facts that passed under her eyes. The changes which experience and mature consideration had produced in her father's mind, in regard to particular doctrines which he had inculcated, she faithfully details, and reasons on them with exquisite skill:—if it be ever possible to detect a lurking difference of sentiment existing between herself and her father, she has in such cases, we think, generally the advantage in philosophical penetration. A beautiful reciprocity of concession and counsel, however, seems to have been cherished between them. The following paragraph affords a very touching picture of the old man's mind, under the influence of advancing age :

Instead of becoming, as he grew older, more pertinacious in pursuing his own way, he was more ready to allow others to follow theirs—secure that they might, by different paths, attain to the same objects. As experience extended his views, he made more allowance for the short-sightedness of others, and became more and more tolerant; but

he never even inclined to be in the least sceptical with respect to the power of education, or the certainty of its action. Quite the contrary; his belief in its power increased and strengthened to the end of life. As his anxiety and exactness about the less points decreased, he grew more eager and attentive to strengthen the great moral principles of action.

Miss Edgeworth states that their joint work, "*Practical Education*," was conceived by many respectable persons to be *deficient in religious principle*. She earnestly vindicates her father and herself from any intention of "*laying down a system of education, founded upon morality exclusive of religion*." She quotes one of his letters, in which he says, "*we are convinced that religious obligation is indispensably necessary in the education of all descriptions of people in every part of the world*." He adds, "*I consider religion, in the large sense of the word, to be the only certain bond of society*."

With these important maxims we shall conclude our extracts from this work. Mr. Edgeworth died, at the good old age of seventy-four, on the 13th June, 1817. His last words were—"I die with the soft feeling of gratitude to my friends, and submission to the God who made me."

A more desirable death cannot be conceived; a happier life, as he himself stated, was probably never enjoyed. It is useful to know, that this unusual portion of happiness resulted from a conscience void of reproach,—a regular observance of the common moralities,—steady and industrious habits,—command of temper,—and attention paid to cultivate domestic order and family harmony.

Some characteristic drawings, by Mr. Edgeworth, have been engraved for this work. The Thief and the Witness are both particularly admirable:—the latter is "*partly a shoemaker*," and an accomplice with the former, who robbed his grandmother of sixty guineas, which she had kept concealed in an old flower-pot. The knave, too, is an excellent fellow,—"*a man of much resource, humour and wit; not restrained by strict regard to truth*"—one who thought that "*God gives to the poor all that the rich forget*."

III. *The Monastery, a Romance*, by the Author of "*Waverley*." 3 vols. Longman, and Co.; Constable and Ballantyne, Edinburgh, 1820.

At the first representation of *Semiramis*, Collé observed of it, "*Cette pièce est mauvaise, mais c'est toujours le mauvais de Voltaire*."

We had set our hearts on finding the *Monastery* a better thing than any former production of the same hand. This was an unreasonable wish, and a still more unreasonable expectation, we admit;—but when were lovers reasonable in their wishes or expectations?—and is it not well known, that we are desperately enamoured of the present author? The dramatic critic in our Magazine, has made several hits at *Ivanhoe*; but we are ourselves prepared to maintain stoutly, that in this work there was no manifestation whatever of the flagging of the genius of the great Scottish Novellist. We may, perhaps, prefer for our own amusement some of his previous fictions, in the same way as we would prefer writing this article on the banks of Loch-Lomond, with its twenty or twenty-four islands (we forget which, and are not quite sure if it be either number,) full in our view, and the prospect closed by Dumbarton's noble rock,—to scribbling it, where we are at this moment placed, with Twickenham's flowery meadows coquetting with our eyes, and seeking, by a flirtation of sparkling hues, to distract them from our remarks on the *Monastery*. Yet can it be denied that the Thames is a noble river, or that the Star and Garter has excellent accommodations for visitors?—Here then unite the charms of nature and the triumphs of art: the hawthorn hedges in full bloomed-beauty, and the pigeon-pyes in full-puffed grace: the atmosphere clear, and the waiters attentive: Windsor visible, and the lamb almost ready: no accident, thank God! amongst the outsides of Mr. Newman's coach in the morning, and the tide favourable for a timely return by the steam-boat in the evening!—What more can be asked or desired, either romantic or substantial, than we find here? A private room with a viranda and a balcony: the noise of arriving gigs, post-chaises,

and glass-coaches, so deadened by double doors as to seem the sound of a distant waterfall: gipsy-parties, dropped here and there, as the new-school poets would say, on the slope of the hill; and popping corks, suggesting to travellers, like ourselves, the minute guns of Vesuvius:—

For want of a better this must do, as the song says. Then the imagination, from time to time, stimulated by exclamations from ruby lips, 'twixt laugh and scream—both almost, neither exactly—exclamations sudden in their burst, and followed by pauses of tell-tale silence. The wherries are on the water; the tilburies on the bridge; the donkey-carts and their ladies in the dust:—there is music too in the air:—the flutes send plaintive melody from yonder garden-tent; the hurdy-gurdy grinds in the road; but high over all sounds the horn of the Portsmouth coach!—Night too, “has other sweets to prove,” for those who can be spared from business next morning, and dare stay to enjoy them. There are to be fire-works let off after dark on the Banker's terrace,—and there is a subscription ball at the Castle.

Such are the charms of English scenery, and we acknowledge their potency. Yet we feel, even at this moment, exposed as we are to all their attractions, and notwithstanding the advantages of possession, vastly inclined to prefer the solitary banks of Loch-Lomond to the rich witchery we have been describing. Never shall we forget our only visit to the former, and our arrival, late at night, at the little inn at the foot of *Ben*—a hill loftier by several feet than that of Richmond. It had been a long walk for us that day, and our companion, who had escaped for the Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, from a counting house in the Gorbals, was not very sure of the road, (the one on the north side of the Clyde). About noon, we had encountered a dreary and dusty adventurer, who, as he came along the way, seemed going off in rapid evaporation. He informed us that he also, luckless wight, had set out in the morning, elate with hope, on a pedestrian *voyage* (as the French would say,) to the Loch; but was now, alas, returning to his home,

disappointed, “overcome with sore fatigue and heat.” These were his exact words, and they made an impression on us never to be obliterated: it seemed as if we had met a wanderer from a Mecca caravan, or a pedlar of Tombuctoo, on his way to make purchases at Grand Cairo. He told us he was a weaver, and we afterwards learned that he officiated as the precentor (*Anglice* clerk) of a Glasgow dissenting meeting-house. But we had more courage than the precentor; and ten miles after we had passed him, we were well rewarded for all our toils. It was there that the highland scenery burst upon us, for the first time of our lives, just as the sun was setting, with enough left of his light to give the glow of enchantment to the sudden spectacle. The pass where Captain Dalgetty first met the two officers, one of whom turned out to be Montrose in disguise, seems to have been copied from that, through which the road to Ben Lomond turns soon after it first touches the Loch. In the adjacent forest of stunted pine firs, we met, not a party of Sunday wastlers, but a pair of tender lovers: the darkest shade of the “gloamin” prevented the gratification of our curiosity as to who the unguarded lady might be. We suppose she was a Glasgow belle.—In fine, we arrived at the inn,—less splendid than the Star and Garter in almost the same proportion that big Ben is taller than Strawberry-hill, or Primrose-hill, or Snow-hill, or Saffron-hill, or, in fact, any of the grander Middlesex mountains. Instead of house lamb, we had “burn trouts” for supper, and small-still whiskey as their best substitute for sloe-juice port.

We would seem to have wandered a long way from the criticism on the Monastery, and even from the allusion to *Ivanhoe*:—to say the truth, we are not anxious about keeping very close to the former; and as to the latter, we have only taken an ingenious, though rather round-about way of intimating, that, though, as a matter of personal liking, we may prefer its elder brethren of Scotch extraction, we are inclined to trace the qualities in these that give us this superior pleasure, to the nature of the national characters,

events, and scenery, amidst which their stories are placed:—on the other hand, if there be any falling-away of interest in *Ivanhoe*, we would account for it as we account to ourselves for our preference of the scenery of the Highlands to that of “Thames’ fair side.” All that art can do, however, and many of nature’s happiest combinations, distinguish the brilliant prospect which we have been rather profanely treating: the mischief is, that its most obvious associations are not stimulating, nor its most prominent features peculiarly impressive. It is the same with *Ivanhoe*: the author, we think, has done wonders in it: it shows off his fancy and his skill to the greatest possible advantage: it has increased our admiration of the universality of his powers: no one but himself, having shown so much peculiar excellence in a peculiar style of delineation, would also have shown so much in another:—and, let us ask, considering *Ivanhoe* as an English historical novel, what is there to compete with it in the language? It is not, we think, so *indelible* a performance as some of the best of the Novels and Tales of My Landlord;—but we explained and demonstrated that it could not be, before it appeared. In the Essay on this Author’s wonderful series of fictions, which appeared in our first Number, it was stated, that, until you could find such a people, and such a history, as are to be met with across the Tweed, you must look in vain for novels so interesting as the above, founded on the character and records of any other nation. You must not, like Pharaoh, ask the author to make bricks without giving him straw,—sending him to seek it where he could only find stubble:—this would be expecting too much from him, even were he a *baronet*.

But to the *Monastery* we must come at last, and must frankly state, that (to sum up our judgment in one short phrase,) we do not like it. Still, however, as Collé said, *c’est toujours le mauvais de VOLTAIRE*: but bad we must be permitted to call it, because, unlike the example of *Ivanhoe*, the author is, throughout, evidently inferior to his opportunities. Whether haste or exhaustion be the cause of this we do not know, and shall not speculate: but we confess we felt morti-

fied in reading this work, which we did rather later than every body else, and with a determination to find, if possible, the general opinion of its inferiority a mere blunder.—How we should have pounced upon the Reading Public, could we have said this with a safe conscience; but we can’t. Yet is the *Monastery* still a very delightful book to read, for the master’s hand is visible in it; but it has not left its usual distinct traces. He seems to have been in a hurry, or occupied with other thoughts, or beside himself for some reason or another—resolved to bring out a book, but not able to give the necessary attention to his undertaking. Certainly we would rather he should continue writing so than give up writing altogether, because we must be amused and pleased by whatever he does, and he has already done enough for his fame. That is now safe: so that if getting out a number of inferior works form a material part of his arrangements for the future, he may consult his own convenience with a safe conscience. He is sure to administer to the amusement of the public, and the profit of the booksellers: only in that case, we can write no more Essays on the Author of the Scotch Novels. What we have said shall stand: we can never be ashamed of it, except inasmuch as it may have failed to do full justice to the extraordinary merits of the works we professed to characterize. Of this, however, we may fairly boast,—and we are prouder of it than of any thing else we have ever accomplished as public writers:—the Essay in question has awakened those who were before asleep, insensible of the surpassing excellence of a series of productions, destined to hold one of the highest places in the ranks of British literature, and effecting, in an unexampled measure, the excitement of a feeling of popular delight, by means which have gained, and will secure, to the author, the meed of fame from those who are alone rightfully privileged to award it. We now see announcements of intended remarks on the whole succession of these popularities, by persons who have never yet opened their lips about them to the public; and who in private have not been willing to allow that a Scotchman, and one, too, suspected of being

a Tory, could produce any thing pre-eminently good. Also the crippled praise made to limp round these works in certain lectures and miscellaneous papers, is now succeeded by good, full-bodied, often-introduced approbation. To speak candidly, we consider the London Magazine as in a great measure the cause of this alteration: we have not been accustomed to take such things to ourselves generally, but in the present case we are irresistibly driven to do so by circumstances; and with this pleasant thought we shall "comfort ourselves in our task, live and die."

It is infinitely too late now to profess entering regularly on the story of the Monastery. The telegraph can scarcely be said to diffuse its information with more rapidity than the booksellers disseminate popular novels and poems; and the straw-bonnet and mantua-makers would laugh at us if we were to pretend now to offer them the thread of the tale. They have the volumes by heart by this time. We are bound, however, shortly to justify our own fault-finding; and this we shall do principally by referring to the ill-conducted supernatural machinery of the novel, which so ill assorts with the place, time, and characters of the fiction. The idea of raising a spirit to deliver a bodkin as a taunt on the sartorial ancestry of Sir Percy Shafton,—is really too much for criticism. Was the author serious or joking when he devised this incident? It is impossible to consider it but as the fruit of an entire suspension of his taste and judgment. Eustace and his Abbot vindicate the genius of the author: they are both excellent sketches; but the former, though powerfully done, is too *modern* in his intellect. The adventures of the night, passed by Halbert Glendinning in the tower of Julian Avenel, with all the family incidents that took place in his hall, are worthy of the best moods of this novelist; here he is himself again, and if he had chosen to follow up his commenced portrait of Catherine, we might have had one of the finest of his female creations: but a few hasty touches are all he has given to her, which only serve to shew what his genius is able to do, and what in

carelessness he dare venture to offer. The incident of the duel between Halbert and the Euphuist, we think a complete failure: it is at once extravagant and powerless, two very bad faults to come together. The contrasted characters of the two brothers, Edward and Halbert, are beautifully conceived, but executed in a very slovenly, imperfect way. Mary Avenel is also too shadowy and unsubstantial; but she is a gentle, and a graceful shade:—rendered substantial she would probably be one of our principal favourites amongst this author's female collection. Mysie Happer, the miller's daughter, is too good for the Euphuist, Sir Percy, who is not half so clever as Lilie's Euphuës, the "young gentleman of great patrimony who dwelt in Athens." The following description, which the latter gives of himself, will prove that there was much more in him than in the tailor's grandson:—"Being demanded of one what countryman he was, he answered, what countryman am I not? If I be in Crete, I can lie; if in Greece, I can shift; if in Italy, I can court: If thou aske whose son I am, I ask thee whose son I am not? I can carouse with Alexander; abstain with Romulus: eate with the epicure; fast with the Stoicke; sleep with Endymion; watch with Chrysippus:—using these speeches, and other like."

Euphuës and his England.

And very good speeches they were to use; being hearty and full of meaning, which is more than we can say for those of the Euphuist in the Monastery. This work, however, though we are much inclined to quarrel with it, does not render us less anxious to see the Abbot; which announced publication, it is supposed, will form a sort of appendage to the present. In conclusion, we hope, that, in the course of these remarks, we have said nothing that can be construed into disrespect towards the author, whose great talents, and amiable use of them, have given him a permanent elevation in moral and intellectual rank, which no difference of opinion as to the comparative merit of any one of his works, can affect.

THE DRAMA.

No. V.

We don't know where to begin this article—whether with Mr. Matthews and his Country Cousins; or with Harlequin *versus* Shakspear; or Cinderella and the Little Glass Slipper; or the story of Goody Two-Shoes and the Fate of Calas, at the Summer Theatre of Sadler's Wells;—or with Mr. Booth's Lear, which we have seen with great pleasure; or with Mr. Kean's, which is a greater pleasure to come, (so we anticipate) and which we see is put off to the last moment, lest, we suppose, as the play-bills announce, “the immortal Shakspear should meet with opponents.” And why should the immortal Shakspear meet with opponents in this case? Nobody can tell. But to prevent so terrible and unlooked-for a catastrophe, and to protect the property of the Theatre at so alarming a crisis from cries of “fire,” the Manager has thought it his duty “to suspend the Free List during the representation, the public press excepted.” As we have not the mortification of the exclusion, nor the benefit of the exception, we care little about the matter, but as a curiosity in theatrical diplomacy. The anxiety of the Manager about the double trust committed to him, the property of a great theatre, and the fame of a great poet, is exemplary; and the precautions he uses for their preservation, no less admirable and efficacious:—so that, if the tragedy of King Lear should pass muster for a night or two, without suffering the greatest indignities, it will be owing to the *suspension of the Free List*: if Mr. Kean should ride triumphant in a sea of passion, the king of sorrows, and drown his audience in a flood of tears, it will be owing to the *suspension of the Free List*: if the heart-rending tragedy of the immortal bard, as it was originally written, does not meet with the same untoward fate as the speaking pantomime of the late Mr. Garrick deceased, “altered by a professional gentleman of great abilities,” it will be owing to the *suspension of the Free List*. In a word, if the glory of the “great heir of fame” does not totter to its base at the representation of his noblest

work, nor the property of the theatre tumble about our ears the very first night, we shall have to thank Mr. Elliston's timely care in the *suspension of the Free List*! “Strange that an old poet's memory should be as mortal as a new manager's wits!” This bold anticipation and defiance of opposition, where none can be expected, is not very politic, though it may be very valiant. It is bringing into litigation an unencumbered estate (we mean that part of it relating to the character of Shakspear) of which we are in full and quiet possession. It is not only waking the sleeping lion, but kicking him. Mr. Elliston's shutting his doors in the face of the Free List is like Don Quixote's throwing open the cages of the wild beasts in the caravan, and insisting that they should come out and fight him. If the Free List were that formidable and ill-disposed body of sworn foes to Shakspear, that “tasteless monster that the world ne'er saw,” and into which the manager's officious zeal for the interests of the theatre would convert them, it were best to let them alone, and not court their hostility by invidious and impracticable disqualifications. If they are determined to *damn* Shakspear, there is no help for it: if they hold no such antipathy to him, “if that they love the gentle bard,” why should their “unhoused, free condition, be put in circumscription and confine,” during the Manager's pleasure? We are in no great pain for the deathless renown of Shakspear: but we really entertain apprehensions that these Berlin and Milan decrees (in imitation of a great man) which our arbitrary theatrical dictator is in the habit of issuing at the bottom of his play-bills, may be of no service to the life-renters of Drury-Lane. We hear a report (which we do not believe, and shall be happy to contradict) that the Drury-Lane Management have put in a claim to the exclusive representation of L^{ear}, and have proposed to suspend the performance at the other house. This we think too much, even for the gratuitous and imposing pretensions of Mr. Elliston. We shall, at this rate, soon see stuck up about

the town,—“Shakspear performed at this theatre, for a few nights only, by permission of the Manager of Drury-Lane!” Why, this would be a sweeping clause indeed, a master-stroke at the liberty of the stage. It cannot be. It is “as if he would confine the interminable.” He may seat himself in the manager’s chair, like the lady in the lobster, but the tide of Shakspear’s genius must be allowed to take its full scope, and overflow, like the Nile, the banks on either side of Russell-street. Our poet is national, not private property. The *quondam* proprietor of the Circus cannot catch this mighty Proteus to make a Harlequin of him: it is not in the bond, that he should not now let any one else but Mr. Kean play Shakspear, as he once objected to let him play it at all! We suspect this idle report must have arisen, not from any hint of an injunction, on the part of Mr. Elliston, against “a beard so old and white” as Mr. Booth’s; but as a critical reproof to the Covent-Garden Managers, for reviving Nahum Tate’s *Lear*, instead of the original text; and as a friendly suggestion to them instantly to deprive Cordelia of her lover—and to exclude the Free List “lest the immortal Shakspear should meet with opponents!” But we have said enough on this ridiculous subject.

We proceed to another; Mr. Matthews’s *Country Cousins*. This is the third season that this gentleman has entertained the town successfully, and we trust profitably to himself, by a *melange* of imitations, songs, narrative, and ventriloquism, entirely of his own getting up. For one man to be able to amuse the public, or, as the phrase is, to *draw houses*, night after night, by a display of his own resources and feats of comic dexterity alone, shews great variety and piquancy of talent. The *Country Cousins* is popular, like the rest: the audiences are, at this present speaking, somewhat thinner, but they do not laugh the less. We do not regret that Mr. Matthews has been transferred from the common stage to a stage of his own. He himself complained, at first, (as the cause of this removal) that he had not regular opportunities afforded him at Covent-Garden for appearing in legitimate comedy, which was the chief object

of his study and his ambition. If it were not the most ridiculous of all things to expect self-knowledge from any man, this ground of complaint would be sufficiently curious. Mr. Matthews was seldom or never put into any characters but those of mimicry and burlesque by the Managers of Covent-Garden: into what characters has he put himself since he has been upon his own hands? why seldom or never into any but those of mimicry and burlesque. We remember on some former occasion throwing out a friendly discouragement of Mr. Matthews’s undertaking the part of Rover in *Wild Oats*, (as not exactly fitted to his peculiar cast of acting) which we had reason to think was not received in good part: yet how did he himself propose to make it palatable, and how did he really contrive to make it tolerable, to the audience?—By the introduction of Imitations of all the actors on the London boards. It is not easy to give a character of a man (without making a fool of him) with which he shall be satisfied: but actors are in general so infatuated with applause, or sore from disappointment, that they are, of all men, the least accessible to reason. We critics are a sort of people whom they very strangely look upon as in a state of natural hostility with them. A person who undertakes to give an account of the acted Drama in London, may be supposed to be led to this by some fondness for, and some knowledge of, the stage: here then “there’s sympathy” between the actor and the critic. He praises the good, he holds out a warning to the bad. The last may have cause to complain, but the first do not thank you a bit the more. You cheer them in the path of glory, shew them where to pluck fresh laurels, or teach them to shun the precipice, on which their hopes may be dashed to pieces: you devote your time and attention to them; are romantic, gay, witty, profound in adorning their art with every embellishment you have in store to make it interesting to others; you occupy the eyes and ears of the town with their names and affairs; weigh their merits and defects in daily, weekly, monthly scales, with as much preparation and formality as if the fate of the world depended on their failure

or success ; and yet they seem to suppose that your whole business and only object are to degrade and vilify them in public estimation. What you say in praise of any individual, is set down to the score of his merit : what you say of others, in common justice to yourself, is considered as a mere effusion of spleen, stupidity, and spite—as if you took a particular pleasure in torturing their feelings.—Yet, upon second thoughts, there may be some ground for all this. We do not like to have a physician feel our pulse, shake his head, and prescribe a regimen: many persons have an objection to sit for their pictures, and there is, perhaps, something in the very fact of being criticised, to which human nature is not easily reconciled. To have every word you speak scanned, every look scrutinised,—never to be sure whether you are right or wrong ; to have it said that this was too high ; that too low, to be abused by one person for the very same thing that another “applauds you to the very echo, that does applaud again ;” to have it hinted that one’s very best effort only just wanted something to make it perfect ; and that certain other parts which we thought tolerable, were not to be endured ; to be taken in pieces in this manner, turned inside out, to be had up at a self-erected tribunal of impertinence,—tried, condemned, and acquitted every night,—to hear the solemn defence, the ridiculous accusation,—to be subjected to a living anatomy,—to be made the text of a perpetual running commentary,—to be set up in an antithesis, to be played upon in an alliteration,—to have one’s faults separated from one’s virtues, like the sheep from the goats by the good shepherd,—to be shorn bare and have a mark set upon one,—to be bewitched and bedevilled by the critics,—to lie at the mercy of every puny whipster, and not be suffered to know whether one stands on one’s head or one’s heels till he tells one how—has, to be sure, something very perplexing and very provoking in it ; and it is not so much to be wondered at that the subjects of this kind of critical handling undergo the operation with so little patience as they do. They particularly hate those writers who pretend to patronise them, for this

takes away even the privilege of resentment.

An actor, again, is seldom satisfied with being extolled for what he is, unless you admire him for being what he is not. A great tragic actress thinks herself particularly happy in comedy, and it is a sort of misprision of treason not to say so. Your pen may grow wanton in praise of the broad farcical humour of a low comedian ; but if you do not cry him up for the fine gentleman, he threatens to leave the stage. Most of our best comic performers came out in tragedy as their favourite line ; and Mr. Matthews does not think it enough to enliven a whole theatre with his powers of drolery, and whim, and personal transformation, unless by way of preface and apology he first delivers an epitaph on those talents for the legitimate drama, which were so prematurely buried at Covent Garden Theatre !—If we were to speak our minds, we should say, that Mr. Matthews shines particularly, neither as an actor, nor a mimic of actors, but that his forte is a certain general tact, and versatility of comic power. You would say, he is a clever performer : you would guess he is a cleverer man. His talents are not pure, but mixed. He is best when he is his own prompter, manager, and performer, orchestra, and scene-shifter ; and, perhaps, to make the thing complete, the audience should be of his own providing too.—If we had never known any thing more of Mr. Matthews than the account we have heard of his imitating the interior of a German family, the wife lying a-bed grumbling at her husband’s staying out, the husband’s return home drunk, and the little child’s *pudding* across the room to get to its own bed as soon it hears him, we should set him down for a man of genius. These felicitous strokes are, however, casual and intermittent in him :—they proceed from him rather by chance than design, and are followed up by others equally gross and superficial. Mr. Matthews wants taste, or has been spoiled by the taste of the town, whom “he must live to please, and please to live.” His talent, though limited, is of a lively and vigorous fibre ; capable of a succession of shifts and disguises ; he is *up to* a number of good things—single hits here and

there; but by the suddenness and abruptness of his turns, he surprises and shocks oftener than he satisfies. His wit does not move the muscles of the mind, but like some practical joker, gives one a good rap on the knuckles, or a lively box on the ear. He serves up a *pic-nic* entertainment of scraps and odd ends (some of them, we must say, old ones). He is like a host, who will not let us swallow a mouthful, but offers us something else, and directly after brings us the same dish again. He is in a continual hurry and disquietude to please, and destroys half the effect by trying to increase it. He is afraid to trust for a moment to the language of nature and character, and wants to translate it into pantomime and grimace, like a writing-master, who for the letter *I* has the hieroglyphic of an eye staring you in the face. Mr. Matthews may be said to have taken tythe of half the talents of the stage and of the town; yet his variety is not always charming. There is something dry and meagre in his jokes: they do not lard the lean earth as he walks; but seem as if they might be written upon parchment. His humour, in short, is not like digging into a fine Stilton cheese, but is more like the scrapings of Shapsugar.—As an actor, we think he cannot rise higher than a waiter, (certainly not a dumb one,) or than Mr. Wiggins. In this last character, in particular, by a certain panic-struck expression of countenance at the persecution of which the hen-pecked husband is the victim, and by the huge unwieldy helplessness of his person, unable to escape from it and from the rabble of boys at his heels, he excites shouts of laughter, and hits off the humour of the thing to an exact perfection. In general, his performance is of that kind which implies manual dexterity, or an assumption of bodily defect, rather than mental capacity: take from Mr. Matthews's drollest parts an odd shuffle in the gait, a restless volubility of speech and motion, a sudden suppression of features, or the continual repetition of some cant phrase with unabated vigour, and you reduce him

to almost total insignificance, and a state of still life. He is not therefore like

—A clock that wants both hands,
As useless when it goes as when it stands:

for only keep him going, and he bustles about the stage to some purpose. As a mimic of other actors, Mr. Matthews fails as often as he succeeds (we call it a failure, when it is with difficulty we can distinguish the person intended,) and when he succeeds, it is more by seizing upon some peculiarity, or exaggerating some defect, than by hitting upon the true character or prominent features. He gabbles like Incedon, or croaks like Suett, or lisps like Young; but when he attempts the expressive silver-tongued cadences of John Kemble, it is the shadow of a shade. If we did not know the contrary, we should suppose he had never heard the original, but was imitating some one who had. His best imitations are taken from something characteristic or absurd that has struck his fancy, or occurred to his observation in real life—such as a chattering footman, a drunken coachman, a surly traveller, or a garrulous old Scotchwoman. This last we would fix upon as Mr. Matthews's *chef-d'œuvre*. It was a portrait of common nature, equal to Wilkie or Teniers—as faithful, as simple, as delicately humorous, and with a slight dash of pathos; but without one particle of caricature, of vulgarity, or ill-nature. We see no reason why the ingenious artist should not show his Country Cousins a gallery of such portraits, and of no others, once a year. “He might exhibit it every night for a month, and we should go to see it every night!”* What has impressed itself on our memory as the next best thing to this exquisite piece of genuine painting, was the broad joke of the abrupt proposal of a mutton-chop to the man who is sea-sick, and the convulsive marks of abhorrence with which it is received. The representation also of the tavern-beau in the Country Cousins, who is about to swallow a lighted-candle for a glass of brandy and water, as he is going drunk to

* We have given this sentence in marks of quotation, and yet it is our own. We should put a stop to the practices of “such petty larceny rogues”—but that it is not worth while.

bed, is well feigned and admirably humoured; with many more, too long to mention. It is more to our performer's credit to suppose that the songs which he sings with such rapidity and vivacity of effect are not of his own composing; and, as to his ventriloquism, it is yet in its infancy. The fault of these exhibitions—that which appears “first, midst, and last” in them, is that they turn too much upon caricaturing the most commonplace, and worn-out topics of ridicule—the blunders of Frenchmen in speaking English,—the mispronunciations of the cockney dialect, the ignorance of Country Cousins, and the impertinence and foppery of relations in town. It would seem too likely from the uniform texture of these pieces, that Mr. Matthews had passed his whole time in climbing to the top of the Monument, or had never been out of a tavern, or a stage-coach, a Margate-hoy, or a Dover packet-boat. We do not deny the merit of some of the cross-readings out of the two languages, but certainly we think the quantity of French and English jargon put into the mouths of French and English travellers all through these imitations, must lessen their popularity instead of increasing it, as two-thirds of Mr. Matthews's auditors, we should imagine, cannot know the point on which the jest turns. We grant that John Bull is always very willing to laugh at Mounseer, if he knew why or how—perhaps, even without knowing how or why! But we thought many of the jokes of this kind, however well contrived or intended, miscarried in their passage through the pit, and long before they reached the two shilling gallery.

A new pantomime, called *Shakspear versus Harlequin*, has been produced at Drury-lane Theatre. It is called “a speaking pantomime:” we had rather it had said nothing. It is better to act folly than to talk it. The heels and wand and motley coat of Harlequin are sacred to nonsense; but the words, the cap and wings of Mercury (who was here also made the representative of Shakspear) are worthy of a better use. The essence of pantomime is practical absurdity, keeping the wits in constant chase, coming upon one by surprise, and starting off again before you can arrest the fleeting phantom: the essence of

this piece was prosing stupidity remaining like a mawkish fixture on the stage, and overcoming your impatience by the force of *ennui*. A speaking pantomime (such as this one) is not unlike a flying waggon: but we do not want a pantomime to move in minuet-time, nor to have Harlequin's light wand changed into a leaden mace. If we must have a series of shocks and surprises, of violations of probability, common sense, and nature, to keep the brain and senses in a whirl, let us, at least, have them hot and hot, let them “charge on heaps, that we may lose distinction in *absurdity*,” and not have time to doze and yawn over them, in the intervals of the battle. The bringing Harlequin to the test of reason, resembles the old story of hedging in the cuckoo, and surpasses the united genius of the late Mr. Garrick (to whom this dull farce is ascribed) and of the professional gentleman who has fitted the above production of “the olden times,” (*viz.* those of the late Mr. Garrick,) to modern taste! After all, though Harlequin is tried by three grave judges, who are very unnecessarily metamorphosed into three old women, no competition, no collision takes place between him and the genius of Shakspear, unless Mr. T. Cooke's playing very cleverly on a variety of musical instruments, so as to ravish the heart of Miss Dolly Snip (Madam Vestris) can be construed into so many proofs of the superiority of Shakspear's Muse! Again, Mr. Harley, as Harlequin, and Mr. Oxberry (as a country clown) got up into a tree, to see the sport, from which it was as difficult to dislodge them as owls from an ivy-bush; and the sport was to see Joey Snip, the tailor, have his head cut off, and walk with it about the stage, and, unlike the sign of the good woman, talk without his tongue. The slicing off a blackamoor's head or two with the stroke of a scymitar, provided the thing is done quickly, and instantly got out of sight, we do not much object to; but we do not like to have a ghastly spectre of this sort placed before us for a whole evening, as the heads of the rebel Scotch lords were stuck on Temple-bar for half a century. It may be well said indeed, *Quod sic mihi ostendis incredulus odi*. Perhaps this exhibition of posthumous horror and imperti-

nence might be meant as a sly hit at the ghost of Hamlet.

See o'er the stage the ghost of *Munden* stalks.

If so, we cry the Manager mercy. We must add, that the strength of the theatre was put in requisition for this piece, and if it could have been saved, it would. Miss Tree, to enliven so many dreary objects, danced a *pas seul*. We would rather see this young lady dance round a may-pole at country wake or fair.

But thou, oh Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy enchanting measure?
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail:—

We could not help repeating these lines as we saw the youngest of the Miss Dennetts, the tallest of the three, resume the part of Cinderella at Covent-Garden,—restored, like Psyche to her late-lost home, and transformed by the little hump-backed fairy, from a poor house-maid, to a bright princess, drinking pleasure and treading air. This is a consummation more devoutly to be wished, than the changing of a pipkin into a sign-post, or a wheel-barrow into a china-shop. A Fairy Tale is the true history of the human heart—it is a dream of youth realized! How many country-girls have fancied themselves princesses, nay, what country-girl ever was there that, some time or other, did not? A Fairy Tale is what the world would be, if everyone had their wishes or their deserts, if our power and our passions were equal. We cannot be at a loss for a thousand bad translations of the story of Cinderella, if we look around us in the boxes. But the real imitation is on the stage. If we could always see the flowers open in the spring, or hear soft music, or see Cinderella dance, or dream we did, life itself would be a Fairy Tale. If the three Miss Dennetts are a little less like one another than they were, on the other hand, we must say that Miss Eliza Dennett (what a pretty name) is much improved, combines a little cluster of graces in her own person, and, “in herself sums all delight.” She has learned to add precision to ease, and firmness of movement to the utmost harmony of form. In the scene where Cinderella is introduced at court and is led out

to dance by the enamoured prince, she bows as if she had a diadem on her head, moves as if he had just burst from fetters of roses, folds her arms as the vine curls its tendrils, and hurries from the scene, after the loss of her faithless slipper, as if she had to run a race with the winds. We had only one thing to desire, that she and her lover, instead of the new ballet, had danced the Minuet de la Cour with the Gavot, as they do in the *Dansomanie*; that we might have called the Minuet de la Cour divine, and the Gavot heavenly, and exclaimed once more, with more than artificial rapture—“Such were the joys of our dancing days!” We do not despair of seeing this alteration adopted, as our recommendations are sometimes attended to: and in that case we shall feel—But the mechanical anticipation of an involuntary burst of sentiment in supposed circumstances is in vile taste, and we leave it to lords and pettifoggers. We hate to copy them: but we like to steal from Spenser. Here is a passage descriptive of dancing, and of the delights of love, of youth, and beauty which sometimes surround it, and of the eternal echo which they leave in the ear of fancy. The Managers of Covent-Garden may perhaps apply it to their own enchanted palace: we have nothing to do with the passage but to quote it.

They say that Venus, when she did dispose
Herself to pleasure, used to resort
Unto this place, and therein to repose
And rest herself as in a gladsome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and sport:
That even her own Cytheron, though in it
She used most to keep her royal court,
And in her sovereign majesty to sit,
She in regard hereof refus'd and thought
unfit.

Unto this place, when as the Elfin knight
Approach'd, him seemed that the merry
sound
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feet fast thumping th' hollow
ground,
That through the woods their echo did re-
bound.
He nigher drew to weet what it mote be:
There he a troop of ladies dancing found
Full merrily, and making gladful glee,
And in the midst a shepherd piping he did
see.

All they without were ranged in a ring,
And danced round; but in the midst of
them

Three other ladies did both dance and sing,
The whilst the rest them round about did
hem,
And like a girlond did encompass them,
And in the midst of those same three was
placed
Another damsel, as a precious gem,
Amidst a ring most richly well enchaced,
That with her goodly presence all the rest
much graced.

Look how the crown which Ariadne wore
Upon her ivory forehead, that same day
That Theseus her unto her bridal bore
(When the bold Centaurs made that bloody
fray
With the fierce Lapiths that did him dis-
may)
Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright heaven doth her beams
display,
And is unto the stars an ornament;
Which round about her move in order ex-
cellent.

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whose sundry shape were here too long to
tell :

But she that in the midst of them did stand,
Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excel,
Crown'd with a rosy girlond, that right well
Did her besem. And ever as the crew
About her danc'd, sweet flow'rs that far did
smell,
And fragrant odours, they upon her threw,
But, most of all, those three did her with
gifts endue.

Those were the Graces, daughters of de-
light,
Handmaids of Venus, which are wont to
haunt
Upon this hill, and dance there day and
night :
Those three to men all gifts of grace do
grant ;
And all that Venus in herself doth vaunt,
Is borrowed of them. But that fair one,
That in the midst was placed paravant,
Was she to whom that shepherd piped alone,
That made him pipe so merrily, as never
none.

Faery Queen, Book VI. Canto 10.

On the subject of pantomime and the miscellaneous Drama, we have two words to add, *viz.* that we have been to see the Heart of Midlothian at the Surrey theatre, of which we spoke by hearsay in our last but one, and which answered our warmest expectations ; and that we took a pleasant stroll up to the Aquatic theatre of Sadler's Wells, and after dining at the Sir Hugh Middleton's Head, saw a very pretty play-house, Goody Two Shoes, the Monastery, and the Fate of Calas. Goody Two Shoes was

played first, on the evening we were there, because Mr. Grimaldi and Mr. Barnes were in it, and they were obliged afterwards to perform in the pantomime at Covent Garden. Did Miss Vallancy go with them? Otherwise, we should have liked to have seen her again in the course of the evening. All that we could see to praise in the Monastery was its faithfulness to the original, and the acting of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley. We hope that under the management of a gentleman (Mr. Howard Paine,) so well acquainted with both departments of his undertaking, the literary and the dramatic, this theatre will soon flourish in all the pride of summer. We had nearly omitted to notice a new Hamlet, that came out at Drury-lane a few weeks ago, who, it appeared to us, would have made the prettiest Hamlet we have seen, if he had been only equal to the part. Indeed he looked it to perfection ; he had an elegant figure with a thoughtful face ; and in the ordinary conduct and conception of the character, was at once the gentleman and scholar. In the more declamatory and impassioned scenes, however, his voice totally broke down under him, and he did not repeat the part as was given out ; for he was the next morning pierced through with the feathered arrows of criticism, as if his breast had been a target. The gentlemen-critics of the daily press have not, in general, their cue on the first night of a performer's appearance. If he fails, they fall upon him without mercy : if he succeeds, they are almost afraid to say so, lest others should say that they were wrong. They pretend (some of them) to lead public opinion and yet have no opinion of their own. They dare not boldly and distinctly declare their opinion of a new dramatic experiment, and the reason is, their convictions are not clear enough to warrant their placing any confidence in them, till they are confirmed by being put to the vote. The first quality of a good critic is courage ; but mental courage, like bodily, is the result of conscious strength. Some of the Vampyre crew, indeed, retreat from the dimness and inanity of their perceptions, into the solid darkness of their prejudices, and the crude consistence of their ever-rankling spite ; and, in that strong-hold of dirt and

cobwebs, are impervious to every ray of sense or reason. We might leave them, if they had themselves been contented to remain, in their narrow, gloomy cells, the proper hiding-place of ignorance and bigotry; but when they come out into the blaze of noon,

"Shut their blue fringed lids, and hold them close,

And hooting at the glorious sun in heaven,
Cry out, where is it?"—

it is time to stop their ominous flight, and send them back to that life of sloth and pride, where the poison of dull-eyed envy preys only upon itself.

There was a want of proper spirit and gallantry shown the other day in the critical reception of Mr. Booth's Lear. It was not thought he would make any thing of it, and therefore it was not said that he did. Because he was on his trial, he was not to have a hearing. Because he was *not* "the most favoured actor of the day," he was to have no favour at all shown him. *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.* When Mr. Booth does nothing but make wry faces and odd harsh noises in a character, in imitation of Mr. Kean, we will say, that he does it ill: but when he plays it as he did Lear, we will say that he does it not ill, but well, and that in prejudging him, we have been mistaken. It does not lessen Mr. Macready in our opinion, that (as we understand) he refused this character in obstinate despair of doing it justice: but if this was a proof of modesty and judgment in him, it certainly ought to raise our idea of Mr. Booth's talents, that he was able to get through it in the way he did. Where failure would have been so fatal and so marked, it was a sufficient triumph even to a proud ambition not to fail. If the part in our adventurous actor's hands wanted something of the breadth and majesty of Lear, it did not want for life or spirit, or a human interest. If he did not give the torrent and whirlwind of the passion, he had plenty of its gusts and flaws. Without his crown, or even the faded image of one, circling his brow, he bustled about the stage with a restlessness and impetuosity of feeling that kept expectation continually awake and gratified the attention which had been so excited. There was no feebleness, and no vulgarity in any part

of Mr. Booth's acting, but it was animated, vigorous, and pathetic throughout. The audience, we are sure, the first night, thought and felt as we did. In the exclamation, "I am every inch a king," his energy rose to dignity: again, in his reiteration of Gloucester's epithet of "the *fiery* Duke," applied to his son-in-law, his manifest impatience, and increasing irritability, showed that Mr. Booth had felt the full force of that beautiful passage in which his own half-conscious infirmity is played off so finely on the ill-fated old king; and in the scenes with Edgar as mad Tom, where his wits begin to unsettle, the distraction and alienation of his mind, wandering from its own thoughts to catch hold of a clue less painful, and yet broken and entangled like them, were portrayed with equal skill and delicacy. In the more set speeches, as in the curse on his daughters, Mr. Booth, we thought, comparatively failed; but where action was to come in aid of the sentiment and point the meaning, he was almost uniformly correct and impressive. In fact, it is only when the poet's language is explained by the comment of gesture or some sudden change of look, or situation—that is, when tragedy is enlivened by pantomime, that it becomes intelligible to the greater part of the audience; and we do not see how an actor can be supposed to do those things well which are almost abstractions in his art, and in which he is not encouraged by the sympathy or corrected by the judgment of his hearers. We observed, that the finest touches of thought, of poetry and nature in this play, which were not set off by the accompaniment of show and bustle, passed in profound silence, and without the smallest notice. The sublimity of repose is one in which our play-house frequenters do not seem to be proficient, and the players may be excused if they do not always cultivate (as we might wish) this occult and mysterious branch of their profession.—Of Mr. C. Kemble's Edgar we cannot speak in terms of too high praise. In the supposed mad-scenes, his conception and delivery of the part excited the warmest approbation; his fine face and figure admirably relieved the horror of the situations; and, whenever we see mad

Tom played, (which is not often) we should wish to see it played by him. The rest of the play was very respectably got up, and all we could object to was the interspersions of the love-scenes by Tate. The happy ending, and the triumph and dotage of the poor old king in repeating again and again, "Cordelia's Queen, Cordelia's Queen," were perhaps allowable concessions to the feelings of the audience.

HENRI QUATRE.—There are two lines in a modern poem which we often repeat to ourselves—

'Twas Launcelot of the Lake, a bright
romance,
That like a trumpet made young spirits
dance:

and we were much disposed to apply them to this romantic, light, and elegant drama. We prophesy that the Managers and the public have a splendid career before them for the season. *This will do.* We saw it in the first opening scene, a view near Paris, the clearest, the most sparkling, the most vivid we ever saw. 'Ah! brilliant land! ah! sunny, cloudless skies! Not all the ink, that has been shed to blacken thee, can blot thy shining face!*' Not all the blood that has been spilt to enslave thee can choke up thy living breath! If we can thus be transported to another and gayer region, and made to drink the warmth and lustre of another climate by the painter's magic art, what can we desire more?—What the pencil had in this case done, the poet's pen did not undo: what the author had written, the actors did not spoil. They do order these things well at Covent Garden. We never saw a piece better got up in all its parts, nor one more adapted to the taste of the town in scenery, in dresses, in songs, in passing allusions, in popular sentiments; nor one that went off with less *ennui*, or with more continual bursts of flattering applause. The writing (as far as it was French) was, as might be expected, lively and sentimental: as far as we could perceive Mr. Morton to have had a hand in it, it consisted of strong touches of obvious nature, and showed a perfect understanding with the actors and the audi-

ence. The characters were strikingly conceived, and admirably sustained. Mr. Macready's Henri Quatre was (we think) his very happiest effort. There was an originality, a raciness in it that hit our palates. With something, nay, with much of the stiffness and abruptness of one of "the invincible knights of old," used to march in rusty armour, there was at the same time the ease, the grace and gallantry of the accomplished courtier. "He is ten times handsomer," says the fair Jocrisse, "than uncle Jervais;" and according to her husband's comment, "Handsome is that handsome does." There was a spirit of kindness blended with authority in his tones and his actions; he was humane, and yet a king and a soldier. Some of the sentiments put into his mouth were worthy of the attention of princes, if they had time for serious reflection, and called forth loud and repeated plaudits. Henry professed his desire to reign by love not fear in the hearts of his subjects; and quoted a saying of his mother's on the mode of effecting this purpose, that "a pound of honey would draw more flies than a ton of vinegar." We seemed suddenly and unaccountably carried back to the heroic times of camps and courts, in the company of this good-natured, high spirited, old fashioned monarch, and his favourite counsellor, Sully, a pattern of sound thinking and plain-speaking, who was characteristically represented by Mr. Egerton. It is his business to prevent the king from doing any thing wrong,—"no sinecure," as he honestly declares. We like these bitter jests; and we found that others were of our way of thinking, though they flew about as thick as hail. We should have thought this piece more likely to have been imported from Spain than France, at the present crisis of affairs. At any rate, Mr. Morton has given a truly English version of it. Mr. Emery played a blunt rough old soldier (Moustache,) well, who is afterwards appointed keeper of a prison—"Because," he says, to his sovereign, "you think me a savage." "No!" (is the answer,) "but because with the courage and rough outside of a lion you have the heart

* Does our Correspondent here refer to the ink he has himself shed in severe criticism on the French national character.—Ed.

of a man." The scenes in which Charles Kemble, as Eugene de Biron, is committed to his charge under sentence of death—is liberated by him to perform a last act of friendship and of affection, and returns on his parole of honour to meet his fate (from which however he is delivered by having, in his night's adventure, saved the lives of Henri and Sully, who had been attacked by assassins in a forest hard by) are among the most interesting of the story. We do not enter into the details of the plot, because we hope all our readers will go to see this piece, and it is anticipating a pleasure to come. Besides, we are bad hands at getting up a plot, and should on that account make but indifferent mi-

nisters of state. But the whole was delightful. Miss M. Tree was delightful as the village representative of the fair Gabrielle; Mr. Liston was happy as the husband of Jocrisse, "whom the king had deigned to salute," and to put a diamond ring on her finger, which was to introduce them to the Louvre in their wooden shoes on his coronation day.—Miss Stephens sung sweetly; Mr. Fawcett was at home in the old general; Irish Johnstone blundered in his old beautiful *brogue*, and every thing was as it should be. We like things to succeed in this manner: that they do not always do so, is assuredly no fault of ours. L.

(*Mr. Kean's Lear in our next.*)

REPORT OF MUSIC.

No. V.

THE monthly succession of *change*, if not of absolute novelty, which the managers of the King's Theatre substituted, during the two last seasons, for the production of works of first-rate talent, is no longer maintained. Yet there has been no injunction from the Chancellor to forbid the preparation of a new opera, or the engagement of singers of ability! Gastone et Bayardo are, therefore, likely to linger out a monotonous existence; relieved only by occasional visitations of the worn-out *Il Don Giovanni*, *Il Flauto Magico*, and, perhaps, of *La Cenerentola*. The latter, indeed, might kindle again the spirits of the nursery-age, were these not chilled, and kept down by the insipid personages who walk in her train, and spoil her vivacity, and her melodies. This, however, it seems, is all the frequenters of the opera have to expect, till Madame Bellocchi's benefit—what is expected of *them*, is to pay after the rate of seventy thousand a-year for the use of their dormitory, until the time comes for them to open their eyes upon Rossini's *Tancredi*, which the joint prima Donna has announced. Few specimens from this opera are yet before the public. *In che accendi* is alone generally known. The score is before us, but we shall reserve our remarks till the opera has been performed. Half the season is elapsed, and the subscribers have heard no more of Madame Catalani, with whom

a correspondence was so early announced; neither has Signor Garcia yet quitted the Theatre Italienne of Paris on his leave of absence.

Our allusion to Madame Catalani reminds us of a curious correspondence, which, according to the German newspapers, has taken place between an officer of that country and the first magistrate of Senigaglia, a town in the Estates of the Church. It seems that a Miss Doris Schœfer, a native of Germany, left her family in her youth, to devote herself to music and the stage; and the German journals have, for some time past, published anecdotes, and suggested inferences, which seemed to identify this person and Madame Catalani. To set the question at rest, application was made to the Chevalier Xavier Cherubini, the magistrate above mentioned, who states that "there is nothing better made out than the early history of Madame Catalani. The latter was born here (says the Chevalier) on the 11th of May, 1780. Her christian name is Angelica. Her father's name is Augustus Catalani. He now resides in Tuscany, not far from Florence, and was, at the time of her birth, one of the best Goldsmiths in this city, and a singer in our cathedral. Angelica, who inherited from her father the happiest talents for music, devoted herself early to this study, under the direction of an able professor. She was then boarded at a convent of the nuns of St. Lucia, at

Gubbio, a town of the duchy of Urbino, about twenty leagues from Senigaglia, where she resided two years, at the end of which she returned to her family, and remained with them till her nineteenth year. The first dramatic attempt of Miss Catalani on the stage Della Fenice, in Venice, excited much attention, and crowned her with her first fame. At that place, she had the good fortune to become acquainted with the celebrated Marchesi, a circumstance which contributed much to her advantage, and to the development of her musical genius. All the great cities of Italy contended with each other for the honour of first seeing Madame Catalani, and hearing her melodious voice: but the courts of Portugal robbed Italy of her talent. She remained in Portugal for a considerable time, and acquired a considerable fortune. Thence she proceeded to London; from London to Paris; and afterwards to other capitals of Europe. At last, she traversed Germany in a sort of triumph. It ought not to be forgotten, that so long as she remained unmarried, her father and mother accompanied her in her travels; and after her marriage they returned to their homes, and are now supported by her bounty. Madame Catalani has brothers and sisters living." So far the Italian magistrate. Did any doubt remain we could corroborate the testimony of the chevalier, as we are personally acquainted with three English gentlemen who have not long since visited the parents of Catalani at their cottage near Florence. Germany must, therefore, lose the honour which her journalists would have conferred upon her, of having given birth to the most extraordinary singer that, perhaps, ever appeared.

The theatres have been almost as barren as the opera, as far as relates to musical pieces. Drury-Lane has, indeed, revived what used to be paradoxically called the speaking pantomime of Invasion, under the new title of Harlequin versus Shakspeare, in which Mr. T. Cooke, the singer, exhibits the versatility of his acquirements by performing solos in succession, on five instruments,—the flageolet, piano-forte, harp, clarionet, and violin. At the same theatre, Artaxerxes has been compressed into

two acts: the recitative is abridged—the principal songs retained. Madame Vestris, appearing as Artaxerxes, and Incledon, Artabanes. Those who recollect the "wandering melodist" in his best days, will retrace the powerful tone, the brilliant falsetto, and energetic, but vulgar nature of his singing, through deficient articulation and decayed power. It would be well could genius learn, that it is by timely extinction we avoid the dim light, and fœtid odour, which attend the natural termination of the taper's bright flame.

The Vocal Concerts have opened a second subscription, for the remaining four nights of the season, in order to afford an opportunity to the families who have been drawn from town by the dissolution of Parliament, to enjoy the closing performances of this charming and classical establishment.

The sixth of the Amateur Concerts, held at the City of London Tavern, took place on the 13th of April, and we understand, that the conduct of the whole has given entire satisfaction to a list of subscribers, amounting to no fewer than five hundred names. The management is committed to the direction of twenty gentlemen of the city, of the highest respectability, from whom ten are taken as the musical committee. One of these appoints the pieces for every night. Sir George Smart is the conductor, and the professional arrangements reflect ample credit on his ability. The singers have been Madame Bellocchi, Miss M. Tree, Miss Goodall, Miss Carew, Messrs. Vaughan, Braham, Terrail, Sale, Welch, Signors Ambrogetti, Angriani, and Bianchi. The band has been led by Mr. Loder, and Mr. Spagnuolletti, and the instrumental performers have included almost all the prominent talent of the profession. At the last concert a duet between Mr. and Mrs. Spohr,—and Mr. Spohr's concertos on the violin (*in modo di scena cantante*) were received with the highest approbation. Mrs. Spohr played the harp in a highly finished manner, and with beautiful tone. These formed, on this evening, the peculiar sources of attraction; but, throughout the season, the selections have mingled the finest examples of instrumental performance in every possible combination with the most polished concerted

and single pieces, by the eminent vocalists who have contributed to the superior excellence of this, the city establishment for music, which appears by its merit to be now placed on a permanent footing.

Mr. Pio Cianchettini, who demonstrated extraordinary talent when very young, has returned from Naples, where he has passed five years in the study of dramatic composition, under Zingarelli. He has given a concert at the new Argyle Rooms, wherein were performed a MS. oratorio by Paesiello, and an English cantata of his own, upon words selected from the dialogues of Adam and Eve, in Milton. Both this and his piano-forte playing made a very favourable impression.

The members of the Harmonic Institution have begun a series of six concerts, upon a plan which apparently takes an intermediate line between the Philharmonic and the Vocal, by mingling instrumental pieces with singing in more equal proportions. The first was on the 20th of April, and the talent which the institution itself comprises will appear in succession, and will be enriched by the most eminent female singers.

New Music, &c.—Several eminent composers (Dr. Crotch, Messrs. Calkin, Cramer, and Ries) have undertaken to arrange and publish select parts of Mozart's operas, for the flute and piano-forte, a mode which seems growing into favour with the public. The publication is by numbers, and *Il Don Gioranni*, *La Clemenza de Tito*, *Così fan tutte*, and *Il Flauto Magico*, have been adapted by the gentlemen above named. All that can be expected is judicious selection and scientific arrangement, with such a distribution of the parts as may give (consistently with a just reciprocity) sufficient importance to the less effective instruments. These objects are happily accomplished, and a more general diffusion of the knowledge of Mozart's operas will be among the beneficial consequences of such an employment of the talents engaged in the work.

Messrs. Boosey have commenced the publication of a series of the portraits of eminent foreign musicians, with biographical notices. The plates are well executed, and the entire plan elegant, tasteful, and *cheap*. The subjects of the first two numbers are,

Beethoven (which is a powerful engraving, and very characteristic,) and Mozart. The same publishers are engaged in the occasional production of a work under the title of *Antologia Musicale*, comprehending overtures, rondos, &c., by the first foreign composers. This publication has the stamp of the same attention to general excellence as the former. Seven numbers have appeared, which contain many original pieces. They have also the recommendation of being very cheap. The subjects are light, short, and various. The music of *Ivanhoe* has been published. It is principally made up of selections from Storace, *Mahmoud* and the *Pirates* being the grand sources. We notice it because the selector (Dr. Kitchener) has prefaced his book with some sensible, but desultory observations on vocal music: for we are glad to perceive, even by so imperfect an intimation, that musicians begin to awake to the necessity and advantage of calling in the help of literature. The profession may be assured that in this age of intellectual cultivation and power, art cannot be so successfully patronized, so impregably defended, nor so universally propagated as by the alliance of letters.

Beethoven's Twelve National Airs with Variations for the Piano-forte and Flute.—The six numbers of the promised twelve before us, have little beside the name of Beethoven to recommend them. They are slight and meagre matters on bold or threadbare subjects, written we must presume at *per dozen*.

Dussek's Ah que l'Amour, a French air, better known from its late employment as a waltz, arranged for the harp, is just pretty, and quite common place.

The Grand Military Concerto by N. C. Bochsa, is an elaborate composition, partaking of the fire, animation, delicacy, and power, of this player's consummate skill. It is rich and masterly throughout. The fine old ballad *Auld Robin Gray* is introduced, which adds to its chosen and various beauties.

Holder's Sonata, and a Theme with Variations.—The first is of simple construction, and well adapted to young performers, for whom we seldom see music better imagined. The last is of more difficulty and pretension. We

do not say that there is not as much variety in these variations as in most others—but variations (remember reader *we* hear and examine *all*), seem to us to have one prevailing fault—they have *no variety*.

A Grand Dramatic Sonata for the Piano-forte, by F. Kalkbrenner.—This is a composition full of ideas, and, when finely performed, exceedingly effective. It is amongst the most elaborate productions of this very fertile writer, it revels in transition, and in rapid modulation, which add more to its complication than its beauty. A comparative destitution of melody also contributes to render it more astonishing than pleasing.

La Solitudine, by the same author, is in an opposite style. From the introduction to the end, it abounds in passages of delicacy of sentiment, and of expression. The style is original, smooth, and flowing, the subject elegant and melodious, and its different passages artfully introduced throughout. Though the modulation is into extreme keys, it is never abrupt, so that the character of the piece is preserved, and is sweet, graceful, and pathetic throughout.

My Native Land Good Night—Air with Variations for the Piano-forte and Flute, by F. J. Klose.—The introduction is sweet and pathetic—the variations, taking into account the nature of the theme, have more in them than could have been anticipated. The flute assumes a more prominent character than is customary, adds much to the effect, and will give this lesson a more than usual interest with parties who are in the habit of playing such things in concert.

Donne l'Amore by *Rawlings* is a brilliant series of variations for the piano-forte, with a light, elegant, and interesting accompaniment for the

flute. There is originality even in the variations where we confess we should expect none. The flute is heard very agreeably even during the annunciation of the subject, and the notes assigned to it throughout, are simple and breathing, which is in just taste. The piano-forte part is generally bright and sparkling, but there is also an admixture of more serious expression. The whole is light, lively, and stimulant.

'Twas not those Eyes of starry Light, a Duet by Dr. Clarke for two trebles, is elegant, and written with great purity and truth of expression. We have not lately seen any thing of the kind capable of so much legitimate effect, when sung by persons of musical feeling.

Dearest Ellen awake, by Mr. Embdin, a simple and graceful ballad,—*alla moderna*—in every way accessible and acceptable to moderate powers.

Sweet are the stolen Hours of Love, M. P. King—Slowly wears the Day, Love, by C. N. Bochs, and Annot Lyle, by W. T. Parke—three ballads much of the same cast,—expressive, simple, and pretty, dropping, as they descend, an epithet at each remove.

Father of Light and Life, for four Voices, by Wesley, is a fine and solemn composition in the grave and learned style of the master. It is perhaps a little too organic.

Our readers cannot fail to have observed several gross and very unfortunate errors of the press in our last REPORT OF MUSIC. The sheet, in fact, was printed off, by mistake, without correction—a blunder owing to the same circumstance that caused some other deficiencies in our last number, acknowledged and accounted for in a notice in the second page of that publication.

NOTICES OF THE FINE ARTS.

No. V.

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE OF CHRIST'S TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

ONE of the most striking peculiarities in the character of what may be termed the public administration of this mighty empire, is the almost total neglect of *historical painting*, manifested by those in public stations. It might seem ridiculous to attach so much importance to this deficiency,

were it not a marked and glaring contrast to the liberality of the government in encouraging Literature and Science, by the purchase of curious works, and the patronage of skilful men. Nay, towards *sculpture* too, it is lavish of inducements and rewards,—while not one shilling has

ever been voted by the House of Commons, or proposed by the minister, to second the disposition of the late king in regard to the encouragement of historical painting, or to sustain any of the historical painters that England has ever produced. The enthusiasm of the English artists, and the apathy of the English government, are quite unexampled in the history of any other nation of Europe.

Amongst the higher classes of society, there is certainly an ambition that their country should shine in art;—yet after travelling to Italy to see churches, palaces, and public halls crowded with pictures, they return to the discharge of their social duties, and to parliamentary business, without being stimulated to adopt the practical means of giving the same lustre to their own country, and enriching it with similar treasures.

All the great efforts that have been made in painting,—by which the country has been rescued from the stigma of incapacity, have been the results of the self-devotion, and generally the serious personal sacrifices, of enthusiastic individuals. Hogarth adorned the Foundling for nothing! for nothing Barry painted the great rooms at the Adelphi! and West, Dance, Barry, and Reynolds, offered to adorn St. Paul's without any remuneration—yet were refused permission to do so!

Surely neither in Italy, nor in Greece, in their finest times of public glory, have artists ever manifested more ardent enthusiasm, or given more touching examples of fealty to their high calling.

Any man who has had some years' experience as an artist, or opportunities of observation amongst artists, could tell a story of successive geniuses budding, blighted, and withering, that would touch at least the charitable disposition of the English people, and prompt them to do something kind towards the *dead*. In regard to the *living*, however, it is more difficult to take a lesson; for unworthy feelings—jealousies, professional, personal, corporate, individual—some natural, others unnatural—some imprudently excited and others basely entertained—interfere to pervert and distract the public judgment—bewilder opinion, and paralyse action. The artist himself may

be a good deal to blame; his brethren a great deal more; and the public will usually be found willing to take advantage of the faults of both to excuse their neglect. If the student succeeds, what is to relieve the consciousness of the professor who has failed? If the man of thirty has his talent and industry rewarded by public favour, what is to assuage the mortification of him of seventy, who, with the allowed possession of distinguished genius, has generally seen his works regarded as bugbears? Instead of looking to his own wild errors, he will pounce on the imperfections of his rival,—and willingly permit the cause of art to go to ruin, so that he can gratify his spite against one whom he hates.

For this, and other reasons it is, that every English painter of eminence, and hundreds who never attained it, have all begun the art with higher intentions than they have been enabled to follow up. This has more often arisen from the apathy of the government, than from their own want of talent—from the total absence of the stimulus of public reward, by which great geniuses are impelled to the full stretch of their powers, and inferior geniuses excited to something more than common exertions. Hogarth, Reynolds, West, Dance, Barry, Flaxman, Opie, and Fuseli, have all, in succession, devised or proposed some plan for public pictures, by which the grandeur, or the heroism of the country would be commemorated, and have all in succession been neglected and passed by.

The influence which government patronage would have on the conduct of minor authorities and bodies is incalculable. An example is to be found in the general encouragement now given to sculpture. There is scarcely a corporation of any important town that has not given its public order for a monument; while not one, throughout the empire, has ever been known to give employment to a painter—not because they dislike the art of painting—but, not seeing it done at head quarters, their attention is not roused to it.

Will it be believed hereafter, that the only picture painted to commemorate the battle of Trafalgar (a very clever one by Drummond) was re-

turned unsold to his painting room! and that neither the government in London, nor the corporations in the country, ever gave any commission, even on the smallest scale, to illustrate Nelson's glorious death! Can it be denied that in the House of Lords, or in any public building, in fact, the commemoration of such events by pictures would have a great public effect? Will any one pretend to say that the vivid representation of such actions would not warm the mature, and stimulate the rising youth? And for what purpose, it is fair to ask, are the higher classes assembled at the British Institution? According to their own public intimation, it was to give that encouragement to the higher walk of art of which it stood so much in need; and yet, during the fifteen years they have been established, they have only given two commissions for historical pictures,—one for a small Waterloo to Captain Jones, and one for an unintelligible allegory to Ward. Perhaps they will urge the narrowness of their funds: and they may do so with some plausibility, for when they applied for assistance to the government (though only for 5,000*l.* a-year), they were refused on the ground of the public necessities—yet, a year or two afterwards, 40,000*l.* was granted to amuse the people with crackers in the park!

There are now in England greater means for the study of high art, than there ever were before; and finer things to study from, than any other country now possesses. Yet what will be the consequence? What prospect is there before a young man beginning the art, of being rewarded when he is capable of shewing the progress he has made in it? None: unless indeed he condescends, as every historical painter has been obliged to condescend, (Mr. West being a late example, and Mr. Haydon a present one), to advertise himself like a quack doctor, to squeeze that support from the shillings of the people, which he has vainly hoped to obtain from public patronage respectably manifested—by encouragement from the government, or public bodies, sufficient to enable him to prosecute plans in which the fame of the country is materially concerned. When foreigners ask, with a sneer, for the historical productions of the country,

are not the nobility and the government obliged to refer to those very productions which have been executed in spite of their neglect, and to the shame of their apathy? And is it fair to demand that men should continue to devote themselves in this way? No sculptor begins a monument before all the probable expences of the work are estimated, and sums advanced to meet them:—how an historical painter is obliged to begin his work, and how he is obliged to finish it, need not be repeated here, for the public are well informed on this subject.

With respect to the directors of the British Gallery, it ought to be stated that they have done great things for the lower branches of the art; and something for historical painting; but, except with respect to the exhibition of the cartoons, they have shown no persevering consistency of plan; their encouragement has been capricious, scattered, and partial, and its effects, therefore, comparatively nothing. Their last exhibition contained fewer historical pictures, and those the very worst ever seen at any of their yearly displays, after being fifteen years established in the metropolis. Surely this is not the fault of the artists; for in every branch of the art, on which proper encouragement has been bestowed, (namely landscape, animals, low life, and water-colour painting), the talents of English artists have shone forth with abundant lustre. It is pitiable to reflect, that the English nobility, after seeing what they do see abroad, can return and pass their lives at home, without making one single public effort to stimulate the higher genius of their country.

The late king was, perhaps, the most liberal patronizer of historical art, that has existed since the time of Leo X. He allowed West a thousand a year for thirty years; a liberality with which Michael Angelo and Raffaele were never treated, and yet this example of our sovereign was never followed! Mr. Pitt refused to assist Lord Elgin to get away the marbles from Athens;—yet Mr. Pitt did not always spend the public money on matters more interesting or more national. It is not that the English government are averse to the art, but they are not aware of its importance,

they do not see the value of affording to the people a means of refined recreation. The strongest feeling in the English people is a charitable one:—if a man of genius, (a painter) were found starved to death at the door of one of the workhouses, and a coroner's inquest would give it publicity, the public faculties and feelings would all be roused—we should have asylums for blind artists, and hospitals for lame ones—thousands would be subscribed to alleviate the consequences of public neglect after they were incurable; but not a sixpence will be put down to prevent them!

With respect to the dignitaries of the church, their conduct towards painting is equally unaccountable; they admit wretched pictures, painted glass, statues of heathen gods into churches,—but they refuse to admit fine pictures illustrating the great acts of Christ.

It is difficult to convince the English people, that a man of refined mind and great talents, struggling to do that which will redound to their honour, ought to be as much an object of sympathy and support as a starving demirep in Fleet-street, or a repentant thief in Cold Bath Fields. A becoming notice of the national importance of fine arts in the House of Commons, would give an impulse to the public feeling on this subject:—men of genius would then begin to cherish a hope in their secret studies, that, when ready to appear before the public, they would not be permitted to go without their reward: that their efforts, if sanctioned by public approval, would be kept in the public eye, and not hurried out during the six weeks of a summer season, and hurried off as soon as it is over. In France the king visits the exhibition, buys pictures, and notices the arts from the throne; in England the king visits the exhibition, buys no pictures, and says nothing about them.

With these general observations we have thought it proper to preface our notice of Mr. Haydon's important picture of Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, now on exhibition at Bullock's rooms, Piccadilly. — We wish, on some accounts, though certainly not on others, that we had never heard one word of this artist before being called upon to see his present production; for we should

like much to know what its impression on our minds would have been, divested of all connection with the public discussions, general and personal, to which Mr. Haydon's professional career has given rise. Our opinion is, that the picture would benefit by such a divorce: the separation in question would permit the mind to rest more quietly on its great and obvious merits; to examine more dispassionately its doubtful points; to treat more candidly its imperfections. That it is the greatest effort of the English school of painting, we suppose few or none attempt to deny; though a question may still remain, whether Mr. Haydon manifests greater powers than any other English painter. On this question, however, it is unnecessary to enter.

The plan of a public exhibition, at a shilling a head, is, we think, a bad one on the whole,—though it would be clearly unjust to place the fault chiefly to the artist, as has been sufficiently explained in the preceding observations. Yet we cannot help suggesting, that the painter who should occasionally employ himself on portrait, as a means of subsistence, and at the same time devote himself with ardour to history as the means of fame, would (if the union be practicable, which, perhaps, it is not) take, in our view at least, a more dignified and pleasant mode of providing for his necessities. Public exhibitions (we mean exhibitions conducted by the artist himself), involve a number of things in their train which can have no salutary effect on an artist's character. Descriptive catalogues, advertisements, and posting bills, are dangerous stimulants: besides the temptation unduly to consider the popular taste in the selection of a subject, and to introduce accessories calculated to gratify popular prejudice in the mode of treating it. If we were once assured that an artist had fairly adopted this system, and meant to stick by it, we certainly should not lend ourselves to an abuse of terms by describing him as engaged in a gallant struggle for the triumph of high art, and the elevation of the fame of his country. The utmost we could conscientiously say in that case, would be, that he had resolved on *distinguishing* himself; that he possessed great talents to effect this, and was

not averse to supply all deficiencies, as well in them as in his opportunities, by a dexterity of management, not exactly reconcileable to that dignity with which the public display of genius should always be invested. It is very possible, however, that in such an example we might see more to regret than blame: we might acknowledge the influence of necessity rather than of personal disposition in the result, and deplore that a want of general allowance, and magnanimous encouragement, at the outset, had driven a noble ambition to avail itself of unworthy resources.

We cannot doubt that Mr. Haydon is animated by the most ardent devotion to the cause of fine art, which he thinks can only be triumphantly established in this country, when its highest style (that of history) receives the largest share of honour and encouragement. It is very clear that this is not the case at present; but it is equally evident that public opinion and feeling have been, of late years, much enlightened and quickened in this respect, and we have nobody more to thank than Mr. Haydon for having effected this. That the good has been done with more personal obtrusion, and at a greater expense of personal inconvenience to himself than were at all necessary, we also believe; but it is more easy to mark limits than to keep them; and they who never do too much remain, in nine instances out of ten, short of having done enough. The artist in question has devoted himself consistently, and energetically, to dignified and pure subjects; while some of his seniors, amongst the titled professors of art in this country, have been dragging on their lives through miserable jobs, miserably executed—while obscenity has kept alive the enthusiasm of others, and a spirit of trade impelled the industry of the great majority. It cannot, in common candour, be denied, that but for the noise and agitation which Mr. Haydon has made, and excited, in the world of art, its state would be, at this moment, considerably behind where it is. Our own belief is, that had he been quiet, or not existed, we should not now be in possession of the Elgin Marbles, or see our capital enlivened by the numerous fine exhibitions, public and private, that now

usually take place during the season, and which bid fair to be uncommonly brilliant this year.

The consequence of all this is, that he is exposed to a very severe ordeal when he comes before the public with his own productions:—nor is any thing neglected by him that is in any way calculated to increase, or provoke this severity. We are carefully informed in his advertisement, that his picture has been “*six years on the easel.*” What is meant by this? Does he mean to say that he cannot paint such a picture in less time than six years? And if he has only been prevented by accidents from completing it sooner, what ground of boast is there in the delay, or what occasion for its announcement. The public, we think, have nothing to do with the time employed in productions of talent to which their attention is called. Suppose we were to advertise “a criticism on Mr. Haydon’s picture, which has been six hours on the author’s writing desk!”—The advertisement would be a silly one—that’s all; nor can we regard Mr. Haydon’s as judicious. The fact is, that we see here the artist’s eye turned towards the door of his exhibition room:—“*six years on the easel,*” is something for those to repeat who could say nothing for themselves:—it serves to raise the eyebrows of country-cousins;—it may be whispered round a female groupe—passed from a pretty girl’s lips to her sweetheart’s ear,—stimulate the curiosity of papa, overcome mamma’s economical scruples, and thus fix the tardy consent to pay a family visit to Bullock’s the first fine day.

In the same light we regard the extraordinary introduction of Voltaire’s head into this fine work. There is something so grossly, so obviously, improper in this, that we are compelled at once to trace it to a desire to increase the interest of the exhibition with those least able to do justice to the merits of the picture. Does Mr. Haydon mean to engage in polemical controversy with his pencil? And if he does not, what right has he to take such a liberty as he has taken? In this age of personalities, this is positively the worst personality we have yet witnessed, for it has the treble bad effect of injuring the effect of the composition as a piece of art; of providing a ready substitute for

want of skill in the artist, who has only to copy a portrait when he cannot imagine a head; and, of forming a precedent for the most scandalous violations of decency. Mr. Haydon may say that some of the elder Italian artists have done similar things; but, in the first place, the feelings of society were then very different from what they are to-day, as to the indelicacy of such allusions; and, in the next place, these introductions were made spitefully or sportively, but never gravely and didactically. Michael Angelo would never have justified his unseemly use of the Cardinal in his Last Day, by a serious appeal to the reading public in a descriptive catalogue. Mr. Haydon anticipates the objections of Voltaire's friends, on the ground that "it brings Voltaire into ridicule." *Catalogue*, p. 10. But we, who are not Voltaire's friends, but the decided enemies of his philosophy and his criticism, object to it for this reason, amongst many, that the ridicule falls on the other side. "If Voltaire's expression," says Mr. Haydon, "the consequence of sixty years' habitual sneering and levity, suffers by comparison with that of Newton, the result of sixty years' profound deduction and virtue, it is surely not the painter's fault, but Voltaire's misfortune." *Catalogue*, p. 11.

It is Mr. Haydon's misfortune to have written this passage; for it contains almost every possible temptation that so many lines could offer to attack. Voltaire's head certainly does not suffer by comparison with that of Newton; but this allusion to both calls particular attention to the two worst heads in the picture. If Newton's be fairly represented by the painter, it is most unjust to use Voltaire's as an argument against his moral character:—if "sixty years' profound deduction and virtue" can do nothing better for a man's face than they have done for Newton's in this picture, they are but bad cosmetics, and we might turn, if so disposed, to "habitual sneering and levity," without much fear of spoiling our beauty. The truth is, then, that this appeal "to the common sense and feeling of the million, by the means of imitation, the language of art," (p. 11) is as abortive on Mr. Haydon's canvass, as it would be if attempted in a lecture on the heads of our acquaintances.

The principles of such an appeal are in nature; and the imagination of the artist may embody them in form and feature:—but failure seems reserved as his punishment when he condescends to personalities, and attempts to take advantage of our previous knowledge of a particular character. In so doing, he generally falls into disagreeable caricature, as Mr. Haydon has in regard to Voltaire: with respect to Newton we can only say, that if it *be* his head which we see, it certainly had no business either where it *was*, or where it *is*—neither on Newton's shoulders, nor in Mr. Haydon's picture.

It is, however, with much pleasure, that we turn from what we consider the faults of Mr. Haydon's plans and management, to the great beauties we find in his performance. It certainly may be said of him, with reference to the late death of a laborious and praiseworthy artist, who exerted himself in the same lofty walk of art,—“a greater than Solomon is here.” This is certainly the finest historical picture which England has ever produced,—and she might fairly challenge all Europe at present to produce any thing like it. The figure of Christ, as the principal, claims our first notice: we are happy to say that in this we deem the painter to have been eminently successful. The supernatural paleness; the self-impelled gentle motion; the holy reserve of action and look; the care-charged but not care-worn forehead,—all indicate the God-man—while a noble elevation of expression tells the moment to be one of triumph, and that the shouts of “Hosannah to the highest,” are grateful to his ears.

St. John, Jairus' daughter, the mother introducing her penitent daughter, and the figure called Lazarus, may all be instanced as master-pieces of art. Notwithstanding the glow and splendour of the colouring, it is wonderfully harmonious; indeed the care with which it has been kept so, is deserving of the highest admiration: but we regret the want of a greater depth of tone,—or rather, we ought to say perhaps, a greater depth of chiaroscuro. For want of this, the distances both general and relative are not properly marked, and there is a deficiency of repose for the eye. Any one would at first suppose that St. John stood before St. Peter, but it is in-

tended he should be behind him. The general appearance is too brilliant, and a want of atmospheric effect is felt.

The vigour of intellect, however, and power of hand displayed in this great work, are sufficient to seal Mr. Haydon's triumph as an artist. The time he has taken to paint this picture is more than we can afford him to paint another:—it ought to be the care of the patrons of art, and those who have the direction of the public

means, to keep him for the future more busily employed. It must be their shame, not his, if employment and encouragement do not follow this exhibition;—if they do not, the public will at least see through and despise the pretensions of individuals who set up to be patrons, and of public bodies who profess that the promotion of the higher exertions of the pencil is the great end of their institution.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

Literature and Arts in Spain.—A German journal, speaking of the present state of Spanish literature, mentions the following authors, as the first-rate poets:—Moratin, author of several comedies; Quintana, author of Pelango, a tragedy; Císla, who has written many hymns and ballads; Melendéz Valdéz, the Pindar of Spain; Gorostica, author of a comedy, entitled “*Indulgencia para con todos*,” (Indulgence towards every one); and Arriaza, who has distinguished himself by a collection of poems.

The most celebrated painters now living in that country are Madrazo, Vincente Lopez, principal painter to the king, and Lomaz, at Cadiz.

The periodical works appearing at Madrid are—*La Gazeta de Madrid*, or the Court Gazette; *Mercurio de España*, which gives extracts from the *Moniteur* and the *Bibliothèque Universel*; *Cronica Científica y Literaria*, which analyzes Spanish publi-

cations, and contains selections from foreign journals; and lastly *Algamen de Frutos Literarias*, or Magazine of Literary Fruits.

- *The modern Greeks.*—A paper on the state of modern Greece, which has been recently published in a foreign journal, contains the following paragraph, which certainly indicates that a permanent provision is now in the course of being made for the moral, and consequently, it is to be hoped, *political* improvement of this long-sunken country. “Paris which, five or six years ago, could not count eight Greek students, now contains more than sixty, whose object is to complete a regular course of study. The German and Italian universities also contain a considerable number. That of Pisa alone has as many as Paris. The archbishop Ignatius draws them in preference to this university.”

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Ventilation of Houses.—The Marquis de Chabannes has applied the principle of a forced ventilation to several of our public buildings, which has been attended with considerable service; a plan, however, has lately been adopted by Mr. Tyer, in the ventilation of the Hackney workhouse, which appears to combine nearly all the desiderata essential for this purpose; and it possesses the additional advantage of being applicable to almost every species of building at a comparatively small expense. Mr. T.'s plan is as follows:—In the ceiling of the room intended to be ventilated is formed an aperture of from six to nine inches in diameter; into which is introduced a hopper or funnel, having its mouth level

with the ceiling, and connected by a branch-pipe with the nearest stove. It is there made to enter a cast-iron box behind the back of the grate, from whence the ascending vapour is carried some distance up the chimney, the pipe terminating in a situation where it is least likely for the soot to fall into it. The air being thus rarified by its passage through the cast-iron box, will readily ascend the chimney, while that in the lower part of the pipe will pass on with a rapid current to restore the equilibrium. The power of this species of ventilation may readily be ascertained by placing a lighted candle near the opening of the ceiling, when the flame will dart towards the aperture with the greatest rapidity.

Solar Eclipse next September.—The Solar Eclipse, which will happen on September 7, 1820, will be the greatest of all those which have happened in this part of Europe, since the year 1764, and indeed, of all those which will again happen here before the year 1847. Like the two eclipses here alluded to, it will be annular; that is, the disc of the moon will not wholly cover the disc of the sun, but, in certain parts of the earth, the sun will show the appearance of an annulus, or ring, round the body of the moon; the position and magnitude of which will depend on the situation of the spectator. In no part of England will this annular appearance be observed; it will be seen, however in the Shetland Islands. On the continent, in any part of that track of country which extends nearly in a strait line from the north of Westphalia to the south of Italy, the inhabitants will have an opportunity of beholding this singular phenomenon.

Exemption of London from Earthquakes.—Mr. Gavin Inglis, in a curious paper on the Geology of Loch Leven, (*Phil. Mag. for February*) has the following gratifying passage:—On viewing Smith's Geological Map of British Strata, London seems to occupy the only spot in Britain, perhaps in the world, that may be deemed secure against the partial workings of these principles,* and although not founded on a rock, is destined, I hope, to flourish till time shall be no more.

Iron Passage Boat.—A boat of Iron would have sounded strangely in the ears of our ancestors: we live in an age, however, when nothing seems impossible in mechanics, and may expect to have soon to announce a balloon of lead. A malleable Iron passage boat was constructed last winter and spring, for the Forth and Clyde Canal Company, by Mr. Wilson, ship-builder, from the designs, and under the direction of Mr. Henry Creighton, late of Soho, now of Glasgow. The hull was built of iron, in order to avoid the often recurring and expensive repairs to which the wooden vessels had been found liable. Considerable opposition to the plan was made by the persons connected with the navigation of the boats, who said it would be found inconvenient and unfit for the service; but experience has proved it otherwise, and *The Vulcan* has been found to be the most agreeable and manageable of the passage-vessels in every variety of weather, while, though carrying more passengers than any on the old plan, it is as easily tracked as the smallest of them; and from the lowness of the centre of gravity, it admits of a large cabin and awning on deck,

where the passengers are better accommodated than in the former way below.

White Swallow.—Dr. Traill of Liverpool communicates to us the following fact.—"On 22d August 1819, I found in the nest of the *Hirundo rustica*, at Greenbank, near this town, a perfectly white swallow, fully fledged. The nest contained another young bird of the usual colour. The plumage of the former was pure snow-white, with a gloss like satin on the head, neck, wing-coverts and back. The animal was a perfect *albino*, having red eyes, pale reddish beak and legs. On replacing it in the nest, it speedily fled away, but was instantly attacked by fifty or sixty common swallows, that appeared to peck at and buffet it so cruelly, that it took refuge in a tree, from which it was not easily raised. On again essaying its wings, its persecutors assembled round it in great numbers, accompanying it until distance concealed it from our sight. A few days after, it was shot near its former habitation, and both it and its brother swallow are now in my possession."

Effect of Hot Water in reviving Flowers.—In Thomson's *Annals of Philosophy*, it is said, that if flowers which have been twenty-four hours out of water and are decayed, are plunged into hot water, that, as the water gradually cools, they become again quite fresh. This fact, while many discredit it, has been long familiar to those who live in the vicinity of hot springs, and who have remarked, that decayed flowers plunged into the waters of the springs become again fresh and beautiful.

Humboldt's Journey into India.—We are informed that the celebrated traveller Humboldt is busily employed in preparing for the press an extensive work on the geology of America, and that he intends leaving France in autumn for Madras, taking the route through Greece and Persia. He will be accompanied by several fellow-travellers, as M. Valenciennes, a young zoologist, Künth, his botanical assistant, and others.

New Musical Instrument.—A new musical keyed instrument is described as the invention of M. Schortmann, of Buttstedt. The tones are produced by short rods of burnt wood, of various lengths and breadths, put into vibration by a current of air. Its pianissimo perfectly resembles the *Æolian* harp, and it is described as imitating the harmonica, clarinet, horn, hautboy, and violin, with much exactness.

Clocks.—The first clock known in France was erected, in the fifth century, in the cathedral church at Lyons. Gondebaut, or Gombaut, III., King of Burgundy, having

* Galvanic, to the subterraneous operations of which, Mr. Inglis attributes the production of Earthquakes.

been informed that Theodoric, King of the Goths, who, at that time, resided at Ravenna, had machines which marked the order of time according to the movements of the heavens and stars, wrote to him, requesting to have one. Theodoric gave orders to the celebrated Boccio to make two such, as perfect as possible, and then sent them to Gondebaut, with an excellent letter, which may be seen in the works of Cassiodorus, secretary of state to Theodoric, who was accustomed, towards the end of his life, after he had retired from public life, to amuse himself with making quadrants, clocks, &c.—*Zach's Correspondence.*

Comparative Strength of Europeans and Savages.—M. Peron, the naturalist, has had occasion to observe, that men in a savage state are inferior in strength to men civilized; and has demonstrated in an evident manner, that the improvement of social order does not, as some have pretended, diminish our physical powers. The following are the results of some experiments made with the dynamometer of M. Regnier.

	Force with hands.	With traces.
Savages ..	{ Of Diemen's Land. 50.6.	0.0
	{ — New Holland. 51.3.	14.8
	{ — Timor. 58.7.	16.2
Europeans	{ French. 69.2.	22.1
	{ English. 71.4.	23.8

Births, Deaths, and Marriages, at Paris, for 1818.

Births ...	{ boys. 11.752 }	23.067
	{ girls. 11.315 }	
Deaths ..	{ males. 10.770 }	22.421
	{ females. 11.651 }	
Marriages		6.616

Among the improvements of the present day, none appears to attract more general notice than the Siderographic art, which has lately been introduced into this country from America, by Messrs. Perkins and Fairman. The principal object to which this invention has been applied, is to secure paper currencies from forgery, and we believe the most sanguine expectations of the inventors have been realised, as in no one instance has a successful attempt been made to counterfeit their simple notes. The chief merit of this invention consists in its power to multiply engravings of the most exquisite, as well as those of inferior kinds. This process of stereotyping the fine arts is simple, and easily understood; and is effected in the following manner:—Steel blocks, or plates, are prepared in a peculiar way, of sufficient softness to receive the tool of the engraver, who is able to produce upon them better and sharper work than even upon copper. This block or plate is then hard-

ened by a new process, without injury to the most delicate lines. A cylinder of steel, of proper diameter and width, is then prepared to receive the impression on its periphery in relief. This is effected by being applied to a singularly constructed press, invented expressly for the purpose. The cylinder is then hardened, and fac-similes may be produced upon steel or copper-plates *ad infinitum*; and in this way, bank-note plates may have the talents of the most eminent artists in England transferred to them.

Sig. Carlo di Gimbernati has discovered a peculiar substance in the thermal waters of Baden and of Ischia, of which he gives the following description:—This substance covers, like an integument, many rocks in the valleys of Senagal and Negroponte, at the foot of Epomeo, beneath which mountain the poets confine Typhon. It is therefore remarkable that in this very place should be found a substance very similar to skin and human flesh. One portion of this mountain that was found covered with this substance, measured 45 feet in length by 24 in height. It yielded, by distillation, an empyreumatic oil, and by boiling, a gelatine, which would have sized paper; I obtained, says he, the same results at Baden. It may therefore be considered as confirmed, that an animal matter is present in these thermal springs, which, being evaporated, becomes condensed in their neighbourhood. To this principle I would give the name of "Zoogene."

Experiments have recently been made in the French West India settlements to introduce a graft of the genuine coffee-tree of Moka, and to draw comparisons between it and the trees originally indigenous to, or that have been naturalized in the Antilles. A number of other plants are to be submitted to similar experiments.

Literary Instruction for the Blind.—An ingenious mechanical invention has lately been completed, which opens a new and inexhaustible source of information to those who are afflicted by the privation of sight. It is called a Duplex Typograph, and enables the blind to receive and communicate ideas by means of letters, upon a principle adapted to the sense of feeling. Thus then has science discovered a new road to minds, from which she has hitherto been almost excluded. The apparatus is compact and portable, and the system so simple and intelligible, that it may be acquired by the blind, in a very short space of time, and its application is instantly comprehended by others. The inventor is Mr. John Purkis, brother of a well-known musical character, who, by the aid of a skilful oculist, obtained the blessings of sight, at the age of thirty, after having been blind from the time of his birth.

POLITICS AND PUBLIC MANNERS.

HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL SUMMARY OF PUBLIC EVENTS.

Were our remarks under this head to keep proportion to the number and importance of the subjects, arising out of the present state of public affairs, which press on notice, they would take the place of all the other articles contained in our present number. The leading character of our magazine, however, is not political, though it is our wish always to supply a running outline of the facts of the history of the month. In the present instance, however, we have not left ourselves room so to do; and a very brief notice of the mere heads of occurrence is all we can pretend to give. This will at least serve as a memorial of what has happened, and will afterwards direct attention to the quarters from whence more ample information can be drawn.

The total absence of our summary last month, hindered us from recording the result of the trial of Mr. Hunt, and others, accused of seditious conduct at the Manchester public meeting. The trial had been removed, by the Court of King's Bench, on the application of the defendants, from Lancashire into Yorkshire. This was a very becoming concession, and due to the dignity of the administration of public justice, which ought to be always placed above the suspicion of partiality. The result was, the conviction of Mr. Hunt and several others; but it seems generally thought, that the evidence adduced in the course of the trial, completely negatives the assertions of those who rested their vindication of the conduct of the Manchester magistracy, on the violent conduct of the populace. The temperate and impartial conduct of Judge Bayley, who presided at the trial of these indictments, has been the object of universal praise. The defendants have not yet been brought up for judgment;—it is understood that Mr. Hunt means to move for a new trial. Other convictions for seditious conduct, connected with these public meetings, convened to petition for a reform of parliament, have taken place. Among these is that of Sir

Charles Wolseley, whose words have been quoted against him, and found criminal: one Harrison, commonly called Parson Harrison, was convicted with Sir Charles. The latter defended himself in a religious strain worthy of the days of the puritans.

The conviction of Sir Francis Burdett, for a libel, contained in a letter written by him, in Leicestershire, and received in London, is an event of considerable interest. The letter expressed warmly the indignation of the writer, that a meeting of Englishmen should be dispersed, at the order of the magistrates, by military force, although no violation of the laws had been committed by those present. This letter was made public,—by the desire of the writer, in fact; and government chose to prosecute in Leicestershire, where the letter was written, rather than in London, where it was published, for reasons very evidently relating to the difference between the juries of the metropolis, and those of the country. We cannot think this selection judicious. The regular course clearly was, to bring the case before a London tribunal; and really it seems to fall very little short of packing a jury, to strain a point of law for the sake of getting it before a box of country squires and magistrates. It is not wise, we think, to shew London juries that they are distrusted, or country ones that they are trusted in this way. The point of law has been agitated since the conviction, in the Court of King's Bench, and is not yet finally settled. The disposition of the Bench, however, seems to be to recognise the legality of the proceedings.

The trials for high treason now going on at the Old Bailey, are matters of great interest, so far as they concern the wretched persons who have stood, and are standing, at the bar of their country; but as they involve no constitutional questions, nor even doubtful matters of fact, we should be inclined to rank them as of less importance than the foregoing. Thislewood, the leader of the conspiracy

to murder ministers when assembled at a cabinet dinner at Lord Harrowby's, has already been found guilty, with others of his accomplices. Sheer desperation in his case, and ignorance and poverty in his associates, are the only acting impulses of this absurd, but most guilty combination. Not one glimmering of common sense appears in their plan—which might, however, have been accidentally successful, so far as its first object, the massacre of the ministers. Such infatuated desperadoes cannot be suffered to exist in society, but they can scarcely be said to threaten its safety.

The continued discontent, and prolonged disturbances, amongst the vast body of the manufacturing classes in the North, are certainly serious evils. No progress seems yet to have been made towards quieting these intestine agitations. On the contrary, a direct insurrection, trifling in extent, but distressing as a symptom of temper, has taken place in Scotland. A placard was posted in the streets of Glasgow, signed "by order of the Provisional Government;" calling upon all the friends of liberty to aid in restoring their country to freedom, and recommending all journeymen instantly to quit their work as a preliminary step. Above sixty thousand persons are said to have complied with this latter recommendation. No act of riot, however, took place at Glasgow; but, in the country, a party of these persons sustained a short combat with the military, and became the victims of their rashness. Almost the whole were made prisoners,--and, with others taken in various parts, will be tried, it is said, for high treason. There is no doubt that these Scotch disturbers calculated on an insurrection having taken place in England; and it is said their hopes in this respect have been kept up by the falsehoods of intriguers employed and paid by themselves,

to procure information; and who risk losing their offices if they do not feed the eager expectations of the deluded party by whom they are commissioned. We were sorry to see this miserable affair with the military, become the subject of an official bulletin from the Secretary of State's, in which the word "*Radicals*," is employed as synonymous with the *enemy*, and thus the first example given by a minister, of employing the distinctions of civil war.

The new Parliament has met to choose a Speaker, and go through its preparatory proceedings; after which, it is said, it will be opened by his Majesty for the dispatch of business.

Of the Foreign Intelligence, the news from Spain is the most interesting, and certainly the most agreeable. The king of that country has been obliged to yield to the wishes of the nation, which have hitherto been expressed with moderation and temper, though with firmness. A free constitution has been proclaimed, and the Cortes are now in course of being elected. Bloodshed has taken place in Cadiz, in consequence of a dastardly aggression committed by the troops on the people; but if the Spanish revolution ends as happily as it has commenced, it will form one of the rare instances of a great national change for the better, being carried into effect without violence or agitation.

In France some disquiet has been produced by the restrictions on liberty, proposed in consequence of the alarm that followed the assassination of the Duke de Berri. Whether these were necessary or not, we have not the means of knowing. Certainly France was fast subsiding into tranquillity under the influence of a liberal system; the isolated act of an insane ruffian scarcely affords sufficient reason for changing it.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, April 24.)

Our detailed accounts both foreign and domestic, will be found so ample this month, that we shall be the more concise in our preliminary observations. There are, however, two points on which we wish to offer some remarks. Our readers will observe

that foreign sugars are much in demand, and they will notice the high price of Havannah at the sale of the 21st instant. This is probably owing to the increased demand for the Russian market, in consequence of the reduction of the duty by the new tariff,

as we stated in our report of January. But the other regulation of the tariff, which imposes the same duty on crushed sugars as on refined in loaves, being five times the duty imposed on raw sugars, is severely felt, and much complained of by our refiners, as a difference beyond all due proportion, and which in process of time, must have a very fatal effect on the British sugar trade, and prove highly advantageous to that of Spain and Portugal. The English have been very frequently reproached with unwillingness to communicate the several processes of their manufactures, &c. to foreigners, who came among them for the purpose of profiting by the intelligence they might obtain. We perfectly recollect, however, that when the Emperor of Russia was here a few years ago, his attention, when he viewed the docks, was particularly attracted by the quantity of crushed sugars, destined for Russia, which he saw there, and a friend of ours told us, at that time, that he should not be surprised, if those sugars which then paid as raw, were to be charged with a higher duty, in the next tariff. The sequel has but too well proved the correctness of this expectation.

The improvement in the corn market is so trifling, and the average price of wheat is still so far below 80s., that we must confess we cannot well understand the operations of those speculators who buy up wheat abroad to bring to England, where it must remain under lock, till the ports are open, an event of which we hardly see a remote probability. There are now *three hundred thousand quarters of foreign wheat* ready to inundate the market, as soon as ever importation is allowed. Surely the knowledge of this fact must keep the prices down, and if the average should rise above 80s. so prodigious a supply must speedily reduce it again.

By the accounts from Leeds we regret to see that an alarming decrease has taken place in the quantity of broad and narrow cloths milled last year compared with the year preceding. The statement is this:—

Narrow cloths milled.

	PIECES.	YARDS.
1819	140,314	5,721,392
1820	119,700	4,889,181
Decreased	20,614	832,211

Broad cloths milled.

	PIECES.	YARDS.
1819	324,339	10,246,205
1820	263,278	8,406,314
Decreased	61,061	1,839,891

Total decrease this year

PIECES.	YARDS.
81,675	2,672,102

Coffee.—The coffee market has been very unfavourable for this month past, the prices

having been almost uniformly declining. In the last week of March there was no public sale, and the demand by private contract was extremely languid, so that the prices gradually gave way, good Brazil being at 115s., St. Domingo 122s. and 120s. In the first week of April there was no public sale, and but little done by private contract; and that in a private manner, and at a considerable reduction. St. Domingo was stated to have been sold at 115s. and 114s. for money, a statement which depressed the market still more and alarmed the holders, so that St. Domingo was sold at 114s. on the usual terms, and many offered to sell at 115s., but found no buyers. Jamaica, being scarce, was higher in proportion, and 118s. was asked for good ordinary. The decline was from 4s. a 5s. that week. In the second week of April there were several public sales; and the prices fluctuated extremely. St. Domingo sold so low as 109s. and 110s. for money, but 114s. was afterwards obtained for a fine parcel, and the low prices inducing some exporting houses to come forward, there were many buyers at 112s. a 113s. By public sale on the 11th, good middling Jamaica was sold at 137s. 6d. a 139s. and fine ordinary at 118s. a 119s. Demerara and Berbice of a favorite mark ord. mid. reached 133s. a 133s. 6d.; good mid. 140s. a 140s. 6d. It was judged from this that the alarm among the holders had subsided; but very large parcels of Demerara and Berbice arriving, and being brought forward in public sales, the quantity in the market was too great for the demand, and great part of that brought forward in the third week was taken in. What was sold was at a reduction of 2s. a 4s. St. Domingo 110s. a 111s. Brazil, fair quality, 110s. a 110s. 6d. It was reported on Friday (21), that St. Domingo had been sold at 108s. for money, and at 110s. on the usual terms on credit. Yet the demand appeared to be reviving, and the inquiries by the export houses have greatly increased.

Sugar.—Before we proceed to the particulars of this month's transactions, we may observe that the improvement anticipated in our last report has in fact taken place, though there has been some fluctuation. In the last week of March, the demand for Muscovades was less brisk, but afterwards revived, and considerable purchases were made at a small advance. The demand for refined was considerable, and the lower descriptions, which were the most sought, being scarce, the buyers were obliged to contract for parcels, deliverable in two or three weeks. Foreign sugars were much sought for, but scarce, and the orders received could not be executed. In the first week of April, there was less business done on account of the holidays, and the quantity delivered from the West India warehouses was only 2,862 casks, reducing the stock to

pretty nearly the same as it was last year at this time. Several parcels of new Demerara appeared at Market, and being selected by the buyers sold freely at the current prices. Extensive shipments of refined were made, and the wholesale grocers coming to market for the home consumption, the quantity on sale was trivial, notwithstanding the activity of the refiners. Foreign sugars continued scarce. In the second week the demand for Muscovades was rather more languid, but the supply of good sugars at market being trivial, the strong Muscovades fully maintain their prices: the ordinary browns were heavy and rather lower. The refined market was heavy; and the quantity on sale being increased, and the holders much disposed to sell, a reduction of 2s. a 3s. per cwt. took place. Last week there was a steady though not extensive demand for muscovades, without variation in the prices. The refined market appears to improve. By public sale on Thursday (20th), 700 chests of Havannah sugars were brought forward; the whole were sold at very high prices, viz. white, fine, and very strong, 64s. a 65s. 6d.: ditto good 60s. a 63s.: ditto middling 55s. a 56s.: Yellow good 39s. a 40s.: ditto middling 37s.: brown 35s. Average prices by Gazette,

March 25.	35s. 6 $\frac{3}{4}$
April 1.	36s. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$
— 8.	38s. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$
— 15.	36s. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$
— 22.	37s. 3 $\frac{3}{4}$

Cotton.—The cotton market has not suffered any considerable alteration since our last report; but the prices have on the whole declined. In the last week of March there were sold 400 Pernams, 16d. a 16 $\frac{3}{4}$; 20 Caricuous, 14 $\frac{3}{4}$; 60 Madras, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. in bond; 70 Surats, 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ a 7 $\frac{3}{4}$, in bond. In the first week of April the market was heavy and prices rather lower; but the reduction seemed to induce speculation, and several parcels of Pernambuco were taken for re-sale. Sold 800 Pernams, 16d. a 16 $\frac{1}{2}$; 130 Bowed, 11d. a 11 $\frac{1}{4}$, in bond; 50 Madras, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$; 270 Bengals, 6d. a 6 $\frac{3}{4}$. In the second week considerable orders were received for exportation, but the prices fixed were generally below the market currency. Sold 500 Pernams duty paid 16d.; 40 Granadas, in bond, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; 300 Bowed, 11d. a 11 $\frac{1}{4}$; 500 Madras, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 7 $\frac{3}{4}$; 100 Bengals, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 7d. In the third week were sold by private contract 200 Pernams, 16d. duty paid; 24 Bahias, 15d. ditto; 200 Bengals, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{3}{4}$. On the 21st a sale was brought forward at the India House, but the holders were not willing to accept the market prices, and the whole was withdrawn, and generally at higher rates than the previous nominal currency; 61 bags Berbice were sold by public sale the same morning at low prices, viz. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 14 $\frac{3}{4}$.

Silk.—At the end of March there was a sale at the India House; the prices were considerably lower.

Indigo.—The East India sale on the 11th of this month consisted of 3067 chests, of which only 150 chests of the lower sorts were taken in by the proprietors; the rest went off with great briskness; the finer qualities sold at almost the same prices as in the October sale; but the good and middling, including all under 7s. 6d. per lb., sold from 6d. to 9d. per lb. higher.

The following are the particulars.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Fine blue and violet, (only a few chests).....	8	6	a	8 9 per lb.
Fine purple and violet...	8	3	a	8 6
Good ditto	8	0	a	8 3
Fine violet }				
Good violet }	7	6	a	8 0
Middling ditto.....	7	3	a	7 6
Fine and good violet and copper	7	0	a	7 4
Fine and good copper ...	6	9	a	7 0
Middling ditto	6	4	a	6 8
Good ordinary ditto.....	5	3	a	6 0
Ordinary and low	4	3	a	4 9
Lean and bad	3	6	a	4 3
No Manilla				
40 chests { Madras, good	6	6	a	6 4
				ordinary 5 0 a 6 0

Spirits have been dull of sale for this month past: some government contracts are expected to be shortly advertised.

Rice.—There is nothing doing; 5000 bags of East India brought forward in public sale found no buyers, and was all taken in; Bengal, duty free, at 16s. a 18s. chiefly at the former rate. There is but little Carolina at Market, small parcels sell at about 42s. a 43s.

Oils.—There has been little variation; Greenland cargoes, this year's fishery, are held at about 34l.; a few small parcels have been sold at 32l. Rape oil is rather giving way.

Baltic Produce.—Tallow has declined considerably since our last report; the prices which are stated a 59s. a 60s. for white, and 63s. for yellow, are in fact only nominal. The prices of town tallow in the last four weeks has been 70s. 68s. 65s. 65s. In hemp and flax there has been little doing, and the market is very heavy.

Corn.—The table of average will shew the fluctuations that have taken place. There has been an improvement in the average prices of most grain, but less by the last returns than the three preceding. Our readers are, however, aware that this is no indication of the prices of the finest wheat, which on last Friday's market (21st) was 62s., 72s., 74s. for new red. 68s., 78s., 80s. for new white.

FOREIGN COMMERCE.

Russia, Sweden, Denmark, &c.

St. Petersburg, 28th March.—Flax.—There is a pretty brisk demand for 12 heads; 145 r., all the money down, are readily offered for delivery, as well as for that which is in the magazines; some has been taken to day at 150 r., with 50 r. earnest. *Hemp.*—Clean now in the magazines is less in demand, the holders of fine qualities keep them out of the market: for the best, of which there is very little to be had, 102 r. are in vain offered. Rhine for delivery in June and July is at 93 r. all down. Outshot and half clean, as well now in the magazines, as for delivery, though little in demand, maintain their prices. *Hemp Oil* might now be had again at 100 r. all down, or at 100 r. 20 cop., with 120 copees, earnest, a farther decline is probable. *Hare-skins.*—10,000 grey, 1st sort, have been sold at 1750 r., for white 375 r. are asked and 350 r. offered. *Potashes* have improved in price, 87 r. all down, are in vain offered for May; 90 being insisted on: inferior sorts may be had for 85 r. *Tallow.*—The market has rather improved, 163 r. all down, was the lowest price for yellow; but after the arrival of the English mail it rose to 170 a 172 all down; to day 175 r. are asked; soap also was more sought, and that on the spot sold at 155 r. all down; and for delivery at 152, white candle may be had at 150 r.

In import articles there is very little doing; the roads are now become very bad, which gives an additional check by impeding the communications.

Riga, 1st April.—Flax maintains the following prices. Thiesenhausen and Druiana Rakitzer 46 a 46½ r.; grey 42 r.; white Badstüb cut 40 r.; grey 35 r.; Ristenthreeband 32 r.; Tow 16½ r. *Hemp.*—Rhine for delivery at the end of May might be had at 102 r., all down, at 107 r.; with 10 per cent. earnest; for June 108 r.; and for July 109 r., also with 10 per cent. The other sorts are unchanged in price. *Hemp Oil.*—120 r., all down, are asked for that on the spot; and 120 r., with 10 per cent. earnest, for delivery; for the latter 117 r. are offered. *Seeds.*—Sowing linseed has been sold at 7 r.; but as the stock is small it is now held at 7½ r.; 5½ a 6 r. have been paid for Druiana (of 112 a 114 lb.) in the magazines; 20 a 20½ r., all the money down, have been paid for crushing linseed (of 112 a 113 lbs.) for delivery at the end of May. *Tallow* is likewise in demand. Yellow crown on the spot is at 190 r.

Odessa, March 8.—We have been delivered from the ice about ten days, and we hope that as the navigation is free, trade will resume its accustomed activity; at this moment it is in complete stagnation, and two very respectable houses have been forced to stop payment. These houses are those

of Chiriola Papahadgi, and Apostolo Metziowitz. Many vessels that were in the port suffered severely from the breaking up of the ice. We have great expectations from the putting in force of the Ukase of the emperor, making Odessa a free port. The following is a brief outline of the Ukase.

1. The limits of what is considered the port.

2. Declares that all foreign goods may be imported free of duty, (except, until the expiration of the term for which the duties on brandy are farmed, to the 1st January, 1821,) all sorts of corn-brandy, and brandy wine, as well as other strong liquors prohibited by the tariff.

3. The exportation from Odessa of foreign merchandize destined to be sold within the empire, only allowed through the custom house barriers.

4. Relates to the manifests of cargoes, and the prevention of contagion.

5 and 6. All goods prohibited exportation from Russia, are also prohibited shipment at Odessa. On exports the same duties levied.

7 to 12. Regulate the manner of shipping or forwarding goods into the Russian empire; the goods to be examined, and certificate of their contents to be forwarded with the goods.

13. Odessa liable to the existing quarantine regulations.

14. That these regulations shall be carried into effect as soon as a proper trench or barrier is carried round the town to prevent ingress or egress, except through the two gates.

15. That Odessa shall continue a free port for at least 30 years.

Archangel, 1st March. Scarcely any contracts have been concluded for grain of any kind; we have a large stock remaining over from last year, and the prices asked are very low. Considering the state of the corn markets in other countries we can hardly expect any improvement. *Tallow* has been much in demand and high; and has even risen since the receipt of the last accounts from England and St. Petersburg. *Sugar.*—The Emperor to encourage our sugar refiners, has allowed on all raw sugars imported for their use, a diminution of the duty to one half of what is paid in other Russian ports. However, as our refineries have been idle for years, and cannot go to work till the arrival of a supply of raw sugars, we shall hardly be able to bring any refined to market before September. The first arrivals of refined will therefore probably meet a brisk sale. Tar and pitch are very low, and afford great room for speculation.

Danzic, 28th March.—*Wheat* is in very brisk demand, and considerable business was done in this article last week, at the following prices: high mixed, and best high mixed, 460 a 480 fl.; mixed, and red, 400

a 430 fl.; ordinary, 350 a 330 fl. *Rye* is also more in demand, and 250 fl. have been paid for it. Oats and barley are, however, slack. As our river is now free from ice, we received yesterday new importations of corn by water.

Danzie, 5th April.—Since the latest news from England and Holland, the demand for wheat has become slacker, but the prices remain unchanged. The navigation of the Vistula is now quite free, a brisker demand for colonial goods is therefore expected from Poland. The prices last paid for coffee in Transit were, fine, 49 gr., ordinary 41 gr.; refined sugars likewise in Transit have been paid with 21 gr.

Gothenberg, 3th April.—At the iron market, this year, at Christianshavn, the general contract price for ordinary, scrip-tions (to be delivered in the course of the year at the weighing houses,) was 19 rix dollars Banco. Favorite marks, and dimensions, were partly paid much higher. As our stocks are cleared off, the demand here has greatly increased, and 22½ rix dollars have been freely given for ordinary iron: 23 rix dollars are now asked.

Ships with new herrings daily arrive from Norway, the price has fallen in consequence to 8 rix dollars Banco per Norwegian barrel.

Hamburgh, Germany, and Holland.

Hamburgh, 15th April.—*Cotton.* East India descriptions remain very steady in price; Brazils are rather lower. 300 bales and packages of American lately arrived are already sold.—*Coffee.* The demand having been limited this week, the prices have rather declined.—*Corn.* Several parcels of wheat have arrived this week, of which the heavy, from the marshes of Brandenburg, has been bought at the current prices to send to England. The lighter sorts sell heavily, at a reduction of 2 a 5 rix dollars. Rye is very dull of sale. Other grain without demand.—*Indigo.* We have received fresh supplies, but the prices are

fully maintained.—*Rice.* East India remains firm in price, but Carolina has rather declined.—*Tea.* We have received two cargoes direct from Canton and from Gibraltar. The latter has been sold by private contract. The prices of best Haysonchin improve.—*Sugar.* Little has been doing on account of the holidays. Refined, fully maintains its price, but Muscovadoes have rather declined. White Havannah, fine white Brazil, and yellow Havannah, of the best qualities, are all cleared off.

Amsterdam, 11th April. *Coffee* is not much in demand, and the prices must fall, did we not know that the supplies to be expected from the West Indies are so inconsiderable. Good Cheribon, Havannah, and Domingo are held at 14½ a 15 stivers; blue West India at 16½ a 18½ stivers. *Dye-woods* are in great demand. *Corn* is rather more in demand. *Sugars.*—Refined sugars are expected to rise, because the refiners work but little, on account of the high prices of the raw sugars in proportion to those of refined. *Rape Oil and Seeds* have risen.

FRANCE AND ITALY.

Marsilles, 9th April.—The rise in the price of grain at the end of March caused several vessels to be freighted for the Black Sea. Higher freights were given to French vessels than to Swedish or Danish; from an opinion having been circulated that the government intended to lay a higher duty upon corn imported by foreign vessels. This measure, if adopted, would tend to revive our navigation in the Mediterranean.

The accounts from Bordeaux, Havre, and other French ports were on the whole more favourable at the beginning of the month, and announced an improvement in the prices of colonial goods, especially sugar and coffee: a decline has since taken place. The destruction of the olive trees in Provence, by frost, in the night of the 12th January, caused a great rise in the price of oil. There were no buyers for wine at Bordeaux.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

Mr. Bohte of York-street, will soon publish an interesting Discussion of an interesting Subject under the following title, Aristarchus Anti-Blomfieldianus; or, a Reply to the Notice of the New Greek Thesaurus, inserted in the 44th Number of the Quarterly Review. By E. H. Barker, O. T. N. dedicated to the Right Hon. Earl Spencer.

Dr. Nathan Drake, author of "Literary Hours," &c., is preparing for the press, a work to be called "Winter Nights."

A Narrative of the late Political and Military Events in British India, under the Administration of the Marquis of Hastings. By H. T. Prinsep, Esq., will be published in a few weeks.

The Travels of Capt. Mangles, R. N.,

in the years 1816-1817, through Nubia, Palestine, and Syria, are now printing.

A Volume is in considerable forwardness, called "Royal Virtue," or a Tour to Kensington, Windsor, and Claremont, or a contemplation of the Character and Virtues of George the Third, the Duke of Kent, and the Princess Charlotte, in the Scenes where they were principally displayed.

The History of the Indian Archipelago. By J. Crawford, Esq., late British Resident at the Court of the Sultan of Java, with illustrative Maps and numerous Engravings.

A Mineralogical Dictionary is in preparation, comprising an Alphabetical Nomenclature of Mineralogical Synonymes, and a Description of each Substance; to which will be prefixed, an Explanation of the

Terms used in describing the External Characters, and Crystalline Structure and Forms of Minerals.

The Journals of the Two Expeditions behind the Blue Mountains, and into the Interior of New South Wales, undertaken by order of the British Government in the years 1817-18. By John Oxley, Esq. Surveyor General.

Mr. Henry Neele is employed upon a new Narrative and Descriptive Poem.

Dr. C. Hastings, Physician to the Worcester Infirmary, has in the press, a Treatise on Inflammation of the Mucous Membrane of the Lungs, to which is prefixed, an Experimental Inquiry into the General Nature of Inflammation, and the Contractile Power of the Blood Vessels.

The Rev. W. Moorhouse, is preparing for the press, "Thoughts on the Essential Requisites for Church Communion," in which will be considered the Sentiments of the Rev. S. Greatheed, with an Appendix of Miscellaneous Essays, chiefly Theological.

A Translation is preparing of M. Cottu's work on the Administration of Criminal Justice in England, and on the Spirit of the British Constitution.

The Topography of Athens, with some Remarks on its Antiquities, by Lieut.-Col. Leake is in the press.

The History of Parga, containing an Account of the Vicissitudes of that part of Greece during the French Revolution, supported by Authentic Documents. Translated from the Italian MS. of Hugo Foscolo, will shortly be published.

A History of the Zodians, illustrating the Natural Origin of Public Institutions, and the Influence in Society of the Principles and Expedients of Political Economy, by the Rev. Mr. Clarke, will be published in a few weeks.

The Rev. Dr. Brown is printing the Antiquities of the Jews, compiled from Au-

thentic Sources, and illustrated from Modern Travels.

Mrs. Holford will shortly publish, Tales of the Priory, in three volumes.

Captain Batty is printing in quarto, the Campaigns of the Allied Army under the Duke of Wellington in 1813-14, with a Plan and Twelve Views.

Tales of Imagination, by the Author of the Bachelor and Married Man, will shortly appear.

Miss Joanna Baillie is about to publish a Volume of Metrical Legends of Exalted Characters.

The Marquis di Solari is preparing for publication, an Epic Poem, to be called the British Fabius, or Wellington proved to be the Greatest Warrior of Ancient and Modern Times.

Rhymes on the Road. By a Travelling Member of the Poco Curante Society, extracted from his Journal. By Thomas Brown the younger, will be published in the course of the month.

The Rev. Dr. Evans has, on the eve of publication, a Posthumous work entitled The Welsh Nonconformists Memorial, or Cambro British Biography, containing Sketches of the Founders of the Dissenting Interest in Wales, with an Essay on Druidism, and an Account of the Introduction of the Gospel into Britain. By the late Rev. Wm. Richards, LL.D.

The Spirit of Cervantes, or Don Quixote abridged, a Selection of the Episodes and Incidents, with a Summary Sketch of the Story of that popular Romance.

Mr. Jackson, Author of a Tour to Morocco, &c., is preparing for publication, a Grammar of the Arabic Language.

Locheil; or the Field of Culloden, a Novel in three volumes.

Early Education, or the General Management of Children, considered with a View to their Future Character. By Elizabeth Appleton.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

Arts and Sciences.

Illustrations of Ivanhoe a Romance, by the Author of Waverley. Engraved by C. Heath, from Drawings by R. Westall, R.A. 8vo. 16s.

Taxidermy, or, a complete Treatise on the Art of Preparing, Mounting, and Preserving every Object of Natural History for Museums. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Illustrations of Hudibras, a Series of Portraits, 5 parts. 8s.

The Planter's Kalendar, or the Nurseryman's and Forester's Guide in the Operations of the Nursery, the Forest, and the Grove. By the late W. Nicol. Edited and Completed by E. Sang. 8vo. 15s.

Biography.

The Life of Wesley, and the Rise and Progress of Methodism. By Robert Southey, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l*. 10s.

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To William Collins, of George-street, Grosvenor-square, for some useful additions to, and improvements on, carriage and other lamps.—*March 10.*

William Pritchard, of Castle-street, Southwark, and Robert Franks, of Red-cross-street, for an improvement on the method of manufacturing water-proof hats, to be made of silk, wool, or beaver, or other fur, the brims of which are perfectly water proof, and will in all weathers preserve their shapes, being stiffened without the use of glue.—*March 18.*

F. M. Van Heythuysen, of Sidmouth-street, for a method of making portable machines, or instruments, to be placed on a desk or table, and so contrived as to fold, or not, into a small compass, made of wood, brass, or other metal, to support a silken shade, made for the purpose of protecting the eyes from a strong light, added to which

is a green, blue, or other coloured glass, in a frame, and in such a position, that when placed opposite a window, lamp, or candle, it will take the glare off white paper, by sliding a green or blue, or any other tinge, dependant upon the colour of the glass reflector, upon the book, or paper, placed within the bounds of its shadow, so that print, however small, or writing, is rendered more plain, or legible, by reason of the glare being thus taken off the white paper by day, and particularly by candle light: by this means the eyes of the reader, or writer, will be relieved from injuriously dwelling upon a white surface.—*March 18.*

A. H. Chambers, of Bond-street, Esq. for an improvement in the preparing, or manufacturing substances, for the formation of the highways, and other roads, which substances, when so prepared, are applicable to other useful purposes.—*Mar. 18.*

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. H. Browne, M.A. to the rectory of Ailstone, Leicestershire.—Rev. D. Williams, M.A. to the rectory of Bleadin, in the diocese of Bath.—Rev. John Hodgkin, to the vicarage of Northmolton, Devon.—Rev. W. Forge, M.A. of Jesus College, Cambridge, to the rectory of King's Stanley, Gloucestershire.—Very Rev. Robert Hodgson, D.D. dean of Chester, to the deanery of Carlisle.—Rev. W. Vernon, B.A. of Emanuel College, Cambridge, to the rectory of Hanbury, Worcestershire.—Rev. F. Wrangham, M.A. F.R.S. of Trinity College, Cambridge, to the rectory of Thorpbasset.—Rev.

W. Colby, to the rectory of Clippesby, Norfolk.—Hon. and Rev. W. Eden, son of lord Henly, to the vicarage of Beakesbowen, and rectory of Harbledown, Kent.—Rev. S. D'Oyley Peshall, to the living of Morton Bagot.—Rev. W. Munsey, B.A. Catherine Hall, and the Rev. E. Bulmer, of St. John's College, Cambridge, vicars choral of Hereford Cathedral.—Rev. H. Berry, to the rectory of Acton Beauchamp, Worcestershire.—Rev. Kenrick Peck, to the rectory of Ightfield, Salop.—Rev. Peter Vaughan, D.D. Warden of Merton College, to the deanery of Chester.

The following is a summary of the members of the universities of Cambridge and Oxford, as stated in the Calendars of 1819 and 1820.

1819 Cambridge.....	Members of the Senate.....	1495
	on the Boards.....	3698
1820	of the Senate.....	1558
	on the Boards.....	3953
1819 Oxford.....	of Convocation.....	1874
	on the Books.....	3984
1820	of Convocation.....	1873
	on the Books.....	4102

BANKRUPTS IN ENGLAND.

[T distinguishes London Commissions, C those of the country.]

Gazette—March 11.

Dickenson, James, Lower Edmonton, Middlesex, cattle-lealer. Att. Gray, 136, Tyson-place, Kingsland-road. T.
Down, Richard, Bridgwater, ironfounder. Atts. Alexander and Holme, New-inn, London. C.
Gray, Michael Johnston, Cannon-street-road, Middlesex, wine-merchant. Att. Viveash, Token-house-yard, Lothbury. T.
Hatch, William Proctor, Shipdham, tanner. Att. Abbott, Roils-yard, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Hay, Hannah, High-row, Kensington Gravel-pits, Middlesex, boarding-house-keeper. Att. Phillips, King-street, Covent-garden. T.
Hopkins, John Henry, Liverpool, merchant. Atts. Blackstock and Bonce, King's Bench-Walk, Inner-Temple. C.
Kelly, Alex. Colonnade, Pall-Mall, Middlesex, jeweller. Att. Warrand, Mark-lane, London. T.
Langley, John Martin, Newcastle-street, Strand, apothecary. Att. Hunt, Surry-street, London. T.
Lilley, Francis Cary, Copthall-buildings, Coleman-street, London, tailor. Atts. Knight and Freeman, Basinghall-street. T.
Martin, William, Great Ormond-yard, Ormond-street, Middlesex, livery-stable-keeper. Att. Vincent, Bedford-street, Bedford-square. T.
Rogerson, John, Hardshaw, within Windle, auctioneer. Atts. Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Sloggatt, Thos. Rosevear, Boscawen, draper, Atts. Darke, Church, and Darke, Red Lion-square. C.
Wilbee, George, late of Eltham, carpenter. Att. Pearson, Elm-court, Temple, London. T.
Wilkins, Grace, Bradford, victualler. Atts. Adlington and Gregory, Bedford-row, London. C.

Gazette—March 14.

Asquith, Thomas, otherwise Thomas Gibson Asquith, and David Asquith, Bermondsey, Surry, and Thomas Mellish, New Kent-road, Surry, ship-owners. Atts. Courteen and Robinson, 32, Walbrook, London. T.
Anguilar, David, Devonshire-square, London, wine-merchant. Atts. Pearce and Sons, St. Swithin's-lane, London. T.
Austin, George, Long-acre, Middlesex, coach-plater. Atts. Shepherd and Pacey, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn. T.
Austin, John, Manchester, brick-maker. Att. Ellis, 43, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Booker, Thomas, Emsworth, miller. Att. Briggs, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London. C.
Daniels, Hart, and Moses Daniels, Bury-street, St. Mary Axe, London, merchants. Atts. Martin and Son, Vintners-hall, Upper Thames-street, London. T.
Ellison, Thomas, Liverpool, corn-dealer. Att. Norris, 37, John-street, Bedford-row, London. C.

Hayley, Thomas, Long-acre, Middlesex, coach-lace-manufacturer. Att. A'Beckett, 20, Broad-street, Golden-square. T.
Levi, Jacob, Wells, cabinet-maker. Att. Blake-lock, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street, London. C.
Salisbury, Thomas, Preston, grocer. Att. Blake-lock, 14, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street, London. C.
Sandbach, John, Liverpool, merchant. Att. Chester, Staple-inn, London. C.
Symons, Francis Standfield, Falmouth, merchant. Atts. Cardale, Buxton, and Parlbay, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn, London. C.
Tanner, Benjamin, Burr-street, Lower East-Smithfield, merchant. Atts. Lamb, Mann, and Co. Princes-street, Bank, London. T.
Thompson, John, Clement's-lane, Lombard-street, London, provision-broker. Att. Pike, New Boswell-court, Carey-street, London. T.
Tomlinson, William, Hinckley, innkeeper. Atts. Long and Austen, 4, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn, London. C.
Turner, William, and Joseph North, Mold-green, fancy-clothiers. Att. Lake, Cateaton-street, London. C.
Warwick, Thomas, Hitchin, draper. Att. Gellibrand, 19, Austin-friars, London. T.
White, George, Great Driffeld, cabinet-maker. Att. Spence, 59, Threadneedle-street, London. C.
Wilkinson, Robert, now or late of Lindley, copperas-manufacturer. Att. Walker, 29, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London. C.

Gazette—March 18.

Atkinson, Matthew, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, broker. Atts. Willis, Clarke, and Watson, Warrford-court, Throgmorton-street. T.
Birch, James, Manchester, cotton-spinner. Att. Kay, Essex-street, Manchester. C.
Birmingham, William, Manchester, manufacturer. Atts. Hurd and Johnson, Temple, London. C.
Blyth, Edward, late of Dyer's-buildings, Holborn, London, dealer. Atts. Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane, London. T.
Clark, John Thomas, Tothill-street, Westminster, victualler. Att. Williams, Blackman-street, Borough. T.
Clarke, David Thomas, Gerrard-street, Soho, lace-man. Atts. Pownall and Fairthorne, 36, Old Jewry, London. T.
Dickens, Elias, Macclesfield, victualler. Atts. Hurd and Johnson, Temple, London. C.
Edwards, Wm., Dartford, grocer. Atts. Richardson, Walbrook, London. T.
Foulkes, Edward, and John Darnton, Manchester, cabinet-makers. Att. Ellis, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Gleave, Samuel, Warrington, shopkeeper. Atts. Mason and Houseman, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars, London. C.
Griffin, Thomas, jun. Trentham, dealer. Att. Barber, Fetter-lane, London. C.

Holliday, John, Stockport, victualler. Att. Wilson, 16, Greville-street, Hatton-garden. C.
 Hould, Sophia, Laytonstone, butcher. Atts. Fowell and Partridge, 22, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street, London. T.
 Makeen, James, Liverpool, livery-stable-keeper. Att. Chester, 3, Staple-inn, Holborn, London. C.
 Mathewson, Alexander Home, Gateshead, grocer. Att. Hartly, New Bridge-street, London. C.
 Parkinson, Adam, John Duckett, and Samuel Alsop, Manchester, calico-printers. Att. Ellis, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Percival, George Gray, Walcot, common-brewer. Att. Potts, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street, London. C.
 Peters, William, Brecknock, vintner. Atts. Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, 103, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Pollard, Andrew, Poole, grocer. Atts. Alexander and Holme, London. C.
 Roantree, William, Princes-street, Westminster, coach-builder. Att. Doughty, 14, Paper-buildings, Temple, London. T.
 Tebbitts, Joseph, late of Birmingham, victualler. Atts. Hicks and Braikenridge, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn, London. C.

Gazette—March 21.

Atkinson, Joseph, Dalton, merchant. Atts. Jacomb and Bentley, 67, Basinghall-street, London. C.
 Atkinson, Thomas, Huddersfield, merchant. Atts. Jacomb and Bentley, 67, Basinghall-street, London. C.
 Bish, John, 52, Paternoster-row, London, book-seller. Atts. Latkew and Ross, 11, Wardrobe-place, Doctors'-commons. T.
 Clifford, Richard, Stow on the Wold, stone-mason. Atts. Mason and Houseman, New Bridge-street, London. C.
 Geddes, George, of Stromness, merchant. Att. Chester, 3, Staple-inn, London. C.
 Graham, Robert, and Samuel Sharman, Leicester-square, Middlesex, linen-draper. Atts. Swain, Stevens, Maples, Pearse, and Hunt, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry. T.
 Harrison, Margaret, Runcorn, shopkeeper. Att. Chester, Staple-inn, London. C.
 Hault, William, jun. Stourport, cabinet-maker. Atts. Darke, Church, and Darke, Red Lion-square, Holborn, London. C.
 Innocent, George, Nottingham, baker. Att. Wolston, 14, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn, London. C.
 Jay, Philip, Cavendish, wool-stapler. Att. Stevens, 9, Gray's-inn-square, London. C.
 Millhouse, Charles, Slanford, stationer. Att. Clarke, Bishopsgate-street. T.
 Owen, Owen, New Bond-street, Hanover-square, Middlesex, tailor. Att. Mills, 4, New North-street, Red-Lion-square. T.
 Parker, Nathan, 4, Compton-street, Brunswick-square, Middlesex, merchant. Att. Grover, King's-Bench-walk, Temple. T.
 Peet, John, Carlisle, mercer. Att. Birkett, Cloak-lane, London. C.
 Prince, Thomas, Chester, baker. Atts. Lowe and Bower, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Roden, Thomas, Redford-street, Covent-garden, bookseller. Att. Dacie, Paisgrave-place, Temple-bar. T.
 Sudd, George, 36, Kenton-street, Bloomsbury, carpenter. Att. Warrant, 29, Mark-lane. T.
 Wild, Joseph, Liverpool, merchant. Att. Chester, Staple-inn, London. C.
 Wood, James, King-street, St. James's-square, Middlesex, breeches-maker. Att. Hill, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square, London. T.

Gazette—March 25.

Cave, Samuel, Cheltenham, jeweller. Atts. Vizard and Blower, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London. C.
 Cundey, Isaac, Whittington, miller. Att. Chilton, 7, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Dobell, Joseph, Staplehurst, tailor. Att. James, Ely-place, London. C.
 Fitch, Charles, Bramtree, miller. Att. Taylor, John-street, Bedford-row, London. C.
 Hepburn, Charles, Commercial-road, Middlesex, surgeon. Att. Clarke, Bishopsgate-street-without. T.
 Horner, Richard, Beckingham, jobber. Atts. Hall, Ross, and Brownley, New Boswell-court, Carey-street, London. C.

Hough, William, Manchester, boat-builder. Atts. Willis, Clarke, and Watson, Warrford-court, London. C.
 Mawson, George, Bradford, grocer. Att. Evans, 97, Hatton-garden, London. C.
 Plummer, Webster Blount, late of Kingston-upon-Hull, ironmonger. Att. Dax, 36, Bedford-row, London. C.
 Peole, Clement, White-cross-street, London, willow-square-manufacturer. Att. Mangnall, 16, Aldermanbury, London. T.
 Porter, John Wrigton, Somersetshire, nurseryman. Atts. Alexander and Holme, New-inn, London. C.
 Raby, Edward, late of Wolverhampton, spectacle-maker. Att. Whitaker, Broad-court, Long-acre, London. C.
 Roden, William, Bedford-street, Covent-garden, bookseller. Att. Dacie, Paisgrave-place, Temple-bar. T.
 Sheward, Hannah, Belgrave-place, Pimlico, Middlesex, boarding-house-keeper. Att. West, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, London. T.
 Wilcox, William, King's-head public-house, Water-works-bridge, Pimlico, Middlesex, victualler. Att. Hannam, Covent-garden. T.

Gazette—March 28.

Bennett, William, Leman-street, Goodman's-fields, shoe-manufacturer. Atts. Madox and Sidney, 16, Austin-friars, London. T.
 Lea, Job, Halghton, miller. Atts. Long and Austen, Gray's-inn, London. C.
 Matthews, William, Birmingham, upholsterer. Atts. Egerton, Norton, and Chaplin, 3, Gray's-inn-square, London. C.
 Motley, Thomas, Strand, Middlesex, patent letter-manufacturer. Att. Dacie, 6, Paisgrave-place, Temple-bar. T.
 Robinson, George, Middlewich, innkeeper. Atts. Atkinson and Wildes, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Simpson, John, Smith-square, Westminster, corn-merchant. Att. Shuter, Milbank-street, Westminster. T.
 Thorpe, William, Epping, hawker. Atts. Lodington and Hall, Temple, London. T.
 Ward, Richard Robinson, Maiden-lane, Battle-bridge, Middlesex, mustard-manufacturer. Atts. Lane and Bennett, Lawrence Pountney-hill, London. T.

Gazette—April 1.

Diston, Thomas, Tewkesbury, corn-dealer. Att. Windus, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn, London. C.
 Donaldson, James, William Slee, and Samuel Mayston, Friday-street, London, wholesale linen-draper. Att. Drake, Old Fish-street, Doctors'-commons, London. T.
 England, George, Exeter, butcher. Atts. Darke, Church, and Darke, 30, Red-lion-square, London. C.
 Farmer, James, Walsall, plater. Atts. Turner and Holmes, 5, Bloomsbury-square, London. C.
 Harris, Thomas, St. Peter, grocer. Atts. Saxon and Hooper, 5, Pump-court, Temple, London. C.
 Hoard, William Henry, Limehouse-hole, Middlesex, rope-maker. Att. Younger, John-street, Minorities. T.
 Parker, Robert, late of Halifax, linen-draper. Atts. Wigglesworth and Crosley, Gray's-inn, London. C.
 Platts, Joseph, Chellaston, wheelwright. Atts. Long and Austen, Gray's-inn, London. C.
 South, Jonathan, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant. Atts. Longdill and Butterfield, Gray's-inn-square, London. C.
 Walker, William, Ramsgate, butcher. Att. Bigg, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Watson, James, Huddersfield, merchant. Att. Farren, Threadneedle-street, London. T.
 Wilkes, John Aston, and Thomas Ellis Hammond, Birmingham, glass-toy-makers. Atts. Tooke and Can, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn, London. C.
 Woolfe, John, Birmingham, mercer. Att. Edmunds, Exchequer-office of Pleas, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.
 Wright, George Christian, and James Graham, Crooked-lane, London, upholsterers. Att. Pope, Old Bethlehem. T.

Gazette—April 4.

Marsh, John, Rotherham, grocer. Att. Taylor, 24, John-street, Bedford-row, London. C.
 Phipps, Joseph, Duke-street, Portland-place, Middlesex, tailor. Atts. Richardsons, Walbrook, London. T.
 Thomas, Grace, Breage, shopkeeper. Atts. Cardale, Buxton, and Paribv, Gray's-inn, London. C.
 Wheatcroft, Samuel, Sheffield, grocer. Atts. Lowes and Cowburn, Tanfield-court, Temple, London. C.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.*Gazette—March 7 to April 11.*

M'Coull, Robert, merchant, Irvine.
 Forrester, Alexander, and John Buchanan, wood-merchants, Glasgow.
 M'Gowan, James, and Co. manufacturers, Glasgow.
 M'Gill, William, farmer, Drummullen.
 Archer, Charles, William Gray, and John Archer, Perth Foundry Company.
 Archer, Charles, and William Archer, merchants, Perth.
 Archer, William, and Charles Archer, merchants, Newburgh.
 Mackid, Robert, writer, Thurso.
 Vallance, Hugh, and Co. timber-merchants, Paisley.
 Berrie, James, plasterer, Leith-walk, Edinburgh.
 Melvin, James, sen. and jun. Glasgow.
 Douglas, Lachlan, merchant, Oban.
 Campbell, John, and Thomas Cowan, candle-makers, Glasgow.
 Bowman, Thomas, grocer, Dundee.
 Hood, William, and John Ladyburn, east parish of Greenock.
 Lancaster, Daniel, merchant, Glasgow.
 Ness, Alexander, merchant, Edinburgh.
 Wilson, Anthony, merchant, Aberdeen.
 Dawson, Patrick, and John Michell, distillers, Rockvilla.
 Burn, David, and John Pringle, wood-merchants, Fisherrow.
 Fyfe, James, joiner, Leith.
 Macgreggor, Peter, timber-merchant, Stirling.
 Monteath, Robert, wood-merchant, St. Ninians.
 Thompson, David, merchant-tailor, Edinburgh.
 Taylor, Henry, merchant, Irvine.

BIRTHS.

March 21.—In Manchester-square, the Countess of Buckinghamshire, a daughter.
 — At Haresfield, Gloucestershire, the lady of Baron C. de Thierny, a son.
 22. In Hyde Park, the lady of W. Terry, Esq., 1st Life Guards, two sons.
 — In John-street, Berkley-square, the lady of W. Franks, Esq., a son.
 23. In Bedford-square, Mrs. H. Turner, a daughter.
 — In Great Portland-street, the lady of W. Anderson, Esq., a son.
 24. At Cheltenham, the lady of George Adams, Esq., of Alresford, a daughter.
 25. At Albany-road, Camberwell, Mrs. Henry Rixon, a daughter.
 26. The Duchess of San Carlos, wife of his Excellency the Spanish Ambassador, a son.
 27. At Upminster, the lady of P. Z. Cox, Esq., a son.
 — In Bedford-place, the lady of Saml. Cartwright, Esq. a son.
 28. At Hampstead Heath, the Countess of Huntingdon, a son.
 29. At Hatch Beauchamp, Somerset, the lady of Colonel William Raban, a son.
 — At Hendon-place, the lady of Joshua Walker, Esq., M. P., a daughter.
 30. In Bedford-row, Mrs. George Riterdon, a daughter.
 31. In Berkley-square, lady Harriet Clive, a daughter.
 April 1.—In the Hampstead-road, the lady of H. R. Wigley, Esq., a son.
 — At Southgate, Mrs. Mackenzie, a daughter.
 2. In Guildford-street, the lady of Doctor Dennison, a daughter.
 — In Brunswick-square, Mrs. F. Jones, a son.
 3. At Maida Vale, Mrs. Stratten, a son.

3. At Kilburn, the lady of Matthew Ridsen, Esq., a son.
 5. In Orchard-street, the wife of Captain James Lock, 32d regt., a daughter.
 7. In Bernard-street, the lady of Thomas Crosse, Esq., a son.
 8. In Park-place, Mrs. Thomlinson, a son.
 9. At Pentonville, Mrs. Bridges, a daughter.
 11. In Carey-street, Mrs. W. Reid, a son.
 — Mrs. Henry Smith, of St. Paul's church-yard, a daughter.
 12. At Stamford Hill, Mrs. W. Pounsett, a son.
 — At Lychet, Dorset, the lady of the Rev. Henry Luke Dillon, a son.
 13. In Bernard-street, the lady of Thos. Cass, Esq., a son.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Galashiels, Mrs. Dickson, a son.
 At Paisley, the lady of Capt. Thomson, 13th regt., a son.
 At Edinburgh, the lady of T. Mackenzie, Esq. a son.
 The lady of Major Martin of Broughton Place, a daughter.
 At Pilrig House, Mrs. Balfour, a son.
 The lady of Sir W. G. Gordon Cumming, of Altyre and Gordonstown, Bart., a son.
 In Edinburgh Castle, the lady of Lieut. Johnstone, a son.
 Mrs. Fullarten of Skeldon, a daughter.
 At Mungall Cottage, Stirlingshire, the lady of Lieut. Smith, R. N., a son.
 At North Leith, Mrs. Thos. Robertson, a son.
 Mrs. Hunt, of Pittencreeff, a daughter.
 At Kilravock Castle, Mrs. Rose, a son.
 At Edinburgh, the lady of J. Spurgin, Esq., a daughter.
 The lady of J. L. Campbell of Achalaler, Esq., a son.
 At Edinburgh, Mrs. Gordon, a daughter.
 At Banff, Mrs. Williamson, a son.
 At Glenlyan House, Renfrewshire, the lady of W. Stirling, Esq., a daughter.

IN IRELAND.

At Woodlawn, Killarney, the lady of Pierce Mahony, Esq., a son.
 At Galway, Mrs. James Brown, a daughter.
 In Mount Merriem Avenue, the lady of Jas. Collins, Esq., a son.
 At Glenwilliam, county Limerick, the lady of George Massy, Esq., a son and heir.
 At Killemlay Lodge, Tipperary, the lady of James Hughes, Esq., a son.
 In Dublin, the lady of Thomas Farrell, Esq., a daughter.
 At Wexford, Mr. Henry Ogle, a son.
 In Cork, the lady of Garrett Nugent, Esq., a daughter.
 At Limerick, the lady of Lieut. Ellis, a son.
 At Carrickfergus, the lady of Hill Wilson, Esq., a son.
 At Dundalk, the lady of Capt. Wallace, a son.
 In Cork, the lady of Thos. Sapp Butler, Esq., a daughter.
 The lady of Doctor Murphy, of Cork, a daughter.
 At Rathmore, Mrs. Cramer, a son.
 At Spanbally, the lady of Major Burke, a son.
 In Kinsale, Mrs. George Digby Daunt, a son.

ABROAD.

At Rio de Janeiro, Mrs. Chamberlain, wife of his Majesty's consul general, a son.
 At Riga, the lady of A. Renny, Esq., a son.
 At Padang, in Sumatra, the lady of James Du Puy, Esq., the resident, a son.
 At Guernsey, the lady of Edward Boghwist, Esq., Royal Artillery, a daughter.
 At St. Helena, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Wynyard, of the grenadier guards, a son.
 At St. Helena, the lady of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Hudson Lowe, K. B. C., a son.
 At Chingleput, the lady of Brevet Capt. Jas. Taylor, 20th N. I., a son.
 At Calcutta, Mrs. J. Carvallo, a son.
 At Madras, the lady of J. D. White, Esq., acting member of the Medical Board, a daughter.
 At Calcutta, Mrs. L. Cooper, a daughter.
 At Gorucpore, the lady of Capt. John Gerrard, a daughter.
 At Madras, Mrs. Simpson, relict of the late Wm. Simpson, Esq., a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

- March 21.—At Reading, Lieut. John Leggatt, R. N., to Sarah, youngest daughter of Major Moss, Royal Marines.
- At Cheshunt, Rev. John Dorien, A. M. to Emma, daughter of the Rev. C. Hunt, of Cambridge.
- 22.—At Hern, Charles Jacomb, Esq., of Walthamstow, to Catherine E., only daughter of the Rev. J. Wood, of Hern.
- Henry Farclough, Esq., to Anne, widow of the late Rev. John Armstrong, of Oxford.
- 23.—John Dixon, Esq., of Savage-gardens, to Christiana, youngest daughter of John Thorp, Esq., of Malden.
- 24.—The hon. W. R. Penn Curzon, to lady Harriet Georgiana Brudenell, second daughter of the Earl of Cardigan.
25. F. C. Grantoff, Esq., of Mark-lane, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Mr. Charlton, Southwark.
- B. Field, Esq., of Botolph-lane, to Anne Everett, third daughter of Samuel Mason, Esq., of Wimbledon.
- J. Worther, Esq., of the East-India Company's service, to Jane, eldest daughter of Mr. Hume, of Long Acre.
26. W. H. Holmes, Esq., of Clapham, to Harriet Margaret, eldest daughter of R. Brant, Esq., of Putney Heath.
- At Hutton, R. Curry, Esq., to Catherine, third daughter of the Rev. William Lipcomb.
27. George Norton, Esq., of the Inner Temple, barrister at law, to Miss Rose, eldest daughter of John Rose, Esq., of Gray's-inn.
28. Valentine H. Mairiss, Esq., of the 78th Highland regt., to Elizabeth, second daughter of T. Edwards, Esq., of Bishop's Lavington.
29. At Exeter, Thomas Wren, Esq., Major in the Madras army, to Delilia Montague, youngest daughter of Vice Admiral Barton.
30. At Charnmouth, the Rev. B. H. Drury, of Eton College, to Catherine Sarah, eldest daughter of J. Bear, Esq., of Clapham House, Sussex.
- J. B. Hunt, Esq., of Harleyford-place, to Miss Woolley, of Piccadilly.
- April 1.—Jessee Clough, of Grosvenor-place, Esq., R. N., to Sarah, second daughter of Robt. Callon, Esq., of Kew.
- P. H. Knight, Esq., of Wimbledon, to Rebecca, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Seabright, of Colchester.
2. At Portsmouth, Capt. Henry Coglan, of the Marines, to S. E. Shepherd, daughter of W. Shepherd, Esq., of Middleton Stoney.
3. F. D. O. Amati, Esq., to Miss Walson, of Great Cumberland street.
- At Brighton, Robert Suter, of Greenwich, Esq., to Esther, second daughter of P. Vallance, Esq.
- Thomas Benwell, Esq., to Mary, eldest daughter of Sir Edward Hitchin, of Oxford.
4. At Wokingham, John Henry Coward, of Berner's-street, Esq., to Sophia Amelia, second daughter of B. Brown, Esq., of Wokingham.
- At Eton College, Mr. Bird, astronomical lecturer, to Eliza, eldest daughter of R. Benfield, Esq., of Eton.
- Capt. James Clemens, to Eliza Watter, of Leicester-place.
5. The Rev. John Leggett, of Hammersmith, to Miss Wells.
- George Grote, Junr., Esq., banker, to Harriet, second daughter of T. Lewin, of the Hollies, Kent, Esq.
6. At Hadley, the Rev. Thomas King of Wallington, to Amelia, third daughter of the late James Quilter, Esq., of Hadley.
- At Brentford, H. Ronalds, Esq., M. D., to Eliz. Lucy, only daughter of W. Robertson, Esq., of Upper Canada.
- F. W. Courthorp, of Lewisham, to Caroline, youngest daughter of Charles Pratt, Esq., of Lewisham Hill.
- At Hornsey Quarles Harris, Junr., Esq., to Miss Ann Miller of Highgate.
7. The Rev. Edward Banks, son of H. Banks, Esq., M. P., to the hon. F. J. Scott, daughter to the Lord Chancellor.
8. At Maidenhead, the Rev. P. C. Kirk, of Trinity College, Oxford, to Susan, daughter of P. Moxon, of the Thicket.
9. The Rev. Richd. Cranmer, of Mitcham, to Mary,

only daughter of the late J. Window, Esq., of the same place.

9. Mr. W. Tait, to Martha Eliza, daughter of P. Hurst, Esq., of Walton on Thames.
- Wm. Pitcairn, Esq., of Tokenhouse-yard, to Miss Richardson, of Winchmore Hill.
10. At Ramsgate, L. E. De Sais to Miss Sharp.
11. The Rev. H. T. Austen, rector of Steventon, to Eleanor, daughter of Henry Jackson, Esq., of Sloane-terrace.
12. C. H. Strode, Esq., of Frint, to Caroline, daughter of the late John Wombell, Esq.
- At Peamore, Devon, S. T. Kekewich, Esq., to Agatha Maria Sophia, fourth daughter of the late J. Langston, Esq., of Oxford.
13. Brigadier-General J. P. Coffin, C. B., to Maria, daughter of the late G. Monkland, Esq., of Belmont.
- John Rieg, Esq., of Brompton-row, to Mary, daughter of Mr. J. Little, of Richmond.
- R. Savage, Esq., of Sidney-place, Bath, to Grace Angelina Scarlett, of the Island of Jamaica.

IN SCOTLAND.

- In Edinburgh, Major-Gen. Henry Elliott, Colonel of the 5th Royal Veteran Batt., to Miss Pringle, of Rosebank.
- At Scotsraig, Capt. Hugh Lyon Playfair, to Jane, youngest daughter of William Dalgleish, Esq., of Scotsraig House.
- At Straloch, H. G. Leslie, Esq., of Denluglas, to Mrs. William Brebner.
- Capt. Robert Anderson, 91st regt., to Charlotte Erskine, eldest daughter of the late Dr. Wade, of the Hon. East-India Company's service.
- At Edinburgh, Capt. McQueen, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late John Moir, Esq., of Hillfoot.
- James Cross, Esq., of Newfoundland, to Barbara, third daughter of Mr. Laidlaw, of Stockbridge.
- Lieut.-Col. Colquhoun Grant Forbes, to Margaret, second daughter of Jas. Brodie, of Brodie, Esq.
- At Greenock, John Black, Esq., to Jean, eldest daughter of the late Peter McNaughten, Esq., of Glasgow.
- Dundas Smith, Esq., surgeon, Saltcoats, to Margaret Sarah, daughter of the late Robt. Thomson, Esq., of Jamaica.
- At Niddry, Mid Lothian, Robt. Handyside, Fisherrow, Esq., to Marion, eldest daughter of the late Robert Yeung, Esq.
- Benjamin Welsh, Esq., M. D., of Haddington, to Jane Blair, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Winter, of Kirkcudbright.
- At Glasgow, Thos. Lennox, Esq., to Janet, only daughter of the late Allan Gilmour, Esq., of Brownhills.
- At Edinburgh, Chas. Bayley, Esq., to Christina, daughter of the late Chas. McKenzie, Esq., of Edinburgh.
- At Blochairn, Roderick Reach, Esq., to Anne, fourth daughter of the late Rev. Angus Bethune, of Alness.
- The hon. Edward Knox, to Miss Sarah Jackson, of Perth.

IN IRELAND.

- William Jolly, Esq., of Machville, county Dublin, to Maria, second daughter of the late Doctor Carter.
- At Myross Wood, county Cork, Denny Creagh Moylan, Esq., to Mary, second daughter of the Right Hon. the Earl of Kingston.
- Samuel Meade Hobson, of Merrion square, Esq., barrister, to Maria Alicia, daughter of the late Richard Le-Hunte, Esq.
- At Dublin, John O'Connell, Esq., M. D., to Emilia Catherine, daughter of the late John Armstrong Smyth, Esq., barrister.
- In Ennis, John O'Brien, Esq., of Coroffin, to Miss O'Dwyer, daughter of the late W. O'Dwyer, Esq., of Donooky.
- At Killane, J. Evans, Esq., surgeon of the 57th regt., to Charlotte, fourth daughter of J. Helsham, Esq., of Kilkenny.
- John Charles Lyons, Esq., of Ladiston, county Westmeath, to Penelope Mclesina, only daughter of Hugh Tait, Esq., of Sonna.
- Maxwell Clore, Esq., of Elm Park, county Armagh, to Anna Elizabeth, second daughter of Charles Brownlow, Esq., of Lurgan.
- Abraham Devonsher, Esq., of Kilhanick, county Cork, to Louisa Charlotte, only daughter of the late Capt. John Cooke, of the Bellerophon, who fell at the battle of Trafalgar.

Lieut. Pennycuik, 78th regt., to Sarah, third daughter of the Rev. Jas. Farrell, vicar of Lanesborough.
 At Newmarket, county Cork, W. H. Waters, Esq., 59th regt., to Rebecca, youngest daughter of the late Henry Lindsey, Esq., of Myshell.
 James Burdett Ness, Esq., Capt. in the 71st regt., to Mary Anne, youngest daughter of John Percy, Esq., of Ballintemple.

ABROAD.

At St. Helena, Guy Rotten, Esq., to Maria, youngest daughter of Lieut.-Col. Smith.
 At Kingston, in Upper Canada, Lieut.-Col. Edwd. Lightfoot, to Cornelia, second daughter of Capt. E. Williams, R. N.
 At St. John's, New Brunswick, Jas. Moorcroft, Esq., to Eliza, daughter of Major W. Roche.
 At Charlotte Town, Prince Edward's Island, Hector Harvey, Esq., to Susanna, third daughter of his Excellency Lieut.-Governor Soith.
 At Nassau, New Providence, Lieut.-Col. F. Tomkins, of the 58th regt., to Anne Susan, only remaining daughter of commissioner Woodrifle, of H. M. Naval Yard, at Port Royal.
 At Madras, the Rev. W. Roy, chaplain of Masulipatam, to Anne Catherine, eldest daughter of E. J. Gascoigne, Esq., deputy master attendant.

DIED.

March 21. Mrs. D. C. Watte, 77.
 — In Norton Falgate, W. Fouch, Esq.
 — At Stockwell, Mrs. H. Pounsett.
 — At Lambeth, Samuel Davis, Esq., of Teddington.
 — D. A. Gompertz, Esq., of Great Prescott-street, 74.
 — At Chelsworth, Elizabeth, wife of William Fowke, Esq.
 22. Mr. A. Harvey, of Lewisham, 57.
 — Mrs. Margaret Rixon, at Albany-road, Camberwell, 75.
 — At Aspley, Elizabeth, wife of J. P. Moore, Esq.
 — At Hammersmith, Mrs. S. Cantherles, 76.
 — In Albany-road, Camberwell, Hen. Rixon, Esq.
 23. At Hampstead, E. J. Keyser, Esq., 74.
 — At Hillhampton, Thos. Selby, Esq., of the Mote Ightham, Kent.
 — At Bath, Mrs. Wasey, of Prior's Court-house, Berks.
 24. At Bromley, Jacob Chaille, Esq.
 — In Cleveland-row, St. James's, Major-General Hamilton.
 — At Lympton, Mrs. E. Howorth, widow of the late Capt. Howorth, R. N.
 25. At Walworth, John Barlowe, Esq., 73.
 — Sophia, eldest daughter of the Rev. H. A. Lagden of Ware.
 — At Merton, Mrs. Elizabeth Stone.
 — At Bury, St. Edmund's, lady Dolben, relict of Sir William Dolben, Bart., of Turreton Hall, Northamptonshire.
 — At Camberwell, J. Barwise, Esq., 64.
 — In Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, Mrs. Sarah Churchill.
 26. At Cheltenham, Susannah Margaret, wife of James Trecothick, Esq.
 — In Davies-street, Berkley-square, Assheton, Lord Viscount Curzon, 92.
 — In Berkley-square, Lucy, daughter of Samuel Smith, Esq., M. P.
 — At Lewisham, Mrs. Horncastle, 82.
 27. In Eton-street, Pimlico, Mrs. Sophia Dickenson.
 — W. Gemmell, Esq., of Crofton House, near Titchfield, 88.
 — At Seaford, Elizabeth, wife of the Rev. T. Williams.
 28. At North End, Hampstead, Thomas Fowel Buxton, eldest son of S. F. Buxton, Esq., M. P.
 — Dr. R. Dennison, 72.
 29. At Cranbrook, Kent, John Tempest, Esq.
 — At Sidmouth, Mrs. B. Lousada, wife of E. B. Lousada, of Peake House, Esq.
 30. At Clapham, Elizabeth, wife of W. Dorrington, Esq.
 31. At Cadogan terrace, Mrs. Moore, widow of Dr. Moore, 86.
 — At Gloucester Lodge, George Charles, eldest son of the Right Hon. George Canning.
 — In Finsbury-square, Robert Service, Esq., 85.
 — At Exeter, the Rev. Charles Jesse, rector of Compton.
 April 1. At Kensington Gore, the very Rev. Isaac Milner, D. D. Dean of Carlisle.

1. Caroline, only daughter of the Rev. Henry King.
 — Thomas Wyle, Esq. of Red Lion-square.
 2. In Kensington-square, Eliza, wife of Richard Chace, Esq.
 — In Walcott-place, Miss Agnes Mawson.
 — Richard Lee, eldest son of Edward Lee, Esq., of Bedford-place.
 — At Kentish Town, Mrs. Wilmot.
 — At Hanwell, Christopher Coates, Esq., of Davies-street.
 — At Henley, Mrs. Anne Harper, widow of Col. Harper.
 — At Chelsea, Thomas Malleison, Esq.
 — In Percy-street, Mrs. Jane Mayaffre.
 — At Hendon, Charlotte, wife of C. Cope, Esq., of Seymour-street.
 4. In Dean-street, Soho, the Rev. Kildare Borrowee, son of the late Sir Kildare Dixon Borrowee, Bart.
 — At Chelsea, David Edwards, Esq.
 — The Rev. Charles Jesse, rector of Compton.
 — At Brompton Doctor Thos. Brown.
 — The Right Hon. Countess Fauconberg.
 5. In Hanover-square, the Earl of Harewood, 81.
 — At Saxlingham House, Norfolk, Barbara, wife of the Rev. Archdeacon Gooch.
 — At Deptford, John Hughes, Esq.
 6. At Amery Alton, Mrs. Baker, relict of the late Richard Palmer Baker, Esq.
 — In Devonshire-place, Mrs. Martha Morrison.
 — In Euston-place, Mrs. Williams, relict of the late Richard Williams, Esq., of Finchley.
 7. Margaret, fourth daughter of John Hawes, Esq., of Charing-Cross.
 8. At Windsor, Moyes Turner, Esq.
 — In Portland-place, Mrs. Kinlock, wife of Capt. Kinlock, R. N.
 9. In Duke-street, Manchester-square, Alice, relict of the late Robert McClinton, Esq.
 — In Stratton-street, Piccadilly, Joseph Price, Esq.
 — At Clapham, Robt. Young, Esq., late of Lisbon.
 — At Hackney, Thos. Chant, Esq., 21.
 — A. Hart, Esq., late Lieut.-Col. of the 11th regt. of light dragoons, 82.
 — At Bath, Mrs. Badcock, of Leatherhead, Surry.
 11. At Bury, the Dowager Lady Gage, widow of Sir Thos. Gage, Bart., of Hengrave.
 12. Mr. Bryant, of Walworth, 66.
 — Mr. William Yates, of Great Coram-street.
 13. John Hughes, Esq., of Union-street, Deptford.
 — Maria, daughter of Robert Harvey Gedge, Esq., of Sloane-street.
 — At Richmond, Samuel Ward, Esq.
 — W. King, Esq., of Ware, Herts, 72.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh, David Patterson, Esq. Banker.
 Miss Mary Campbell, third daughter of Lord Succoth.
 At Hillhouse, William McKerrell, Esq.
 At Dunkeld, John Proudfoot, Esq.
 At Grange, Miss Anne Lauder, eldest daughter of the late Sir Andrew Lauder.
 At Dumfries, Rev. John Dunn, minister of the Independent church there.
 At Annat Lodge, near Perth, Lieut.-Gen. Robert Stuart, of Rait.
 At Avoch, in Ross-shire, Sir Alex. Mackenzie.
 At Montrose, Capt. David Valentine, R. N.
 Mrs. Katherine Burd, wife of Robert Dick, Esq., writer, Edinburgh.
 At Dean Park, near Edinburgh, Mrs. Susan Scott.
 At Glasgow, Mrs. Lawson, widow of the Rev. Archibald Lawson.
 At Aberdeen, Mrs. Niven of Thornton.
 At Kirkcaldy, James Cruikshank Mylne, son of Major Mylne, 79th regt.
 At Irvine, David Dale, Esq.
 At Perth, the Rev. Andrew Ramsay.
 At Dumfries, James Graham, Esq., of Furth Head, late writer in Dumfries.
 At Edinburgh, Capt. James Aberdour, R. N.
 Miss Gardiner, eldest daughter of the late Capt. Jas. Gardiner, Royal Marines.
 At Dalwhinnie, Sir Alexander Mackenzie.
 At Braehouse, Edinburgh, William Butter, Esq.
 At Leith, Jas. Peat, Esq., collector of Excise.
 At Queensferry, Mary Mackenzie, wife of the Rev. John Henderson, minister of that parish.
 Miss Graeme Hepburne, youngest daughter of the late Col. Rickard Hepburne, of Rickarton.

At the manse of Turriff, Mrs. Stuart, wife of the Rev. Wm. Stuart, minister of that parish.
 At Burnside Cottage, Robert Bryson, Esq.
 At Paisley, Mrs. Campbell, wife of Alexr. Campbell, Esq., sheriff-substitute, Paisley.
 At Davidstone, Miss Calder.
 At Kirkcudbright, Sarah, wife of William Mure, Esq., of Twynholm Mains.
 At Perth, Patrick Stewart, Esq.
 At Kirkcaldy, Mrs. Wemyss, widow of the late Dr. Alex. Wemyss.
 At Salisbury Green, Lady Dick, of Prestonfield.
 At Peebles, John Murray Robertson, Esq., commissary and sheriff clerk of Peebles.

IN IRELAND.

At Maryborough, Mrs. Martin, relict of the late Rev. Jas. Martin, of Ennistymon.
 At Drumilly, county Armagh, Nicholas Archdall Cope, Esq.
 In Dublin, John Carroll, Esq.
 At Dunsbonglin, Doctor Richard Corbally.
 At Knockhanra, county Clare, Daniel Mulvihill, Esq.
 In Cork, Capt. Richard Keller, of that city.
 At Ramilton, county Derry, Lieut. Henry Allen.
 Mrs. Weir, relict of the late Robert Weir, Esq., of Hall Craig, county of Fermanagh.
 In Dublin, Mrs. Sarah Sophia, relict of the late Francis Gregory, Esq.
 John Jones, Esq., Mus Doc, many years organist of the Cathedral church of St. Patrick's, Armagh.
 In Limerick, Jane, eldest daughter of Rd. Grogan, Esq., M. D.
 At his seat, near Tipperary, Daniel Hunt, Esq.
 Mrs. Atkins, wife of Hercules Atkins, Esq., of Enniscorthy.
 At Torresdale, Major-Gen. Keith Macalister.
 At Drum, county Monaghan, Jas Rutherford, Esq.
 In Limerick, Mrs. Hamsworth, relict of the late C. Hamsworth, of Roden, Tipperary, Esq.
 In Waterford, Thos. King, Esq., deputy recorder of that city.
 In Galway, James O'Flaherty, Esq.
 At Kinsale, Mrs. Meade, relict of the Rev. John Meade, of Ballymartle.

ABROAD.

At Paris, Robert Macan, of Ballynehere, county of Armagh, Esq.
 At Corintore, near Madras, Major David Carstairs, 8th N. I.
 George Anderson, surgeon of the Madras establishment.
 At Mourzuk, in Africa, Joseph Ritchie, Esq.
 At St. Martin, in the West Indies, Elizabeth Maria, widow of the late Lieut. John Tucker, of the R.A.
 At Hamburgh, William de Prusina, Esq.
 Near Bremen, John Everard Heyman, Esq., of Hackney.
 At Demerara, Milliken Craig, Esq., late commander in the hon. East-India Company's service.
 At Berhampore, Lieut. Alexander Macleod, of the Madras infantry.
 At St. Domingo, Lieut. Alex. Wogan, son of John Wogan, Esq., of Waterford.
 At Bermuda, John D. Hate, Esq., eldest son of David Hate, Esq., of Cork.
 In Calcutta, George Williamson, Esq., chief officer of the hon. East-India Company's ship *Thomas Grenville*.
 At Censurock, near Calcutta, G. Johnston, Esq., of Calcutta.
 At Tours, in France, Lydia, the wife of J. S. Wright, Esq., of Bulcote.
 At San Jago da Chili, Thomas Lowe, Esq.
 At Brussels, Mary Maria, eldest daughter of the hon. Colonel Parker.
 At St. Petersburg, Louis Duncan Cassamajor, Esq., his Majesty's minister at the court of Russia.
 At Chowringhee, S. M. Duntze, Esq., assistant superintendent of police in the Lower Provinces.
 At Penang, John Lyon Phipps, Esq., of the civil service.
 At the Fort, Calcutta, Mary, wife of Col. Sherwood.
 At Bandel, Capt. Nickels.
 On board the *Eliza*, at sea, Lieut.-Col. Weston, of the Bengal establishment.
 At Bangalore, Christina Louisa, youngest daughter of Major Taylor.
 At Dinapore, Lieut. Finnis, of the 29th N. I.
 At Calcutta, Charles Pritchard, Esq.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE AND OBSERVATIONS.

MADE AT BUSHEY-HEATH, MIDDLESEX.

By Colonel Beaufoy, F. R. S.

	Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.		Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.
March											
1	M. 38	29.048	71	NW by W	Cloudy	17	M. 42	29.805	83	NW	Foggy
	A. 41	29.095	59	NW	Cloudy		A. 47	29.800	78	N	Small rain
2	M. —	28.460	76	NW	Stormy	18	M. 36	29.890	73	NNE	Very fine
	A. —	—	—	—	—		A. 45	29.874	54	NE	Very fine
3	M. 29	29.285	72	N by W	Cloudy	19	M. 38	29.787	79	NE by N	Cloudy
	A. 32	29.326	65	NNE	Fine		A. 42	29.757	64	NE by N	Showery
4	M. 28	29.532	71	NNW	Very fine	20	M. 35	29.783	78	NE	Cloudy
	A. 34	29.510	64	NNE	Cloudy		A. 42	29.783	68	NE	Cloudy
5	M. 29	29.712	66	NE	Clear	21	M. 35	29.688	68	W by N	Cloudy
	A. 33	29.727	58	ENE	Fine		A. 44	29.600	58	WNW	Cloudy
6	M. 29	29.694	75	NNE	Snow	22	M. 42	29.322	66	NW	Very fine
	A. 33	29.668	63	NE	Snow shower		A. 50	29.330	53	WNW	Fine
7	M. 27	29.690	71	NNW	Cloudy	23	M. 42	28.848	73	W	Cloudy
	A. 31	29.652	72	W	Snow		A. 42	28.734	69	W	Hail
8	M. 32	29.777	76	NE	Very fine	24	M. 40	28.605	67	W	Fine
	A. 39	29.785	63	NW	Very fine		A. 46	28.514	53	W	Cloudy
9	M. 30	29.708	68	W by S	Clear	25	M. 35	28.744	60	N	Very fine
	A. 44	29.659	63	SSW	Fine		A. 46	28.863	54	NNW	Very fine
10	M. 33	29.349	80	S	Cloudy	26	M. 34	29.264	71	SSW	Cloudy
	A. —	—	—	—	—		A. 40	29.200	82	SW by S	Rain
11	M. 44	29.134	70	ESE	Clear	27	M. 47	29.307	92	SW	Rain
	A. 48	29.129	56	SE by S	Very fine		A. 50	29.309	77	SW	Showrrs
12	M. 33	28.975	75	ESE	Fine	28	M. 46	29.513	79	W by S	Fine
	A. 45	28.946	64	ESE	Fine		A. 55	29.541	60	W by S	Fine
13	M. 38	29.115	80	W by S	Fine	29	M. 50	29.633	78	WSW	Cloudy
	A. 47	29.232	56	W	Fine		A. 56	29.651	64	WSW	Cloudy
14	M. 40	29.611	89	SSW	Fog	30	M. 47	29.488	75	NW by N	Fine
	A. 52	29.662	74	WSW	Cloudy		A. 59	29.508	56	NW by N	Fine
15	M. —	29.800	82	WNW	Foggy	31	M. 45	29.550	60	WSW	Clear
	A. —	—	—	—	—		A. 56	29.515	51	WSW	Clear
16	M. 46	29.929	83	ESE	Fog						
	A. 52	29.912	66	NE	Cloudy						

Rain, by the pluviometer, between noon the 1st of March, and noon the 1st of April, 0.246 inch. The quantity that fell on the roof of my observatory, during the same period, 0.263 inch. Evaporation, between noon the 1st of March, and noon the 1st of April, 4.17 inches.

MARKETS.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From March 24 to April 24.

Amsterdam C. F.	12-1	
Ditto at sight	11-18	
Rotterdam, 2 U	12-2	
Antwerp	12-3	
Hamburgh, 2½ U	36-7	
Altona, 2½ U	36-8	
Paris, 3 days' sight	25-45	25-40
Ditto, 2 U	25-75	25-70
Bordeaux	25-75	25-70
Frankfort on the Main Ex. M	152½	
Vienna, cf. flo. 2 M	10-8	
Trieste ditto	10-9	
Madrid, effective	34-0	34-0½
Cadiz, effective	34-0	34-0½
Bilboa	33-0½	34-0½
Barcelona	33-0	33-0½
Seville	33-0½	34-0
Gibraltar	30-0	
Leghorn	37-0½	
Genoa	34-0½	34-0½
Venice, Ital. Liv.	27-60	
Malta	46-0	
Naples	38-0½	39-0½
Palermo, per. oz.	116	
Lisbon	50½, 51	
Oporto	51	
Rio Janeiro	55½, 55	
Bahia	58, 57	
Dublin	9½, 8½	
Cork	9½, 8½	

PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	10½	0	0	0
New doubloons	3	15	6	0	0	0
New dollars	0	4	11½	0	4	11
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	5	1	0	0	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 37s. 3½d.

Bread.

The highest price of the best wheaten bread throughout the Metropolis and Suburbs, is 12d. the quartern loaf.

Potatoes per Ton in Spitalfields.

Kidneys	£3	10	0	to	4	0	0
Champions	3	0	0	to	5	0	0
Oxnobles	2	10	0	to	3	0	0
Apples	3	0	0	to	4	0	0

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.
By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels,
from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	March	March	April	April	April
	13.	25.	1.	8.	15.
Wheat	69 8	71 1	70 4	70 3	69 8
Rye	41 11	42 6	41 10	42 7	42 5
Barley	34 6	35 2	34 6	35 4	35 7
Oats	23 10	24 4	24 6	24 11	24 6
Beans	43 11	43 0	42 4	42 9	41 9
Peas	46 4	47 3	46 0	48 1	47 2

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from March 18 to April 21.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	48,951	24,80	15,665	67,096
Barley	36,109	7,30	80	36,919
Oats	79,297	43,965	1,600	124,862
Rye	32			31
Beans	4,131		370	4,507
Pease	1,897		80	1,972
Malt	21,577	Qrs. Flour	4,0111	Sacks.

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags	60s. to 84s.
Sussex, ditto	56s. to 70s.
Essex, ditto	00s. to 00s.
Yearling Bags	50s. to 70s.
Kent, New Pockets	70s. to 90s.
Sussex, ditto	60s. to 76s.
Essex, ditto	65s. to 84s.
Farnham, ditto	00s. to 00s.
Yearling Pockets	56s. to 74s.

Average Price per Load of

Hay.	Clover.	Straw.
£. s.	£. s.	£. s.
3 0 to 4 10	5 0 to 7 0	1 6 to 1 12
3 10 to 4 15	5 0 to 7 10	1 8 to 1 14
3 10 to 4 10	0 0 to 0 0	1 4 to 1 16

Meat by Carcass, per Stone of 8lb. at NEWGATE & LEADENHALL MARKETS.

Newgate.—Beef, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.—Mutton, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 6d.—Veal, 5s. 0d. to 7s. 0d.—Pork, 4s. 4d. to 6s. 4d.—Lamb, 5s. 8d. to 7s. 8d. Leadenhall.—Beef, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.—Mutton 5s. to 5s. 10d.—Veal, 5s. to 6s. 8d.—Pork, 4s. 8d. to 6s. 4d.—Lamb, 7s. 4d. to 8s. 8d.

Cattle sold at Smithfield from March 20 to April 24, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
16,430	1,460	95,210	2,640

HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from March 27 to April 24.

	March. 27.	April 3.	April 17.	April 24.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Newcastle....	32 6 to 42 0	31 0 to 42 0	32 6 to 42 6	30 0 to 41 0
Sunderland...	33 0 to 43 6	32 0 to 43 6	32 0 to 43 6	30 0 to 42 0

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT
COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(April 18th, 1820.)

No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.
£.	£.	s.		£.	£.	£.	s.		£.
Canals.					Bridges.				
—	100	—	Andover	10	3000	100	—	Vauxhall	20 10
1482	100	—	Ashby-de-la-Zouch	10 10	54,000l.	—	5	Do. Promissory Notes	90
1760	—	3 10	Ashton and Oldham	65	5000	100	—	Waterloo	5 10
1260	100	—	Basingstoke	6	5000	60	—	----- Annuities of 8l.	29
54,000l.	—	3	Do. Bonds	40	5000	40	—	----- Annuities of 7l.	23 10
2,000l.	25	20	Birmingham (divided)	535					
477	250	5	Bolton and Bury	100					
958	150	3	Brecknock & Abergavenny	53					
400	100	5	Chelmer and Blackwater	90	300	100	—	Barking	35
—	100	8	Chesterfield	120	1000	100	5	Commercial	108
500	100	44	Coventry	999	—	100	5	----- East-India	
4546	100	—	Croydon	3 15				Branch	100
600	100	6	Derby	112	492	100	1 15	Great Dover Street, (70l. paid)	30
2050	100	3	Dudley	62				Highgate Archway	6 10
3575	133	4	Ellesmere and Chester	75	2393	50	—	Croydon Railway	12
—	100	48	Erewash	1050	1000	—	1	Severn and Wye	30
1960	100	—	Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share	3762	50	1			
—	60	3	Do. optional Loan	53					
11,815	100	9	Grand Junction	220					
1521	100	2	Grand Surrey	55	3800	100	—	East London	58 10
48,800l.	—	5	Do. Loan Notes	92	4500	50	2 10	Grand Junction	35
2849	100	—	Grand Union	34	2000	100	—	Kent	24
20,640l.	—	5	Do. Loan	90	1500	—	2 10	London Bridge	57
3096	100	—	Grand Western, 79l. paid	4	800	100	—	South London	20
749	150	7	Grantham	126	7540	—	2	West Middlesex	40
6312	100	—	Huddersfield	13	1360	100	—	York Buildings	22 10
25,328	—	1	Kennet and Avon	19 10					
11,699	—	1	Lancaster	28					
2879	100	10	Leeds and Liverpool	300	300	1000	25	Birmingham	350
545	—	14	Leicester	290	2000	500	2 10	Albion	40
1895	100	2 10	Leicester & Northampton Union	87	25,000	50	6	Atlas	4 4
—	—	119	Loughborough	2400	—	250	3	Bath	575
250	—	8 10	Melton Mowbray	155	4000	100	2 10	British	50
—	—	30	Mersey and Irwell	650	20,000	50	5	County	37
2409	100	10	Monmouthshire	140	50,000	20	1	Eagle	2 12 6
43,526l.	100	5	Do. Debentures	92	1,000,000l.	100	6	European	20
247	—	22	Neath	350	40,000	50	6	Globe	117 10
1720	100	32	Oxford	640	2400	500	4 10	Hope	4
2400	—	3	Peak Forest	66	3900	25	1 4	Imperial	74
2520	50	—	Portsmouth and Arundel, 28l. paid	100,000	31,000	25	1	London Fire	23
12,243l.	—	—	Regent's	33 10	745,100l.	—	10	London Ship	18 10
5631	100	2	Rochdale	42	1500	200	1 4	London Stock	2
500	125	9	Shrewsbury	160				Royal Exchange	229
—	100	7 10	Shropshire	140				Union	32 10
771	50	3	Somerset Coal	70	8000	50	4		
—	100	40	Staffordshire & Worcester-shire	635	4000	50	—	<i>Gas Lights.</i>	
300	145	15	Stourbridge	205	1000	100	7	Gas Light and Coke (Chartered Company)	60
3647	—	—	Stratford on Avon	18				Do. New Shares, 10l. paid	18
533	100	10	Swansea	160	1000	100	—	City Gas Light Company 70l. paid	94
—	—	22	Stroudwater	495	2500	20	—	Do. New, 30l. paid	43
350	100	—	Tavistock	90	1500	20	—	Bath Gas, 15l. paid	17
2670	—	—	Thames and Medway	23	1000	20	2	Brighton Gas, 18l. paid	15
1300	200	75	Trent & Mersey or Grand Trunk	1800				Bristol	28
1000	100	11	Warwick and Birmingham	210					
980	100	10	Warwick and Napton	205	1000	75gs	—	<i>Literary Institutions.</i>	
6000	—	—	Worcester and Birmingham	26	700	25gs	—	London	40
					700	30gs	—	Russel	11 11
								Surrey	8 10
Docks.					Miscellaneous.				
2209	146	—	Bristol	—				Auction Mart	21
—	—	5	Do. Notes	98	1080	50	1 5	British Copper Company	50
3132	100	3	Commercial	60	1397	100	2 10	Golden Lane Brewery, 80l. Shares	9
450,000l.	—	10	East-India, Stock	161	2299	80	—	Do. 50l. do	6
1038	100	—	East Country	20				London Commercial Sale Rooms	18
3,114,000l.	—	3	London, Stock	74	3447	50	—	Carnatic Stock, 1st. Class	71 10
1,200,000l.	—	10	West-India, Stock	174	2000	150	1	Do. 2d. Class	61
								City Bonds, 5 per Cent.	99 10
Bridges.									
2912	100	—	Southwark	18			4		
4443	40	—	Do. new	15			3		

Daily Price of Stocks, from 25th March to 24th of April.

1819	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3½ p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent. Navy.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	Sea Stock.	Excheq. Bills.	Ditto Commer.	Consols for Acc.
Mar. 25	shut.	shut.	68 1/2	shut.	shut.	104	shut.	shut.		shut.	12p	shut.	2d	shut.	68 1/2
27	—	—	68 1/2	—	—	104	—	—		—	8p	—	2d	—	68 1/2
28	—	—	68 1/2	—	—	104	—	68 1/2		—	11p	—	par.	6d	68 1/2
29	—	—	68 1/2	—	—	104 1/2	—	68		—	10p	76	1d	6d	69
30	—	—	68 1/2	—	—	104 1/2	18 1/2	—		—	10p	—	1d	5d	69
31	Hol.														
Apr. 1	—	—	68 1/2	—	—	104 1/2	—	—		—	13p	—	1p	—	68 1/2
3	Hol.														
4	Hol.														
5	—	—	68 1/2	—	—	104 1/2	—	68 1/2		—	16	—	3p	—	69
6	218 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	76 1/2	86 1/2	104 1/2	17 13/16	—		—	16	—	3p	—	69
7	218	67 3/4	68	76 1/2	86 1/2	104 1/2	17 13/16	68		—	18	—	2p	—	68 1/2
8	—	68	68	76 1/2	86 1/2	105	17 13/16	68 1/2		—	20	—	2p	—	69
10	—	68 1/2	68	76 1/2	86 1/2	105	17 13/16	68 1/2		—	20	—	3p	—	68
11	—	68 1/2	68 1/2	76 1/2	86 1/2	105	17 13/16	—		—	20	—	4p	—	68
12	218 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	76 1/2	86 1/2	105	17 13/16	68 1/2		—	21	—	5p	—	69 1/2
13	—	68	68 1/2	76 1/2	86 1/2	105	17 13/16	—		215 1/2	24	—	5p	—	69 1/2
14	219 1/2	68 1/2	69	77 1/2	86 1/2	105	17 13/16	68 1/2		216	24	—	7p	—	69 1/2
15	—	68 1/2	69	—	86 1/2	105	17 13/16	—		216	29	—	8p	par.	69 1/2
17	—	68 1/2	69 1/2	77 1/2	87	105	18	—		—	30	—	9p	2p	69 1/2
18	222	68 1/2	69 1/2	78	87	105 1/2	18 1/16	—		218	30	—	7p	1p	70
19	221 1/2	69 1/2	69 1/2	78	87	105 1/2	18 1/16	69 1/2		—	27	77 1/2	5p	—	70 1/2
20	222	69 1/2	69	77 1/2	87 1/2	105	18 1/16	—		—	24	—	5p	—	70 1/2
21	222	69	69	77 1/2	87 1/2	105	18	—		218 1/2	26	—	5p	1p	70
22	222 1/2	69	69 1/2	—	87 1/2	105	18	—		—	26	77 1/2	5p	—	70
24	Hol.														

IRISH FUNDS.

	Bank Stock	Government Debt 3½ per ct.	Government Stock 3½ per ct.	Government Debt 4 per ct.	Government Debt 5 per ct.	Government Stock 5 per ct.	Grand Canal Stock.	Grand Canal Loan, 4 per ct.	Royal Canal Loan, 4 per ct.	Royal Canal Stock, 6 per ct.	City Dublin Bonds.
Mar. 25	—	79 1/2	76 1/2	—	103	—	—	45	45	69 1/2	—
Apr. 4	210	78 1/2	75 1/2	—	103 1/2	103	12	44 1/2	—	—	—
7	208	78 1/2	75 1/2	—	103 1/2	103	11	—	—	—	—
11	209	78 1/2	76 1/2	—	103 1/2	103 1/2	—	—	—	—	—
14	210 1/2	79 1/2	76 1/2	—	103 1/2	103 1/2	—	—	—	—	—
18	210 1/2	80	76	—	103 1/2	103	—	42 1/2	—	—	91

Prices of the FRENCH FUNDS. From March 23, to April 21.

	5 per Cent. consols	Bank Shares.
1820		
Mar. fr.	cr.	fr. c.
23	74 50	1470 —
30	74	1470 —
Apr. 4	74	—
7	74	1460 —
11	74	1465 —
14	74 25	1475 —
18	74 25	1480 —
21	74 50	1490 —

AMERICAN FUNDS.

	IN LONDON.						NEW YORK.		
	Mar. 28	30	Apr. 4	7	11	18	Feb. 16	Mar. 9	17
7 per cent	—	—	—	—	—	—	107	107	107
Bank Shares	22	22	22	22	22	22	98	98	96
Louisiana	—	—	—	—	—	—	par.	par.	par.
Old 6 per cent	—	—	—	—	—	—	par.	par.	par.
New 6 per cent	103	103	103	103	103	103	103	105	104 1/2
3 per cent	66 1/2	66 1/2	66 1/2	66 1/2	66 1/2	66 1/2	69	69	68

By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.